

ALL



HUMOR



COMICS

10¢

SM
S

QUALITY
COMIC
STORY

SPRING ISSUE
No. 5

WHY ARE YOU
CARRYIN' ALL THAT
FURNITURE, KELLY?

IN CASE WE
GET A **FLAT**, WE
CAN **MOVE IN!**

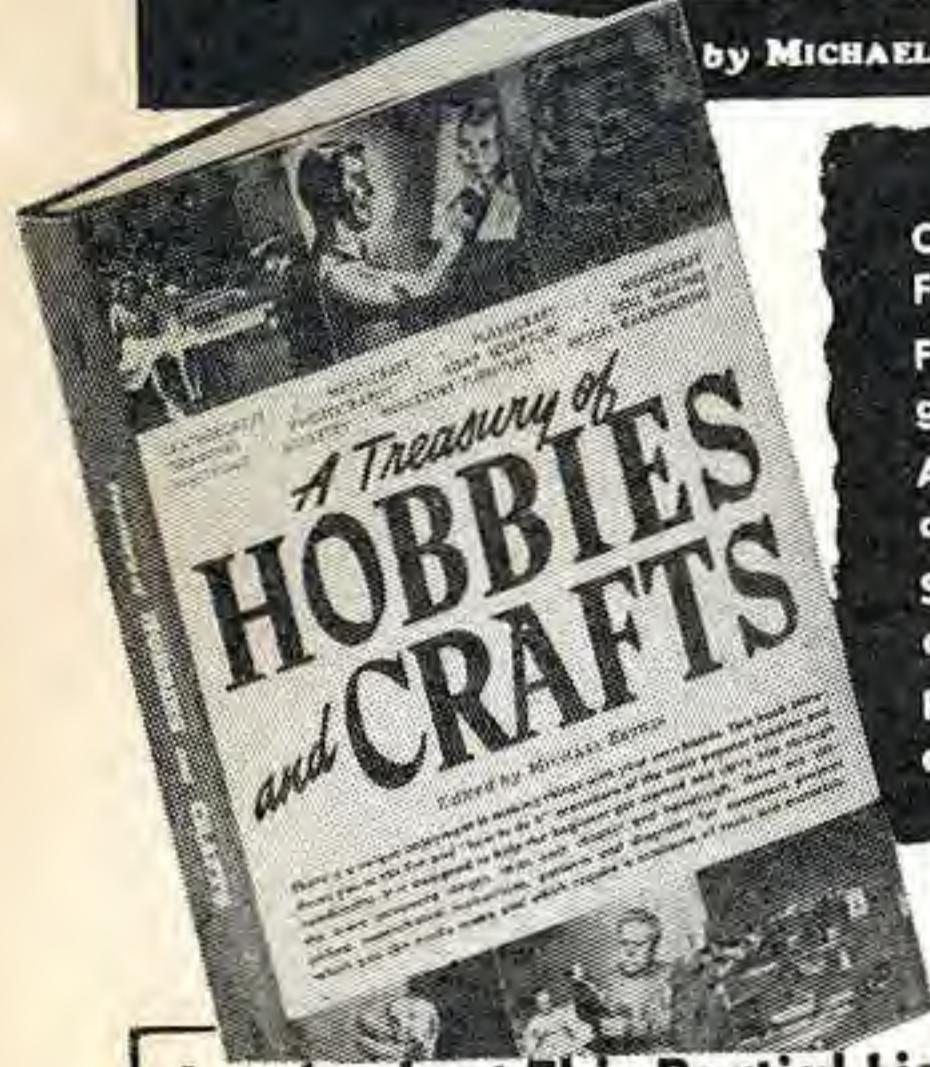


WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



A Treasury of HOBBIES and CRAFTS

by MICHAEL ESTRIN



Just Look at This Partial List of All the Things You Can Make and Do

1. WHITTLING
The best woods to use—cutting technique—finishing and painting. Whittling: Pooch; Sun-Fish; Whatzit; Cat; Elephant; Nag; Sleeping Mexican.
2. LET'S MAKE MAGIC
How to perform "magic" stunts. Illustrations and instructions for performing: Mental Miracle; Whiskaway; The Flying Coin; Color Divination; Impossible Release; Color Changing Balloon; etc.
3. GARDENING
How to get started; simple vegetable garden; growing beautiful flowers; building a rock garden; grow your own fruit. Indoor gardening. Soil-less gardening.
4. MODEL RAILROADING
How to develop a home-built, home-housed miniature railroad. Locating your line—different layouts—building your railroad—tracks—train set—accessories—scenery.
5. BASKETRY
Materials used—description of weaves—making borders—directions for making different shaped baskets—Coloring and Finishing—Dyeing.
6. WOOD-WORKING
Tools and how to use them—Painting and Decorating; How to make: Wall Book-case; Clothes Stand; Dog House; Sewing Stand; Tree Seat; Game Table; See-Saw; Sand Box; Breakfast Table and Benches; etc.
7. DRAWING IS FUN
It is easy to teach yourself to draw. How to begin—working materials—techniques—perspec-

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It may be just a rag doll that you have made for a little girl, or a little silver bracelet that you have cut, hammered and decorated for your wife or girl friend—but if you have made it yourself, it will give you more pleasure and pride than anything like it that you can buy.

Just imagine what fun and satisfaction you'll get out of making a leather wallet for yourself; a pewter candy dish for the house; or of whittling some quaint animals for decoration. Imagine your thrill and the savings in money also, in being able to build a complete breakfast-table-and-bench set, for under \$10 instead of the \$40 it would cost to buy.

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KELLY POOLE

8

NEWS ITEM --- "ATOMIC
RESEARCH SCIENTISTS BELIEVE
URANIUM RAYS MAY SOON BE USED
TO CONTROL OUR GROWTH!"

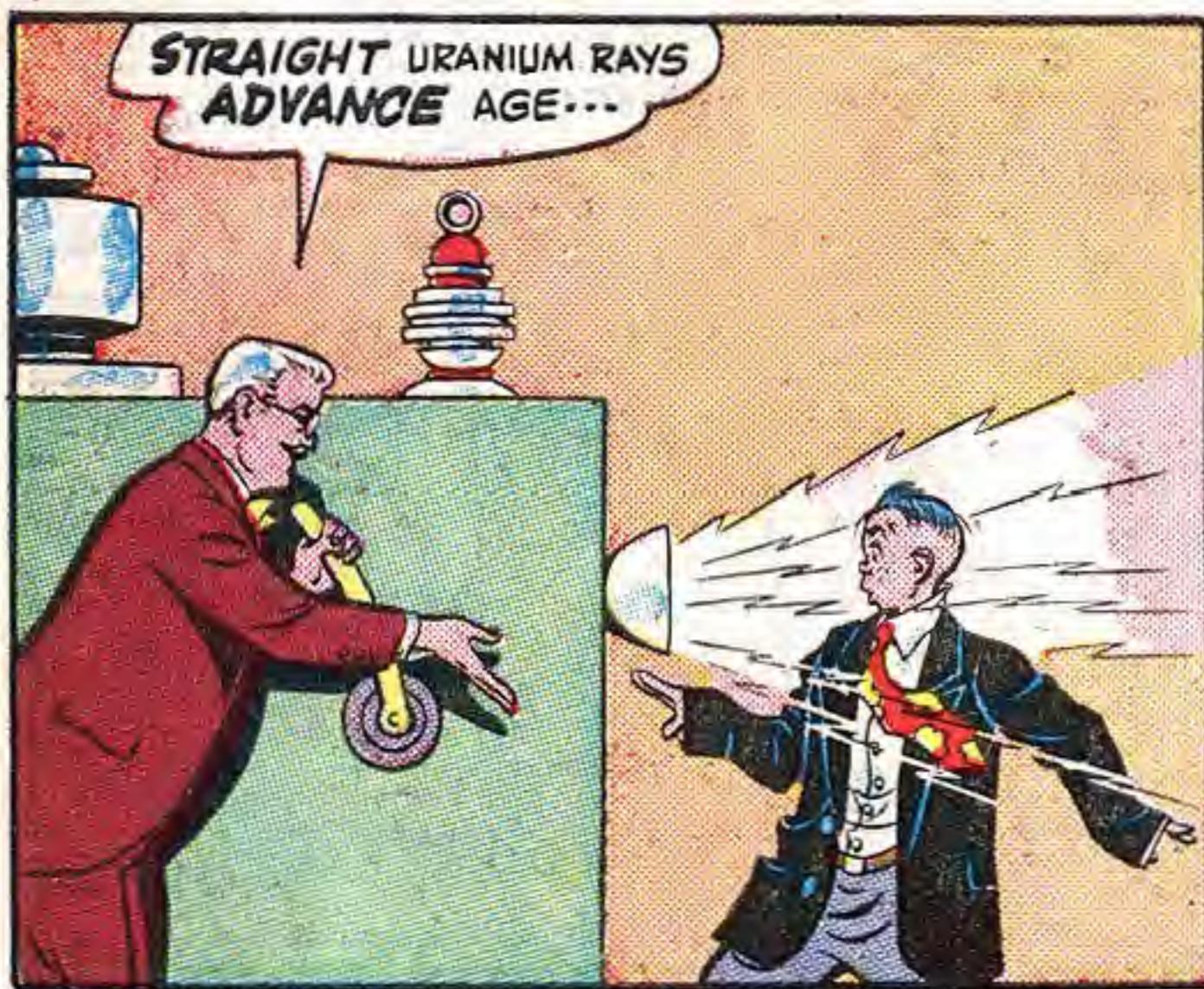
...THAT'S SILLY!
AIN'T IT,
PROFESSOR
POTTER?

URANIUM RAYS SUCH AS I HAVE INJECTED
INTO THESE CHOCOLATES SHOULD MAKE
ONE ABOUT TEN YEARS YOUNGER,
KELLY!

HALP! I'M
SHRINKING!

Come one, come all! A scientific
side-show of stupendous proportions
is about to begin!

ALL HUMOR COMICS



ALL HUMOR COMICS

In the Poole Parlor...

YOU KNOW, I REALLY
SHOULDN'T EAT
CHOCOLATES.... I HAVE
TO WATCH MY
WEIGHT!

LET'S ALL
WATCH IT,
AUNT
FANNY!

OH! OH!
I'M
SHRINKING!

GAD, FANNY!
YOU LOOK JUST
LIKE YOU DID
TEN YEARS
AGO!

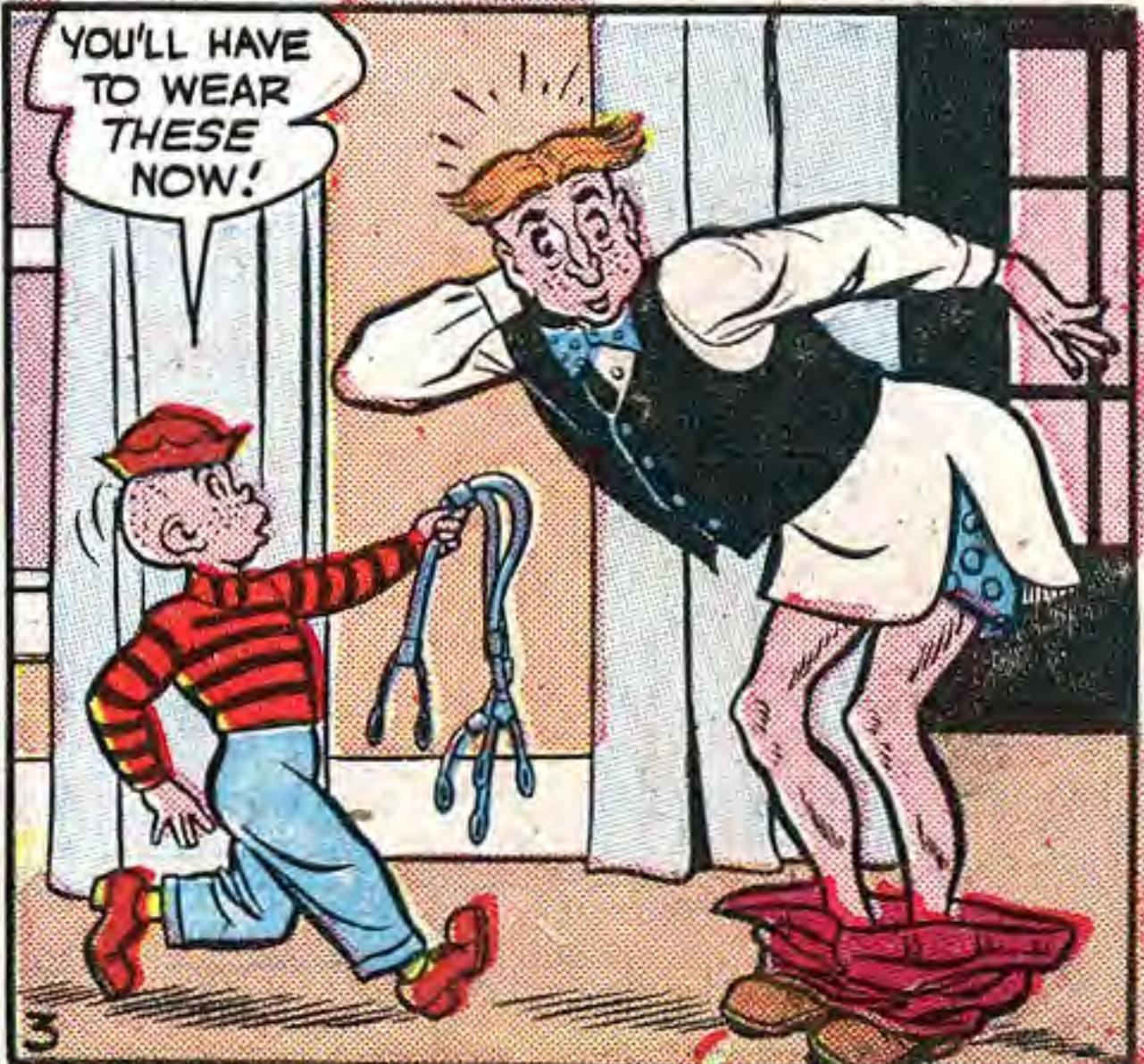
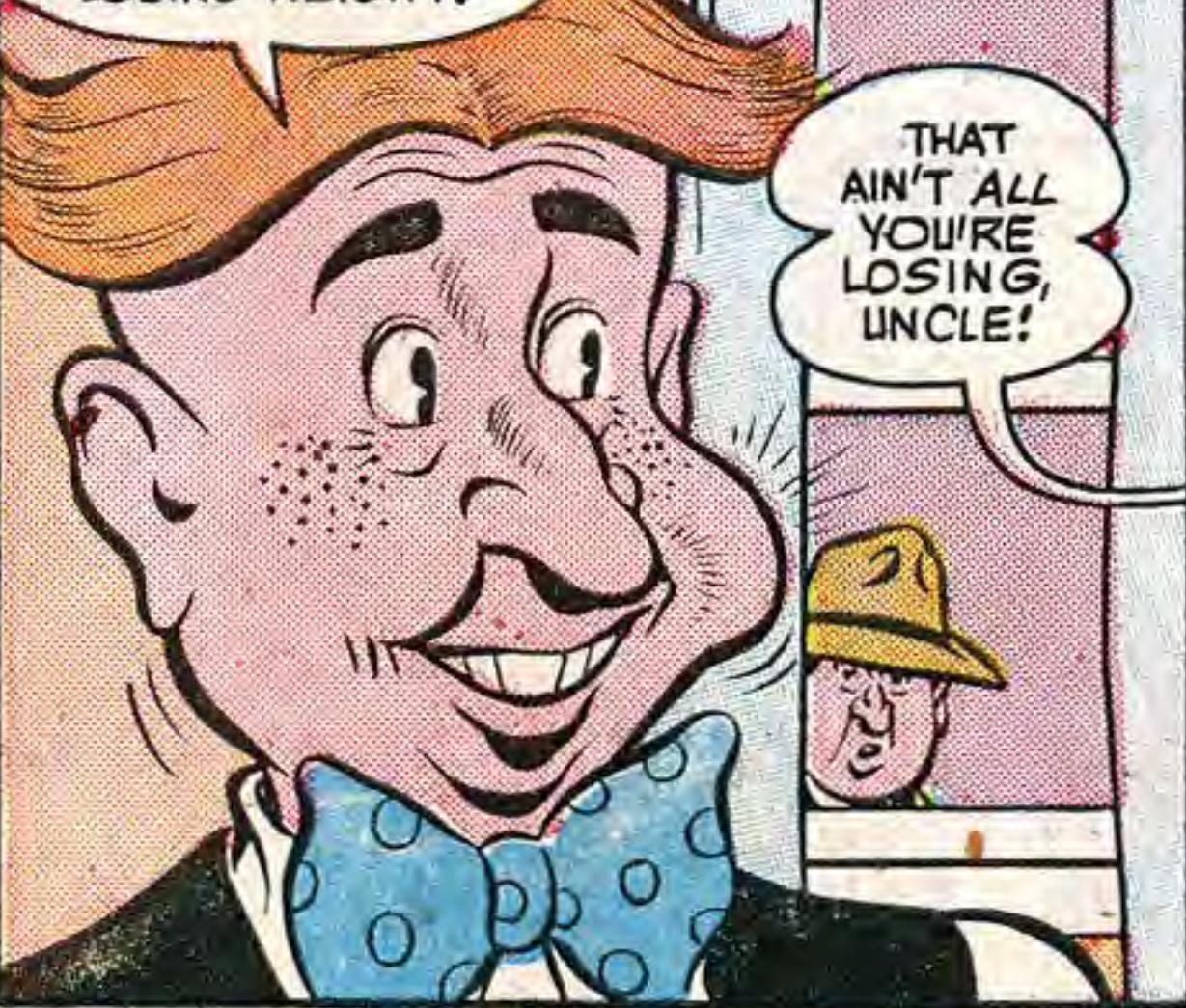
THAT CANDY CONTAINED
REVERSED RADIUM RAYS
WHICH REMOVE TEN
YEARS OF GROWTH!

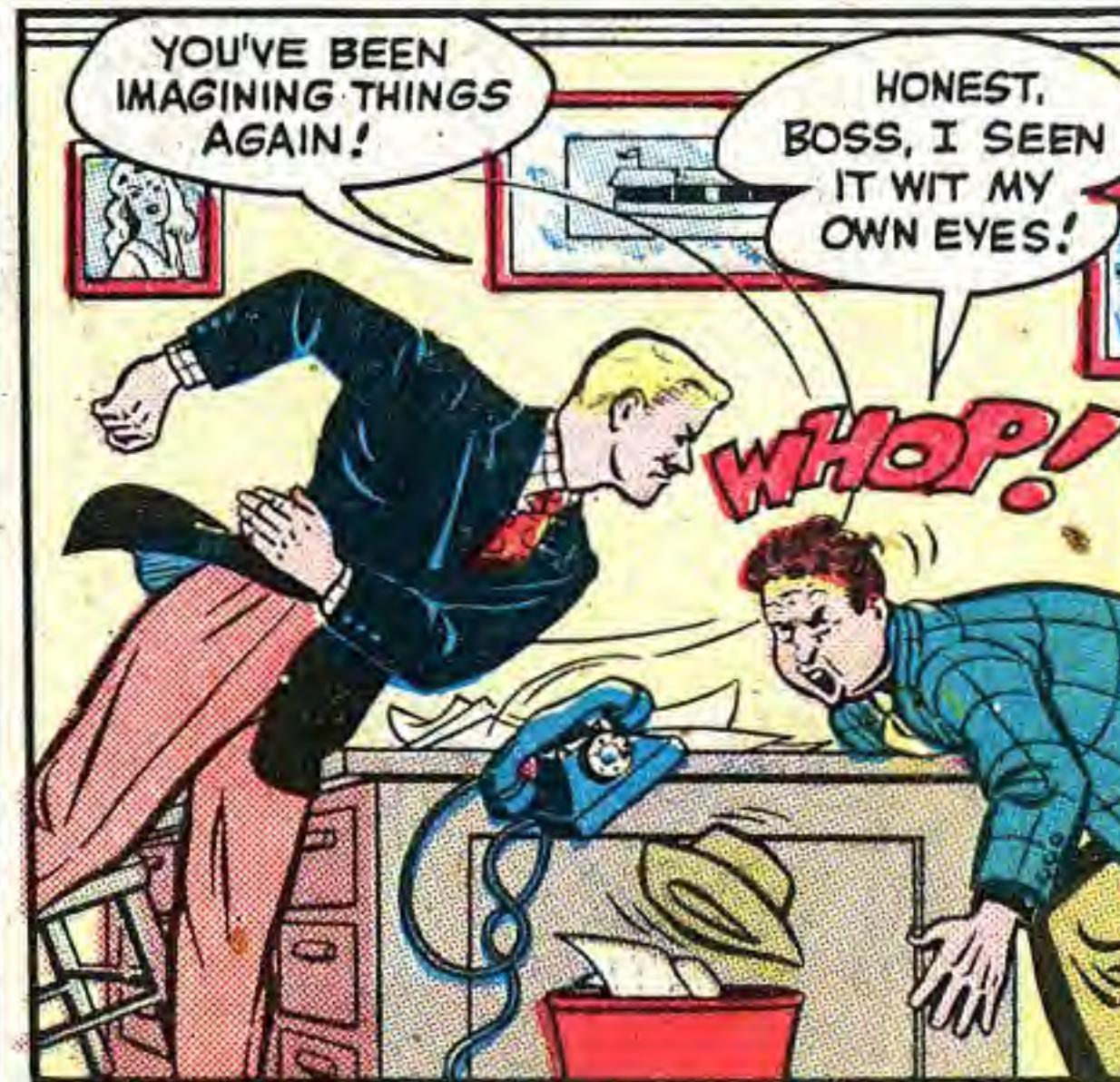
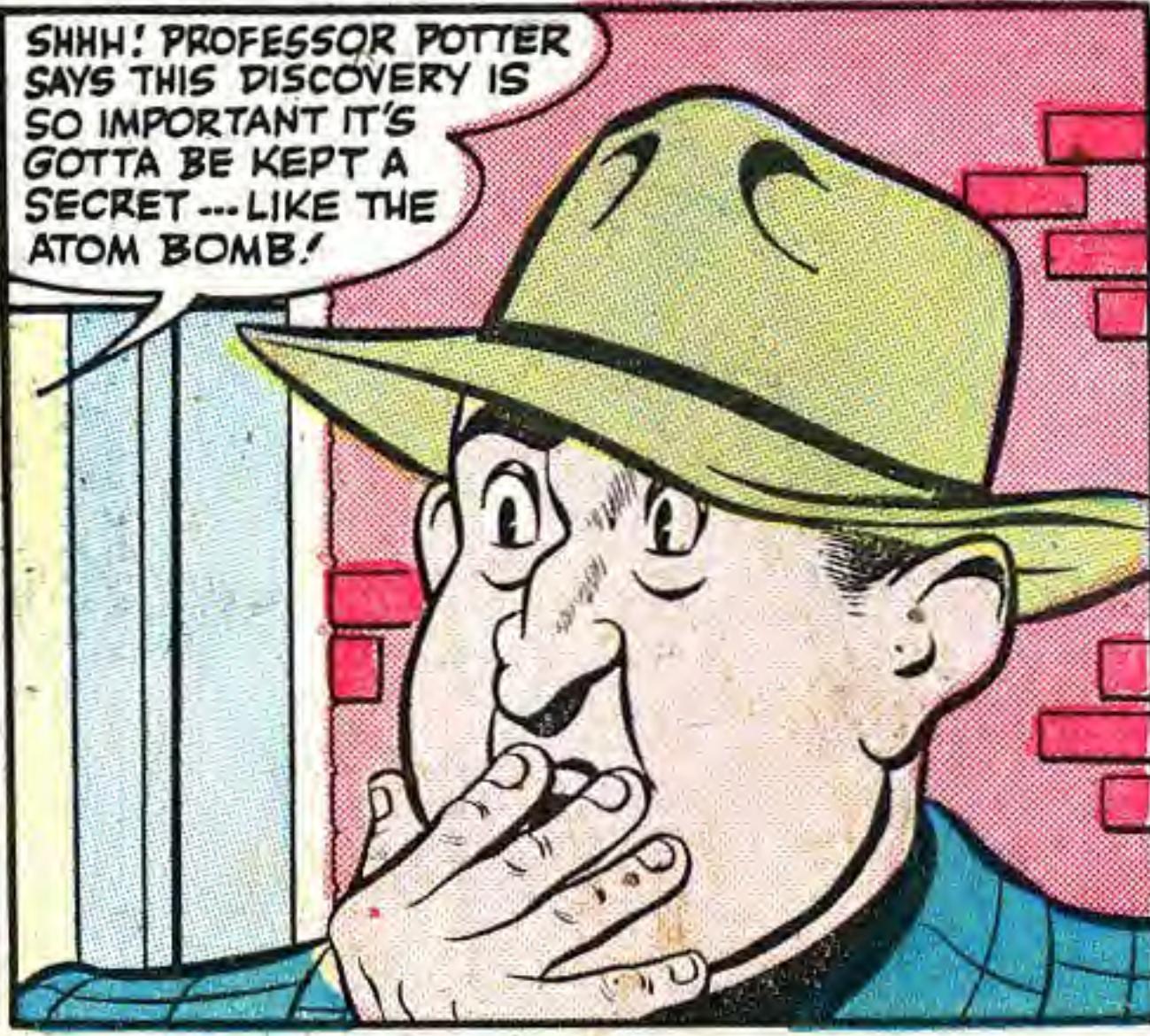
HERE'S ONE FOR
YOU, UNCLE!

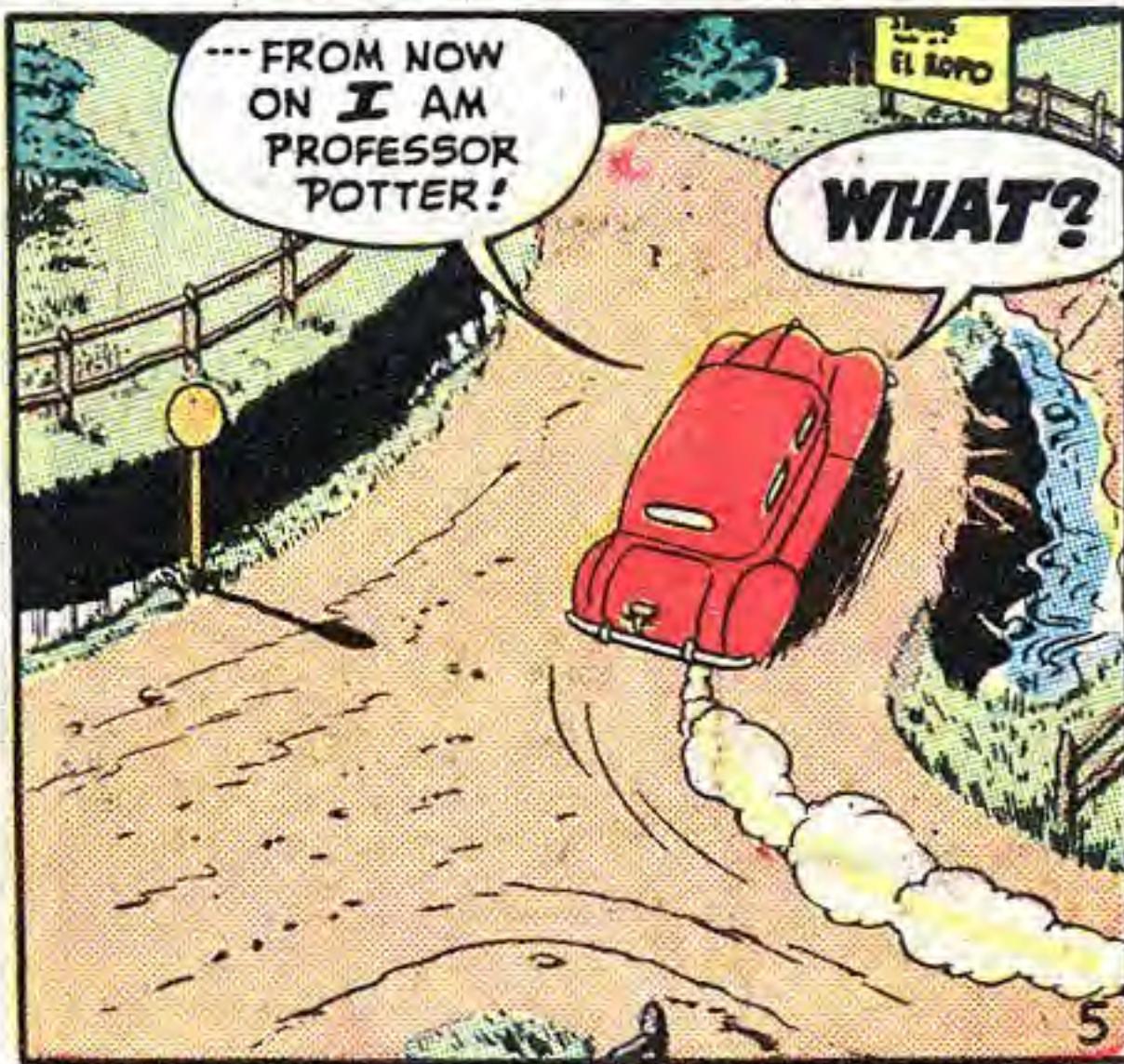
CHOMP-CHOMPE I CAN
ACTUALLY FEEL MYSELF
LOSING WEIGHT!

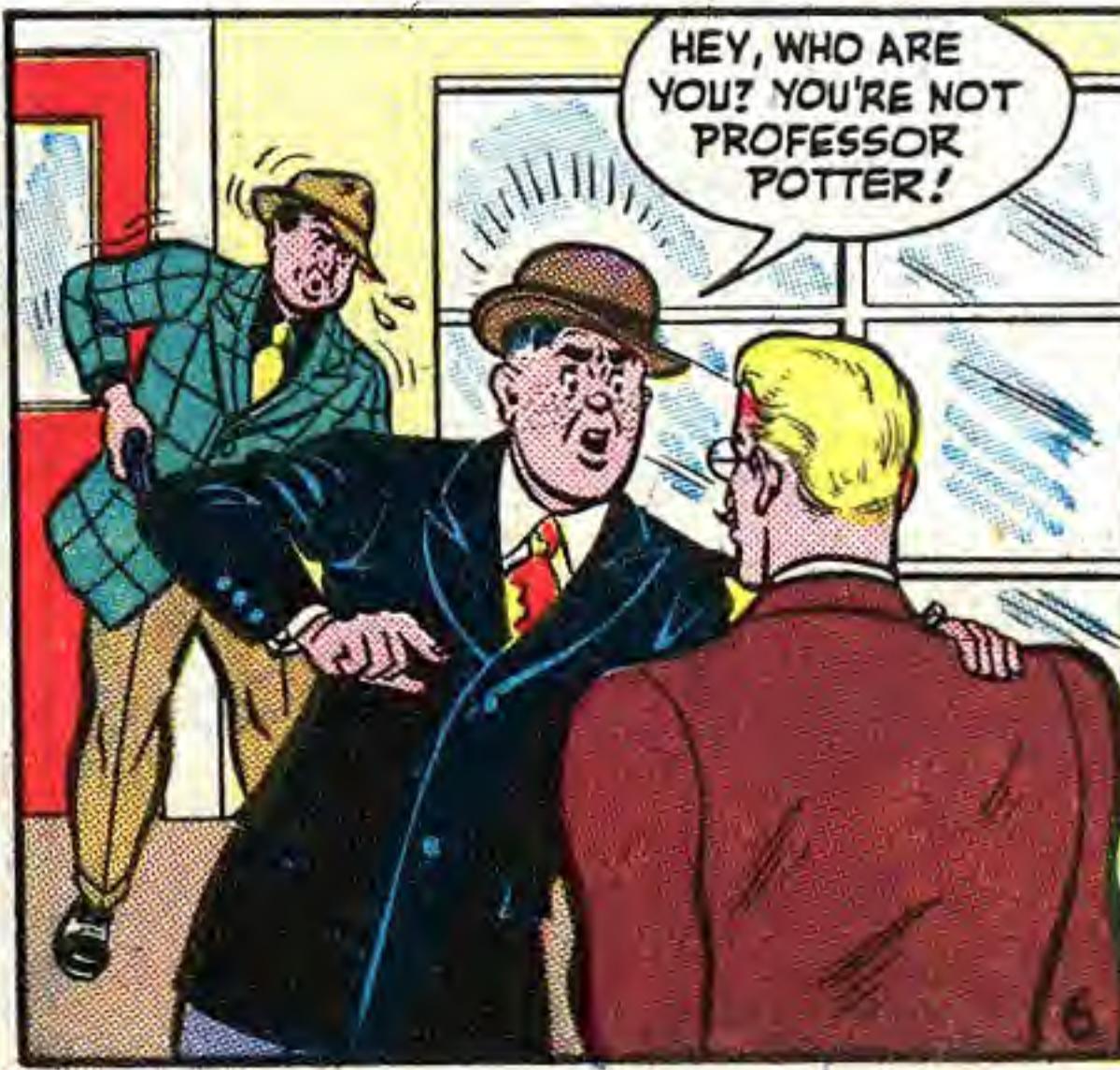
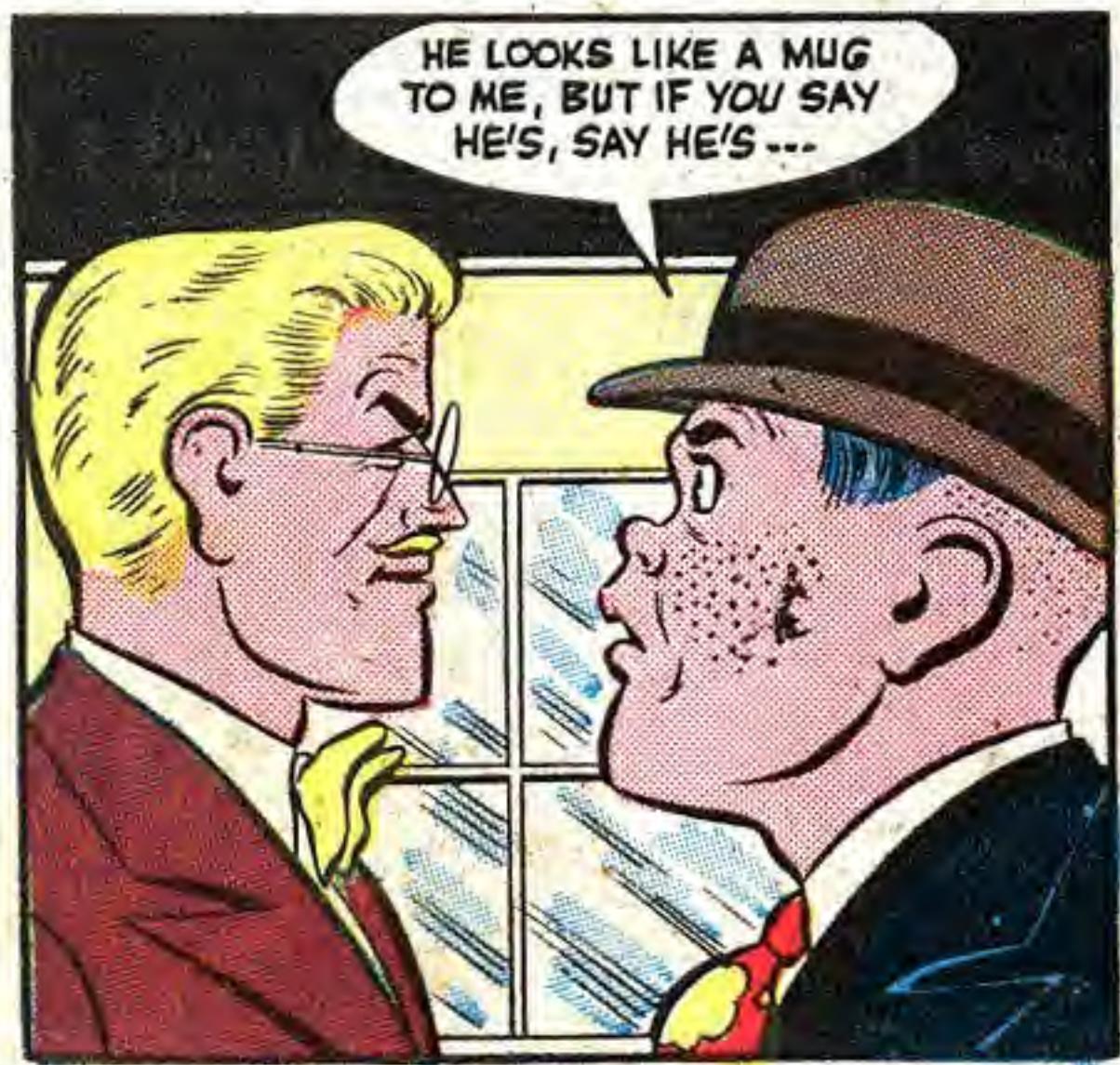
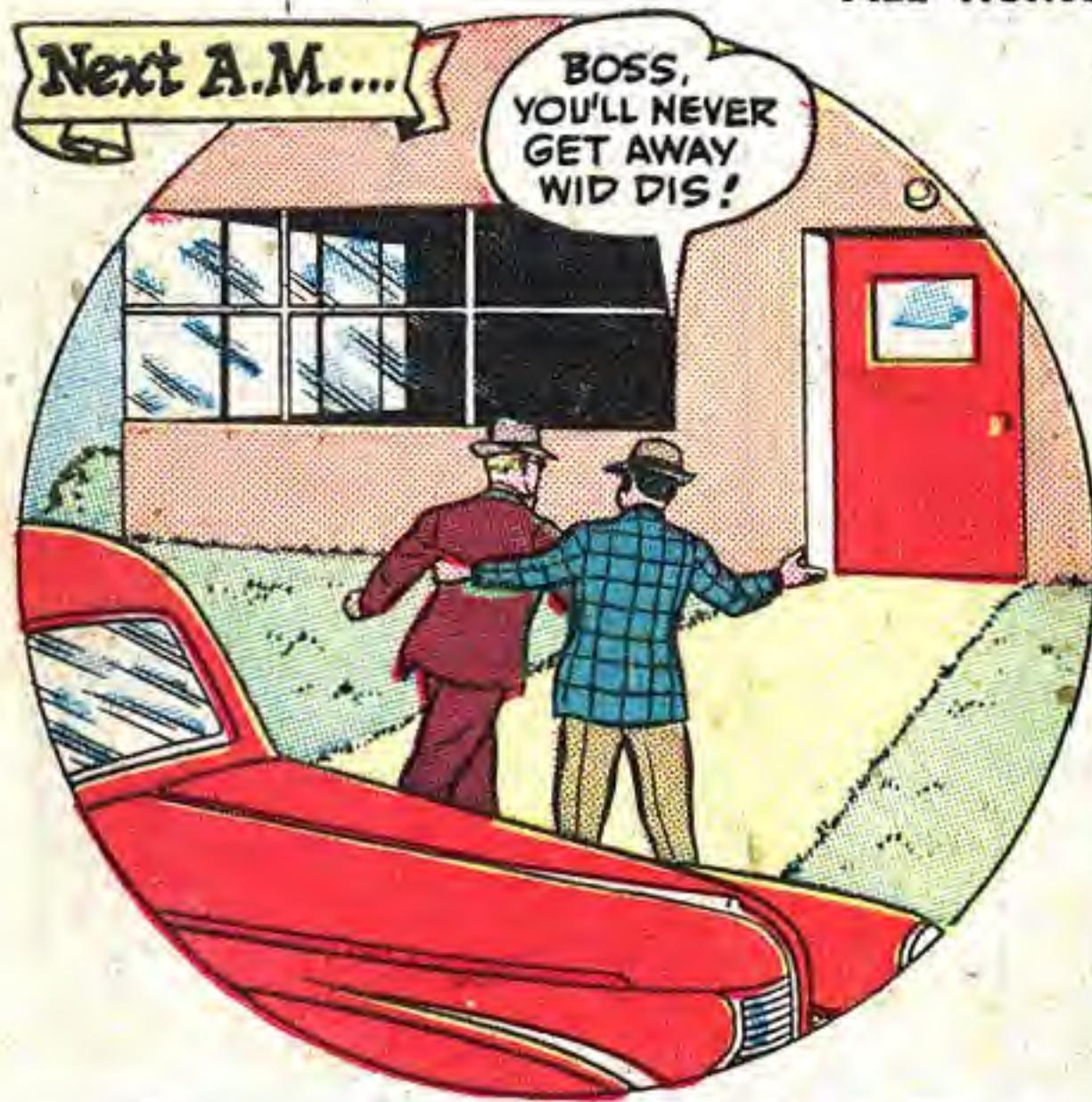
THAT
AIN'T ALL
YOU'RE
LOSING,
UNCLE!

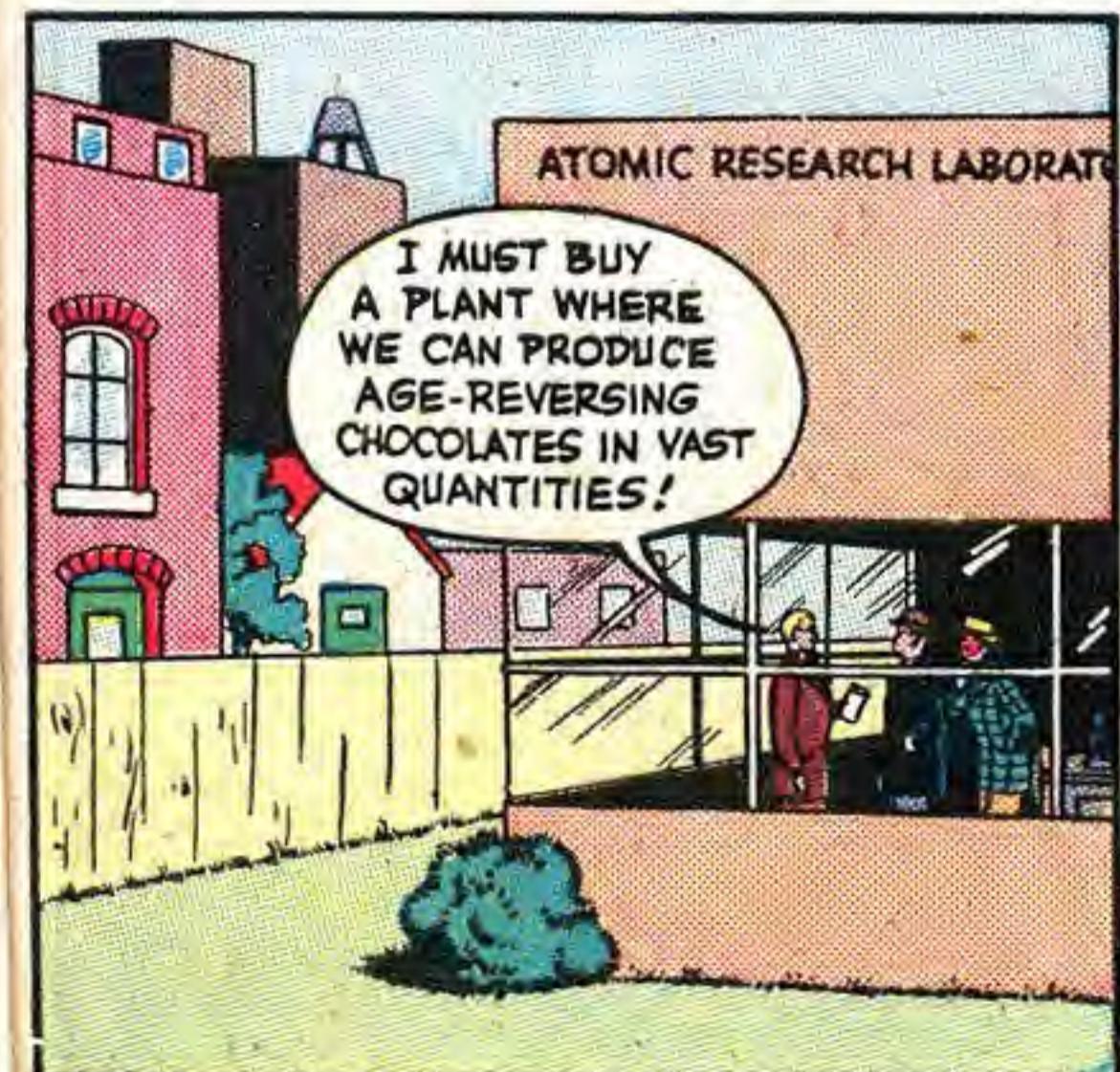
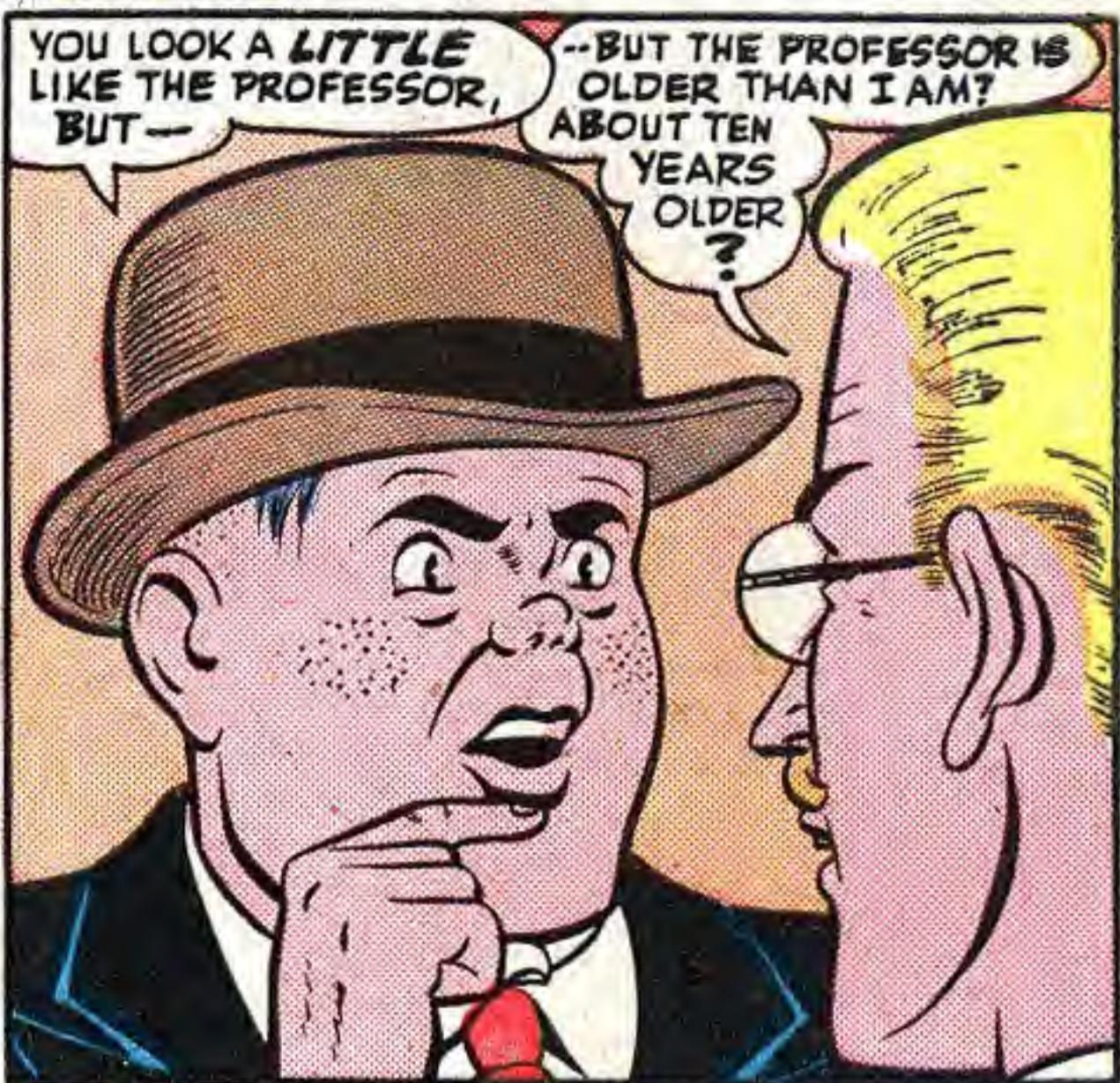
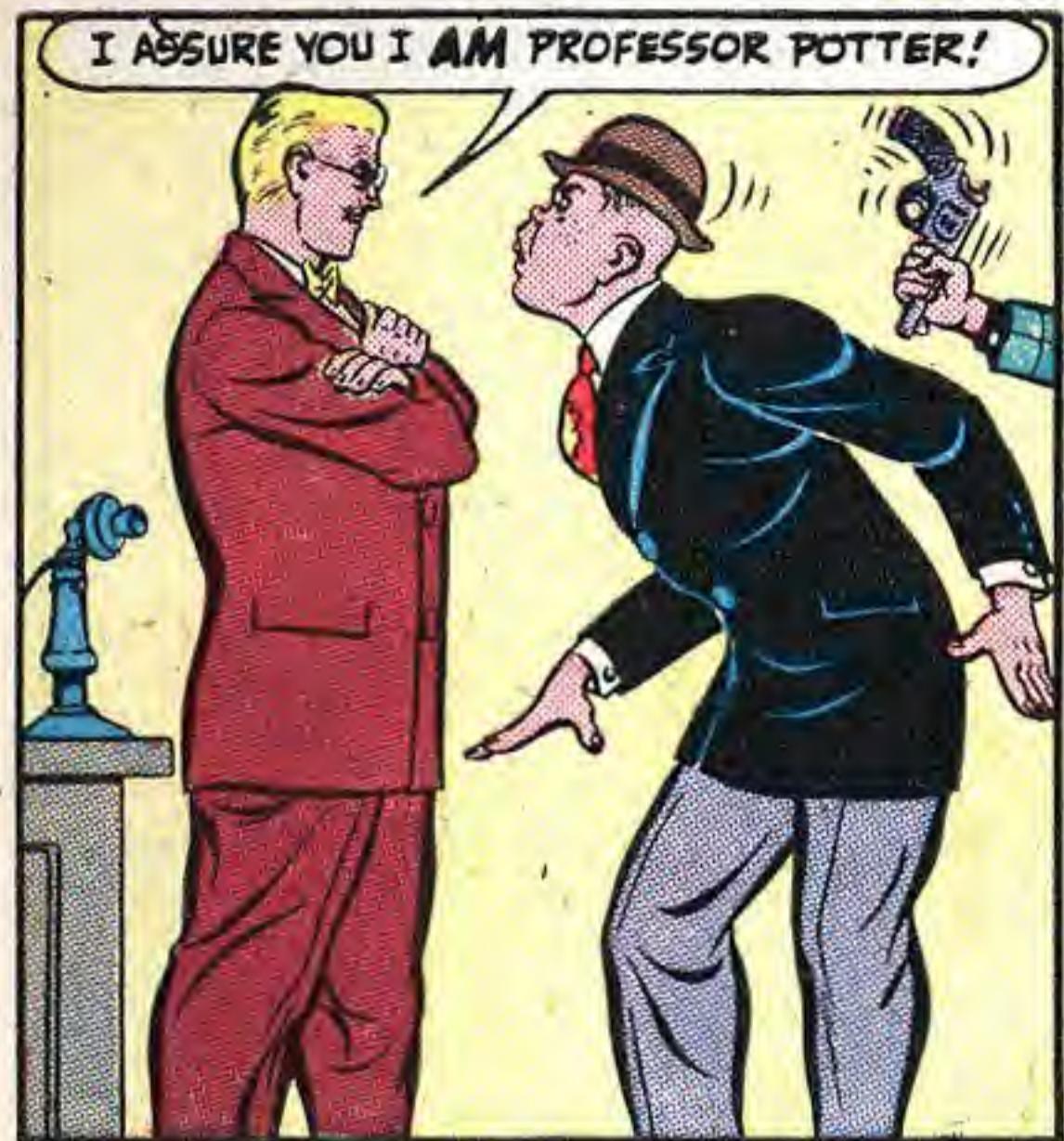
YOU'LL HAVE
TO WEAR
THESE
NOW!

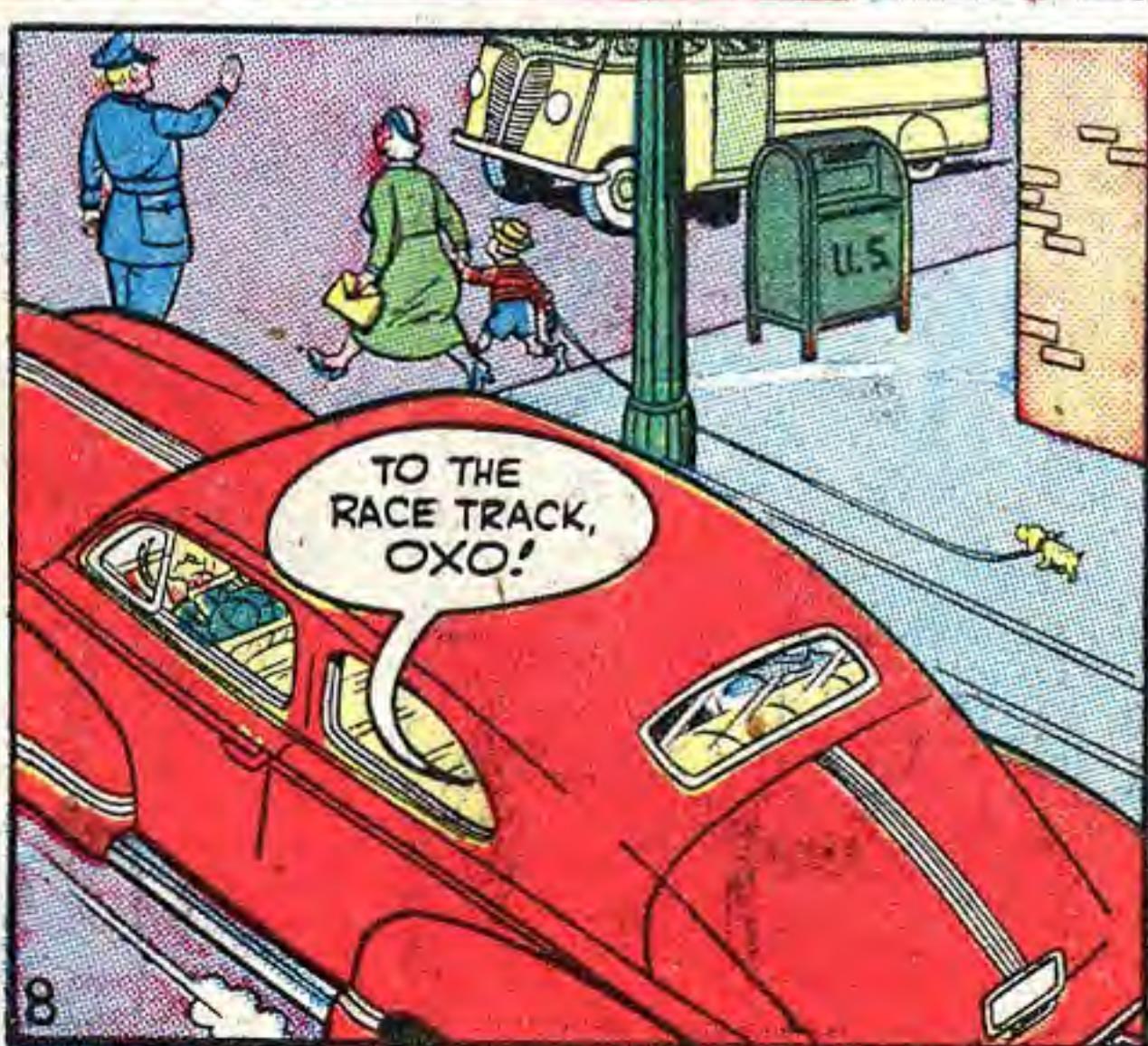
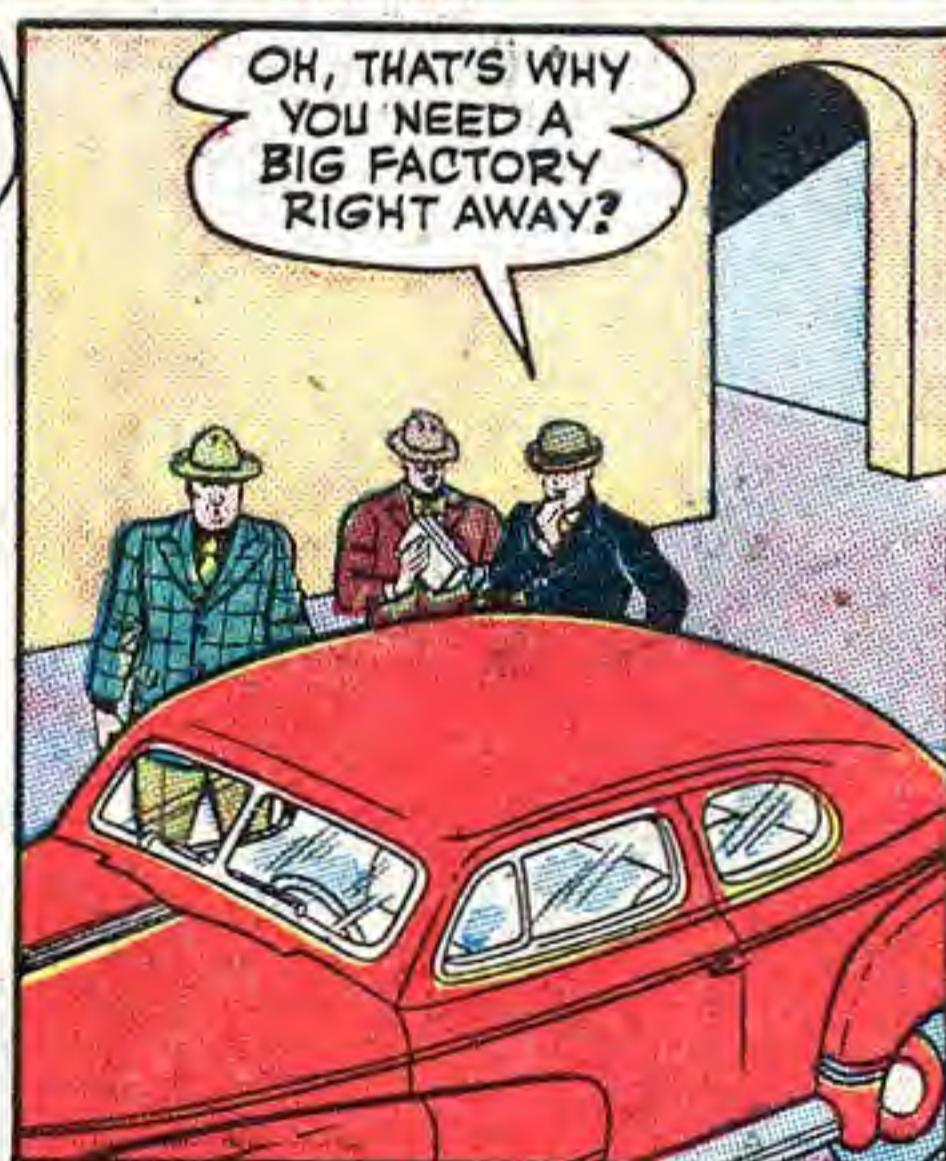
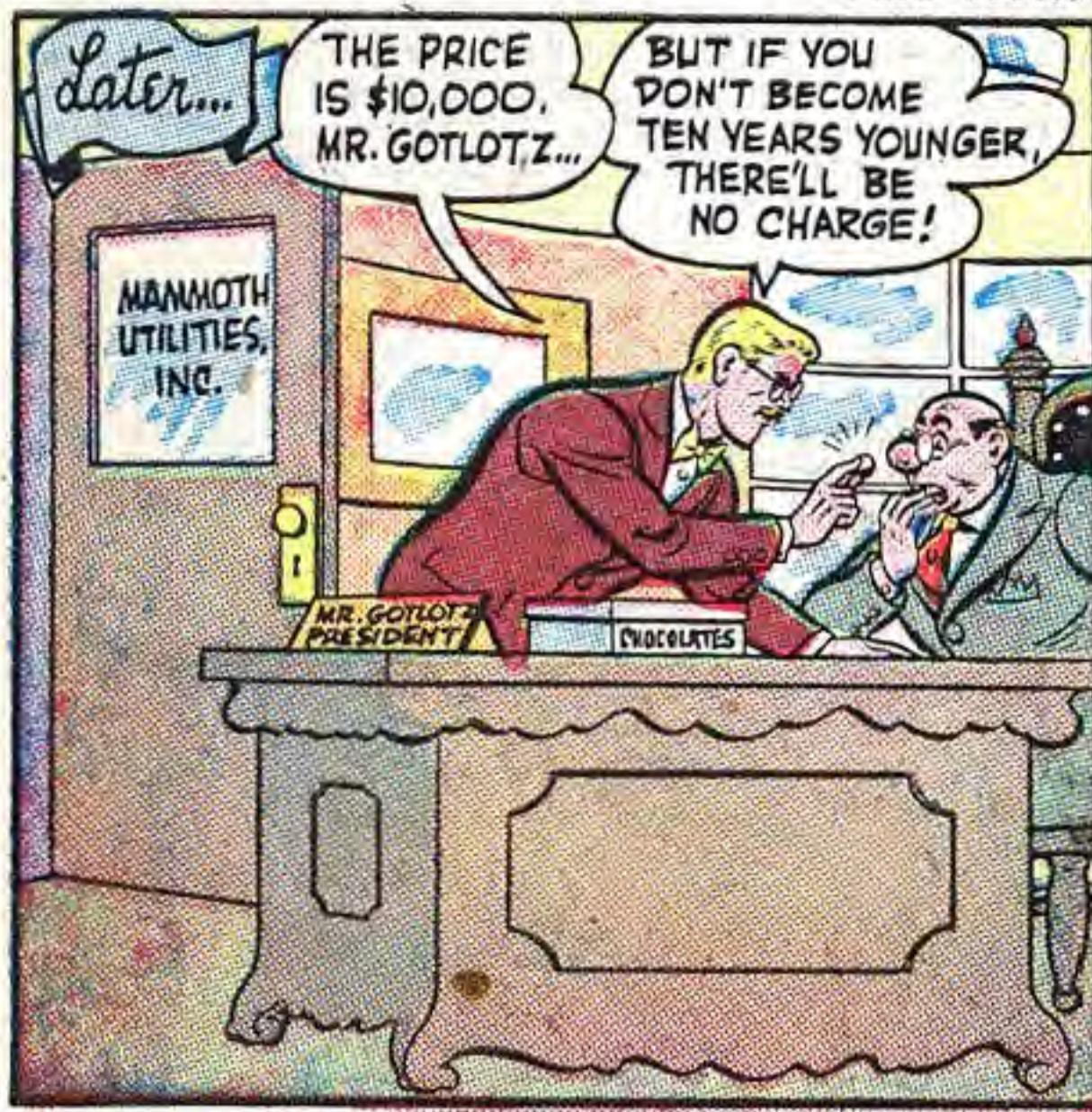


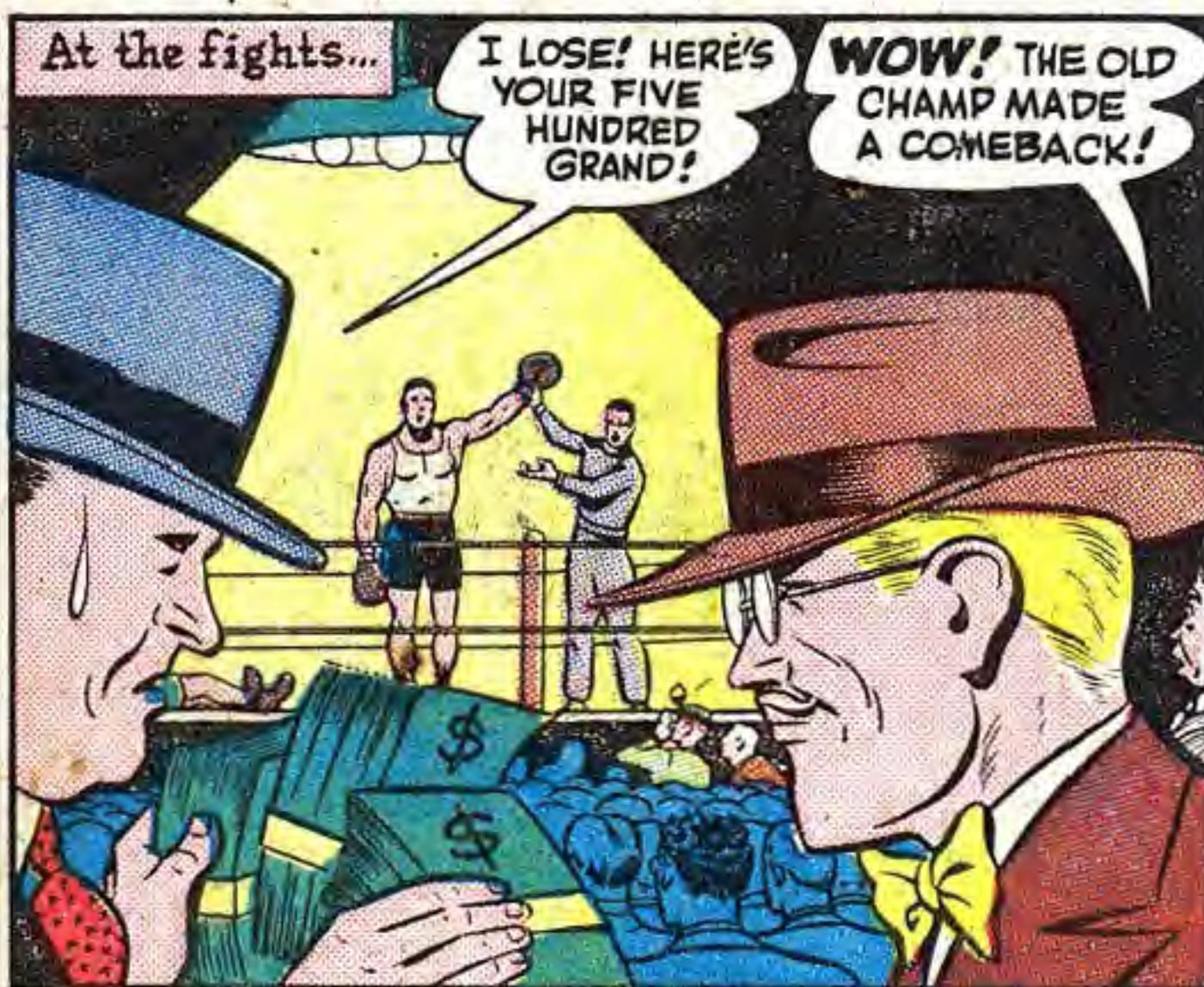
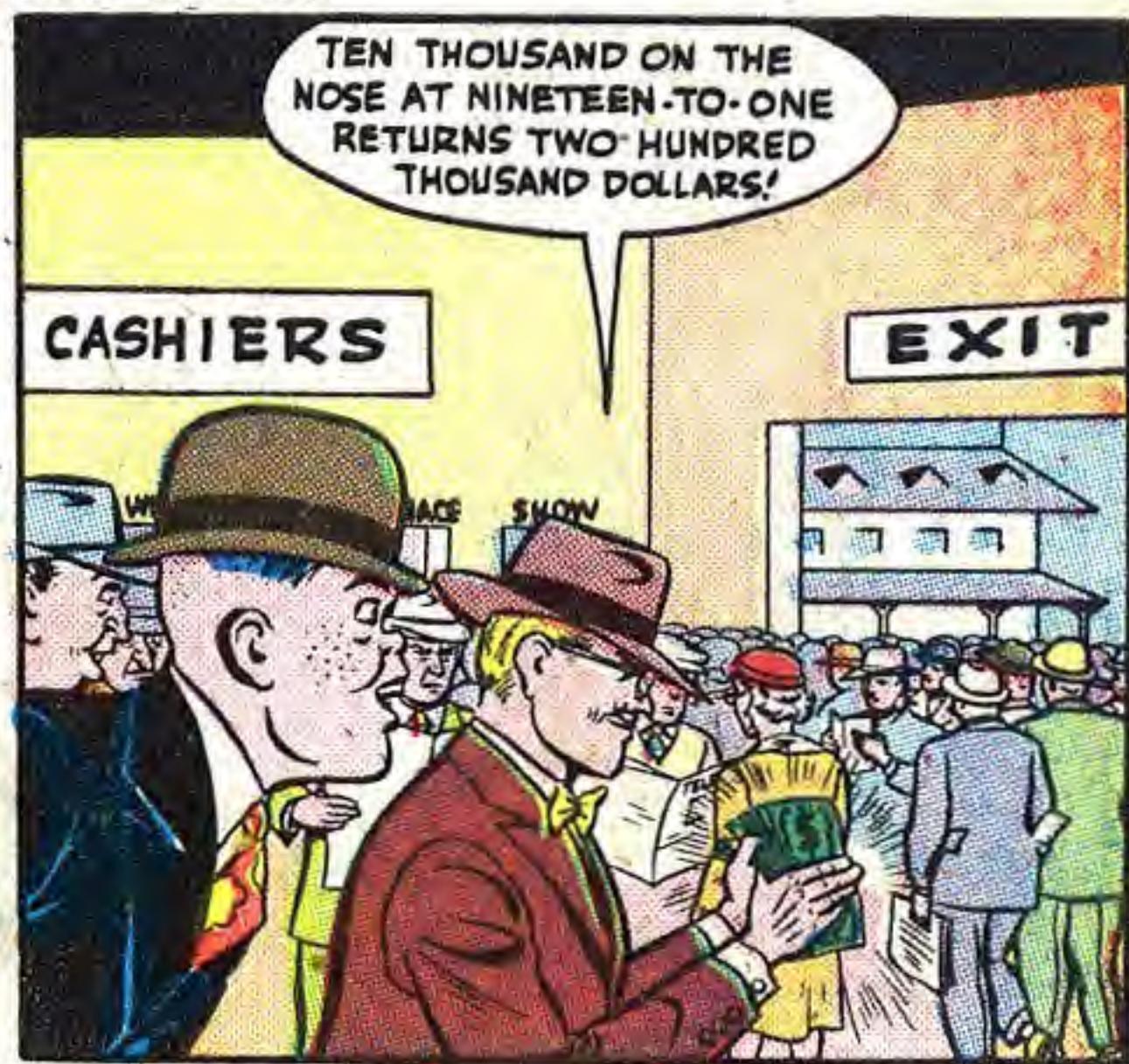
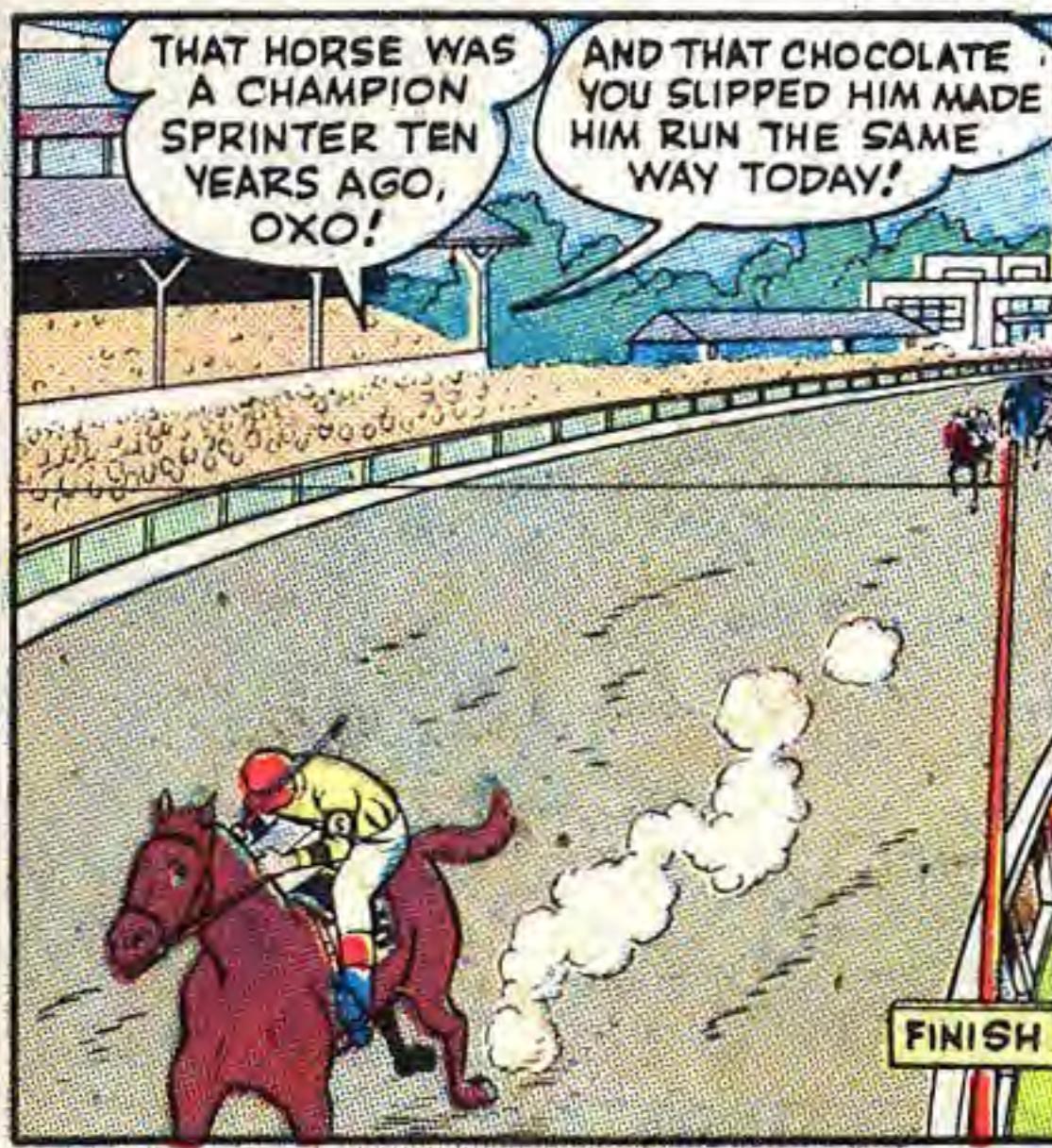


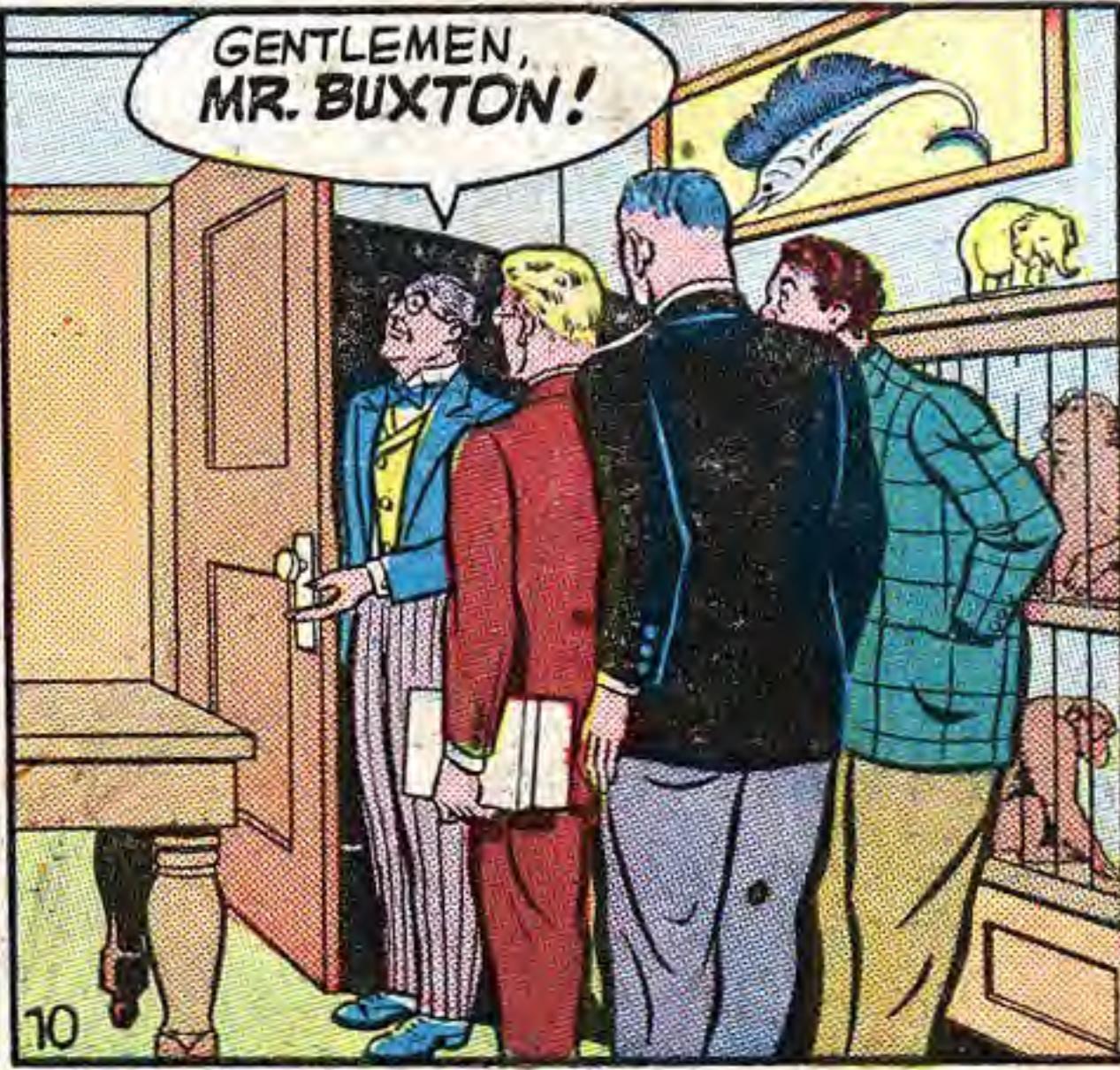
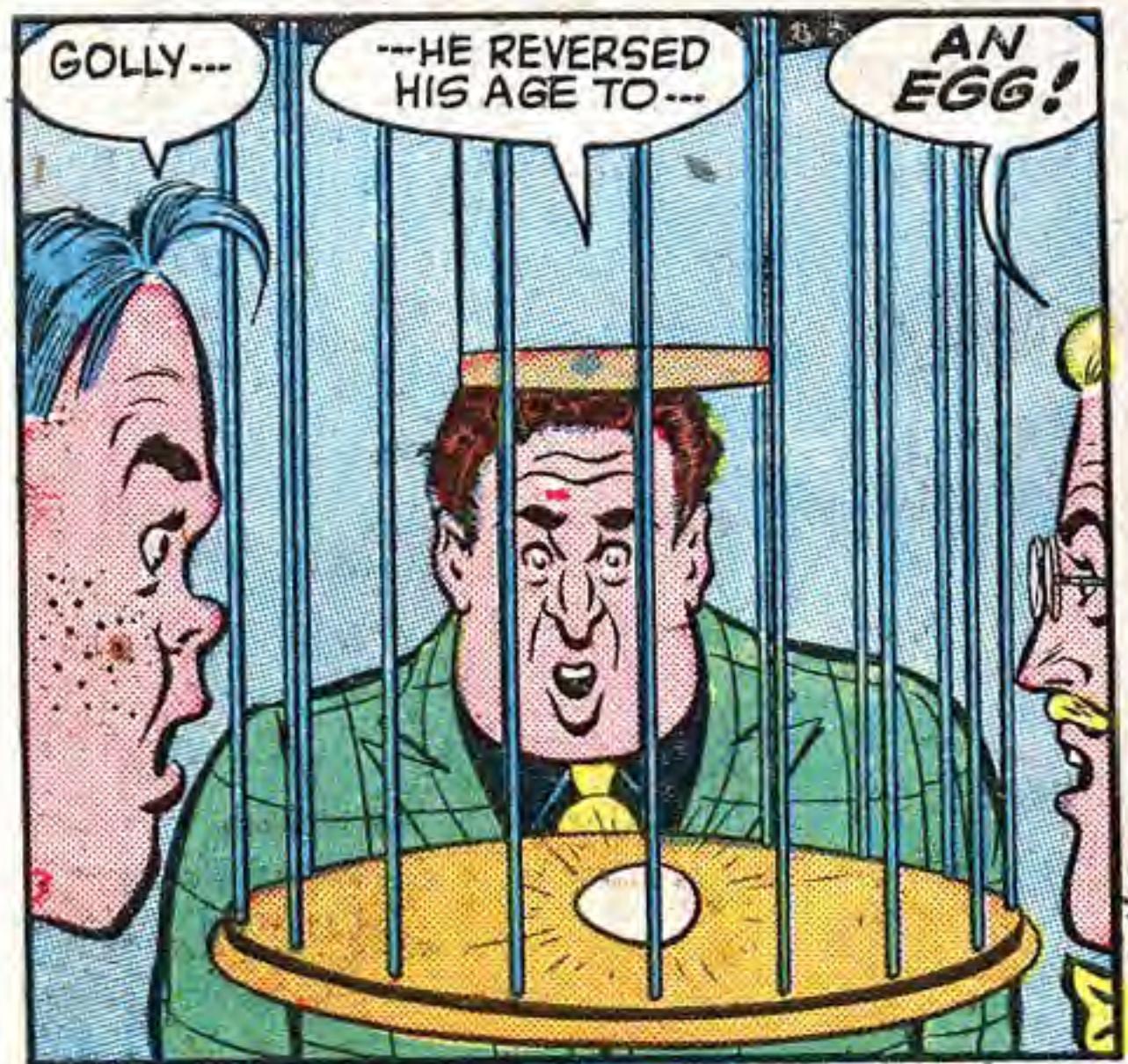
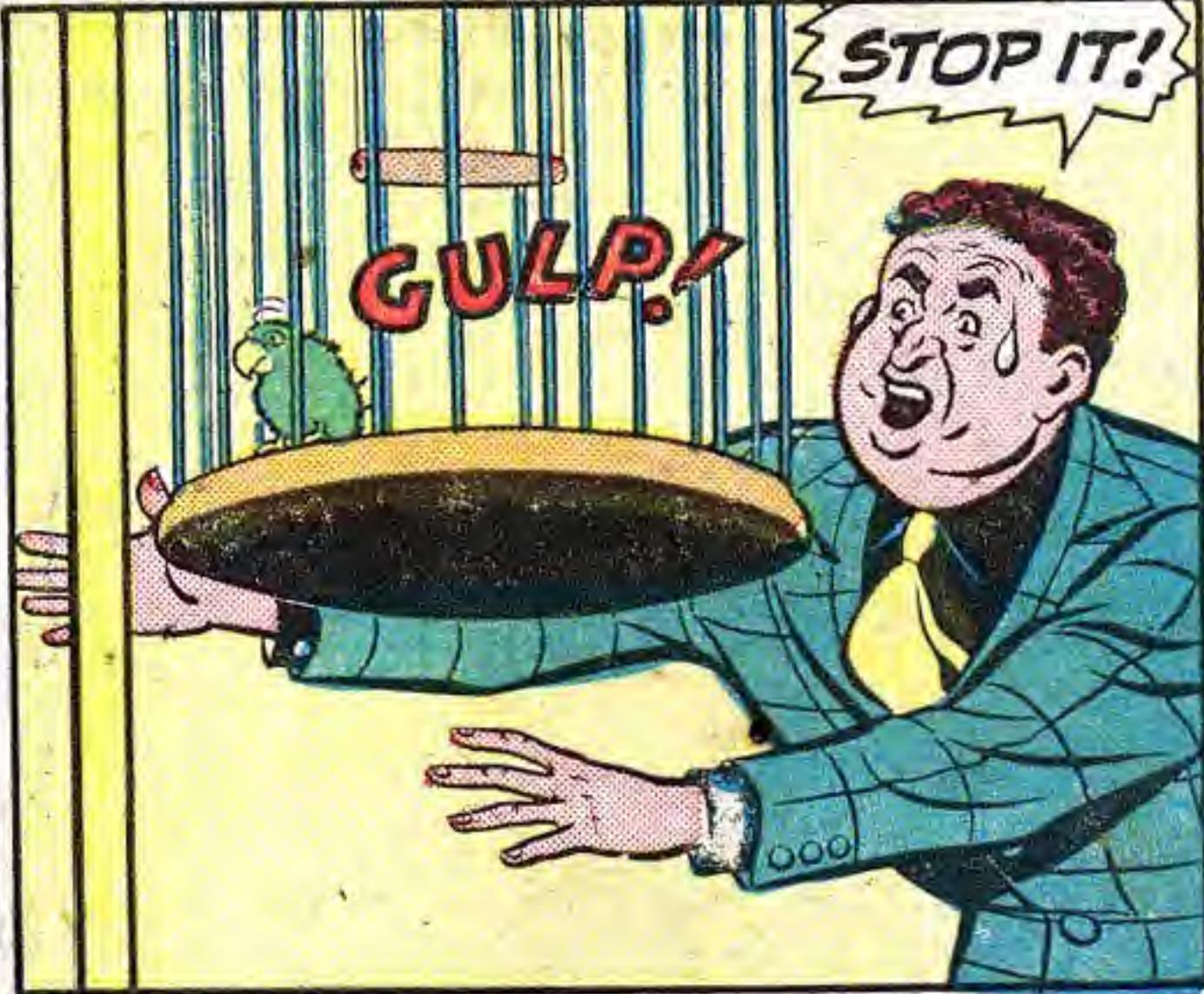
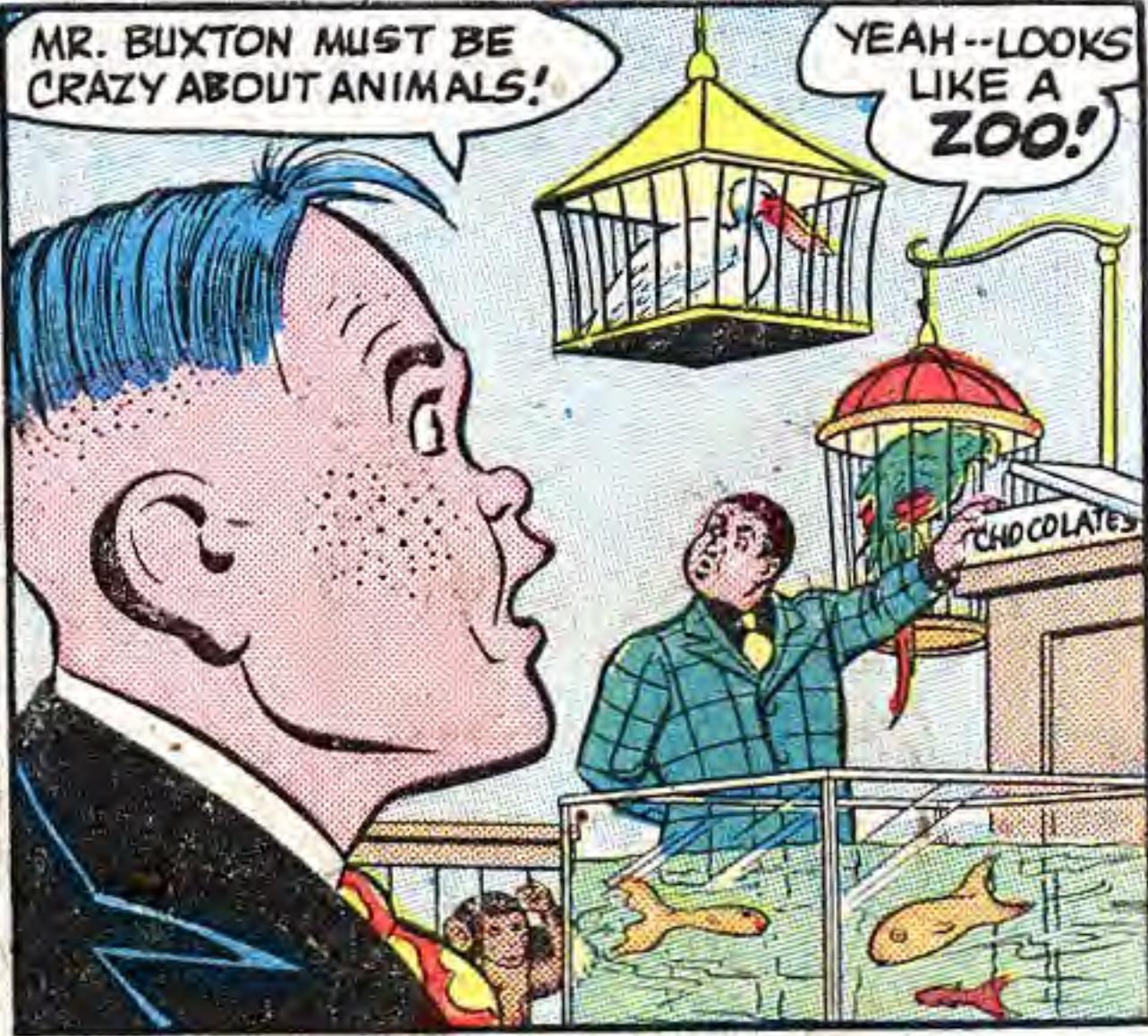
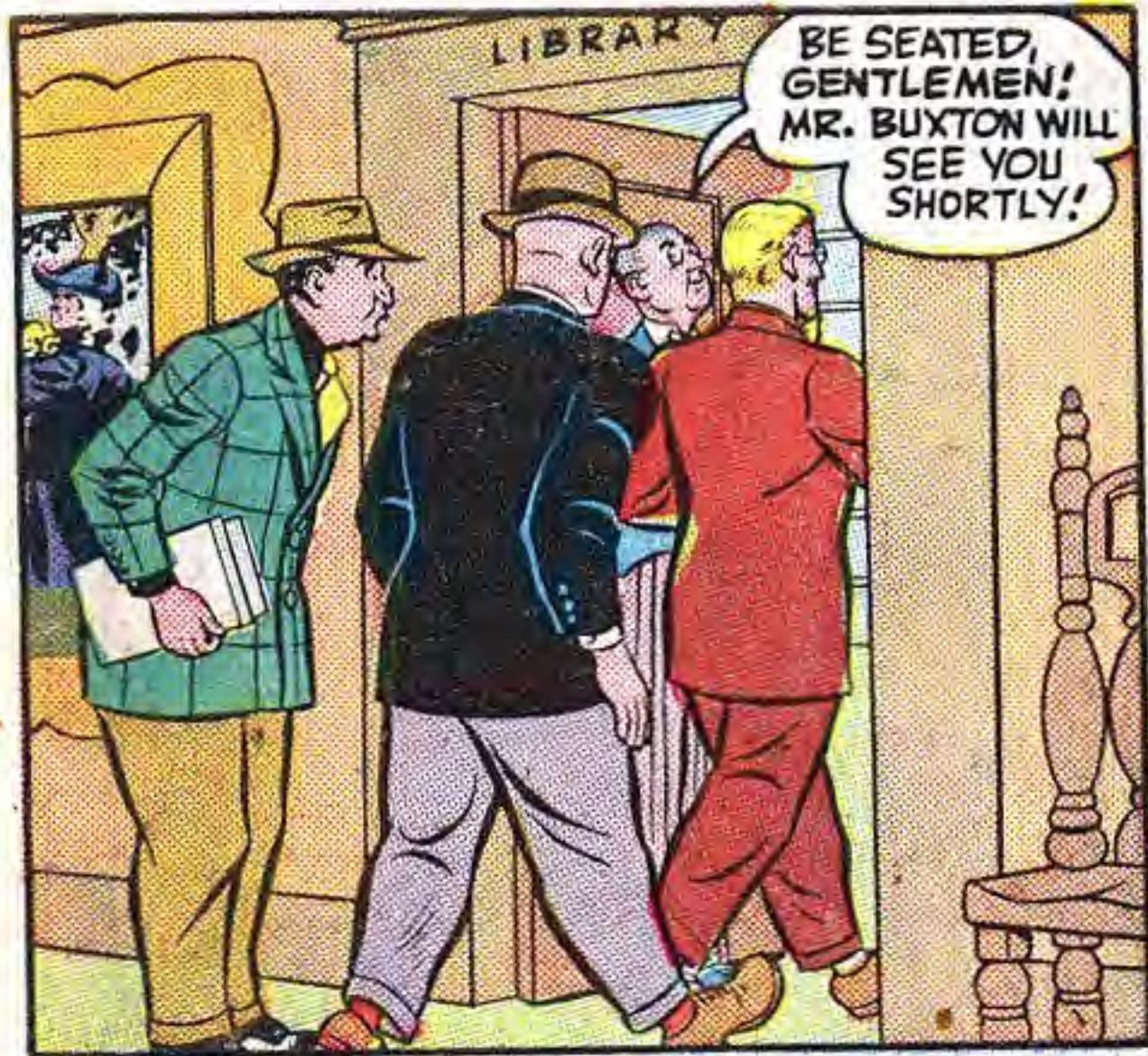






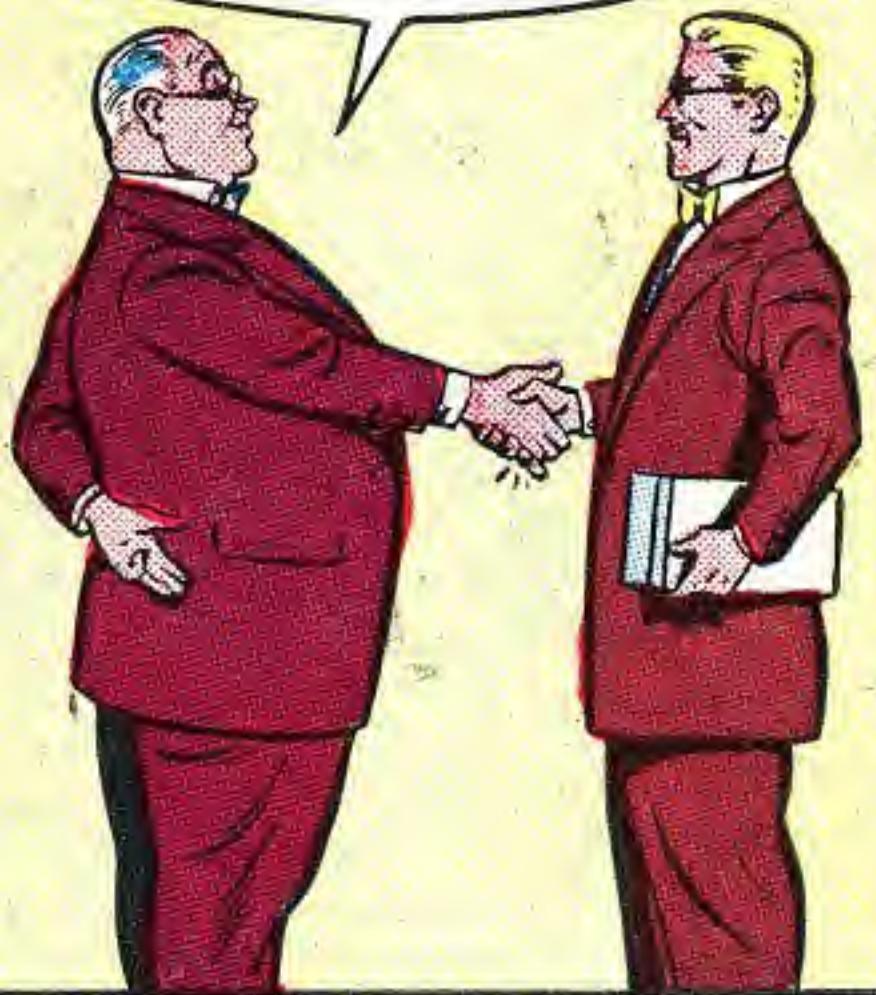






ALL HUMOR COMICS

AND WHAT MAY I DO
FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN?



I'LL BET YOU HALF A MILLION
I CAN REVERSE YOUR GROWTH
TEN YEARS, IF YOU WILL
EAT THIS!



I CAN'T AFFORD
TO GAMBLE WITH MY
HEALTH! WILL IT
WORK ON ANYTHING
BUT HUMANS?

IT WILL
WORK ON
ANY LIVING
THING!

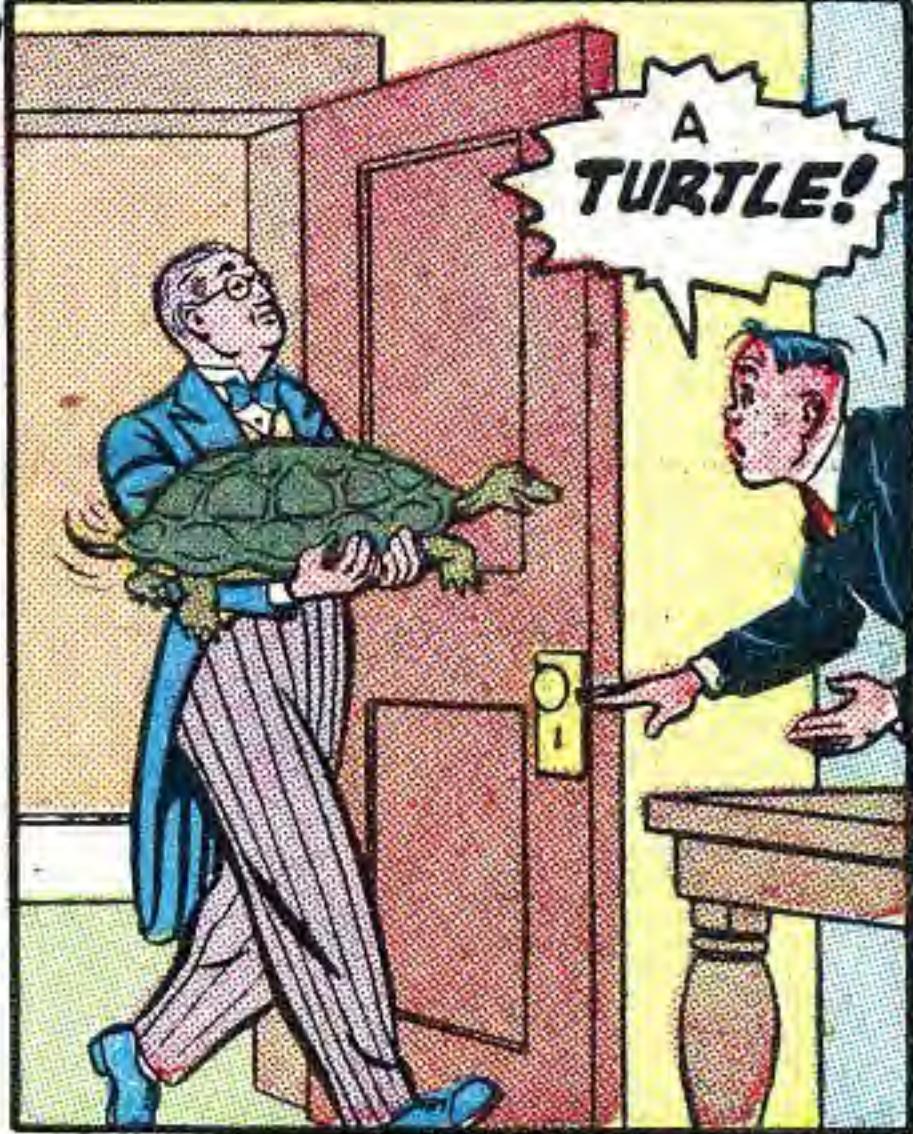


IT'S A BET!

JAMES,
BRING IN
OSCAR!



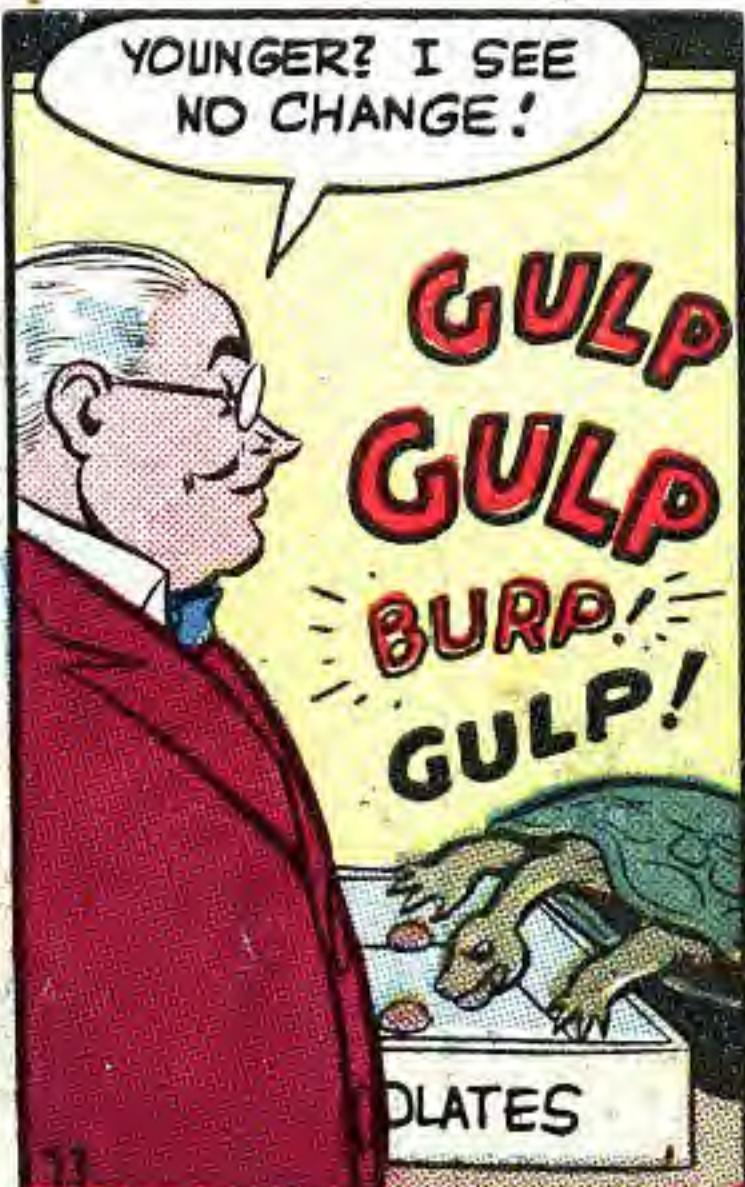
A
TURTLE!



NOW, WATCH HIM GET
YOUNGER!



YOUNGER? I SEE
NO CHANGE!



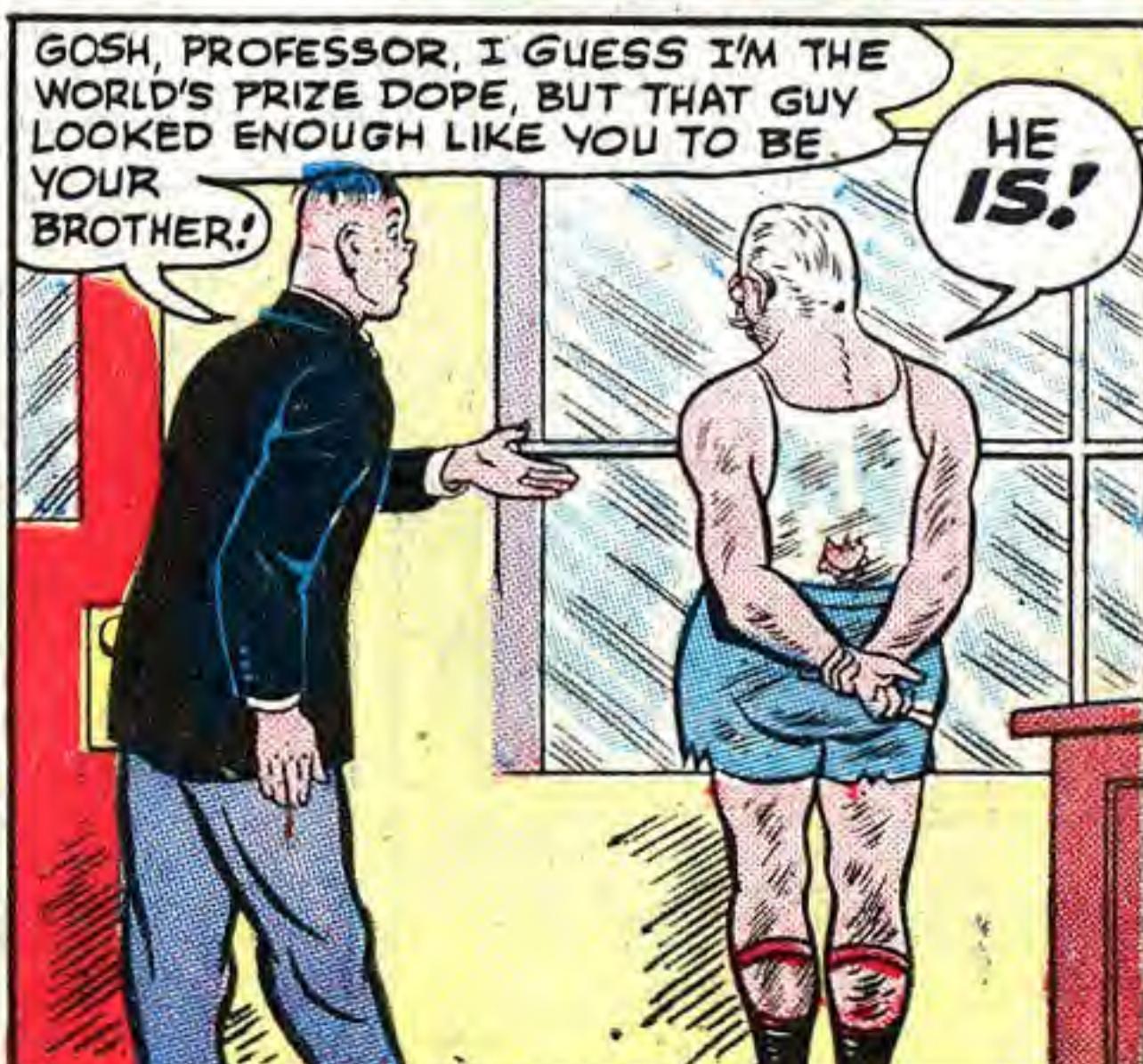
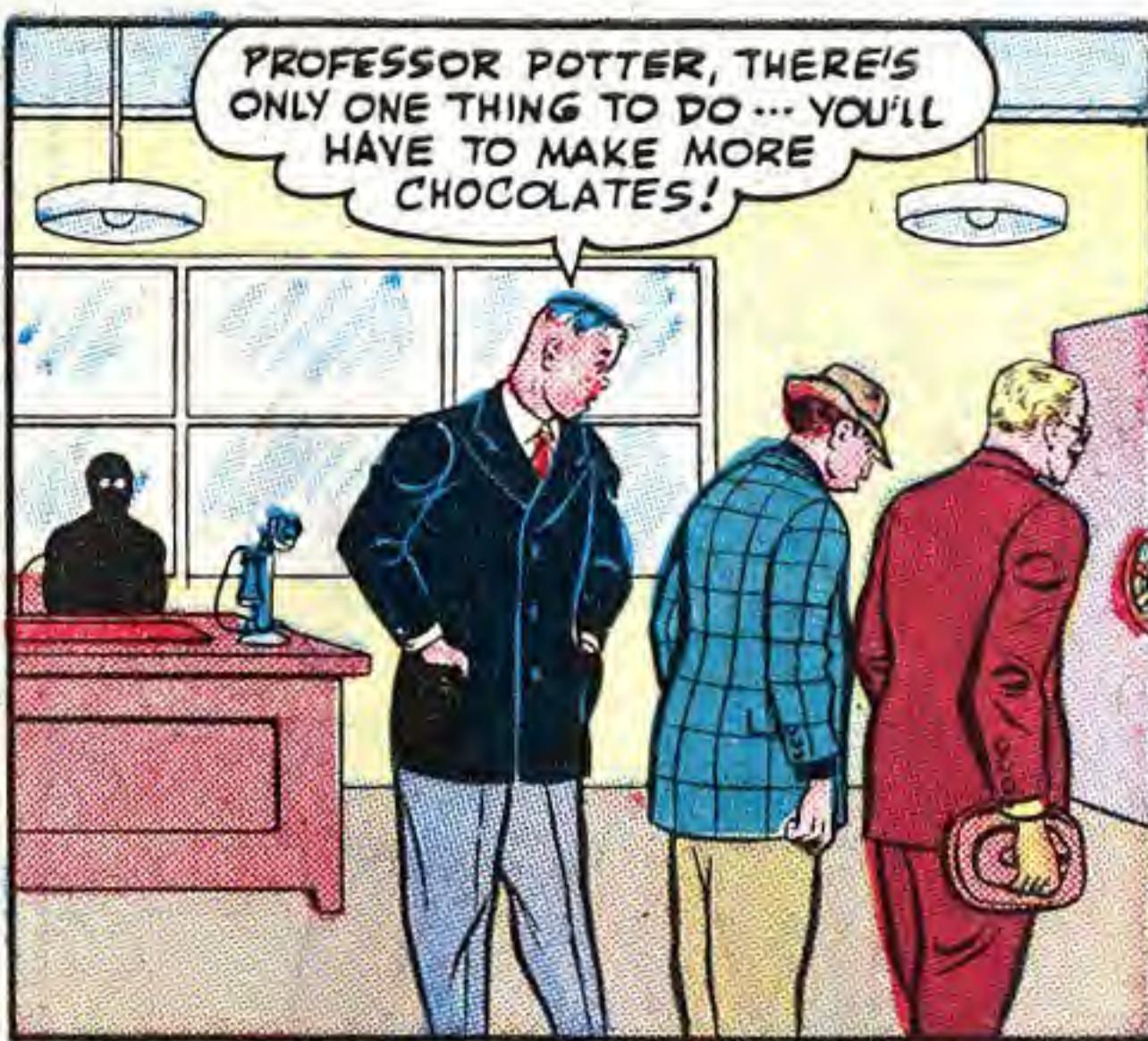
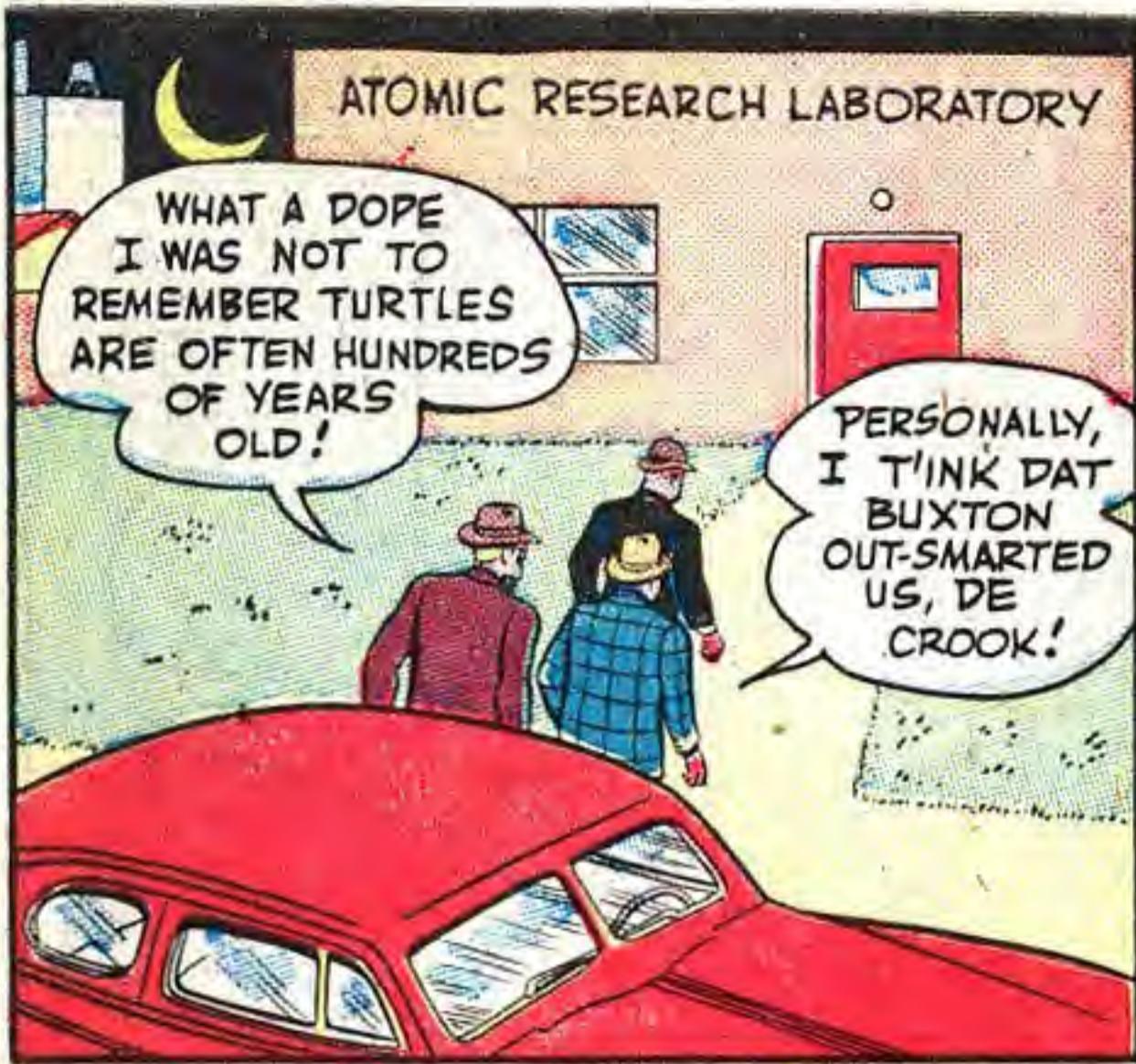
HOLY SMOKE!
HE ATE THE
WHOLE BOX!

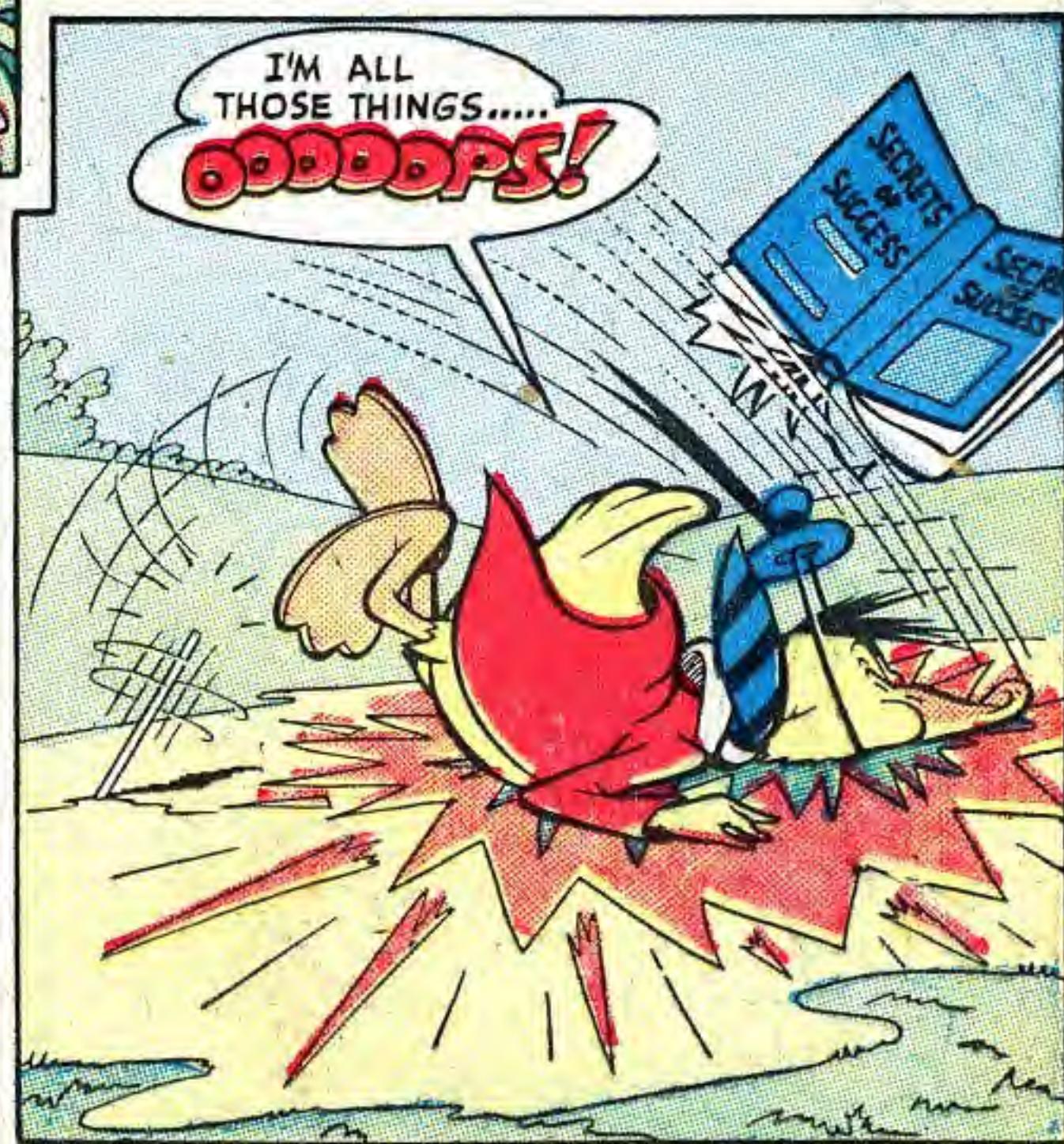
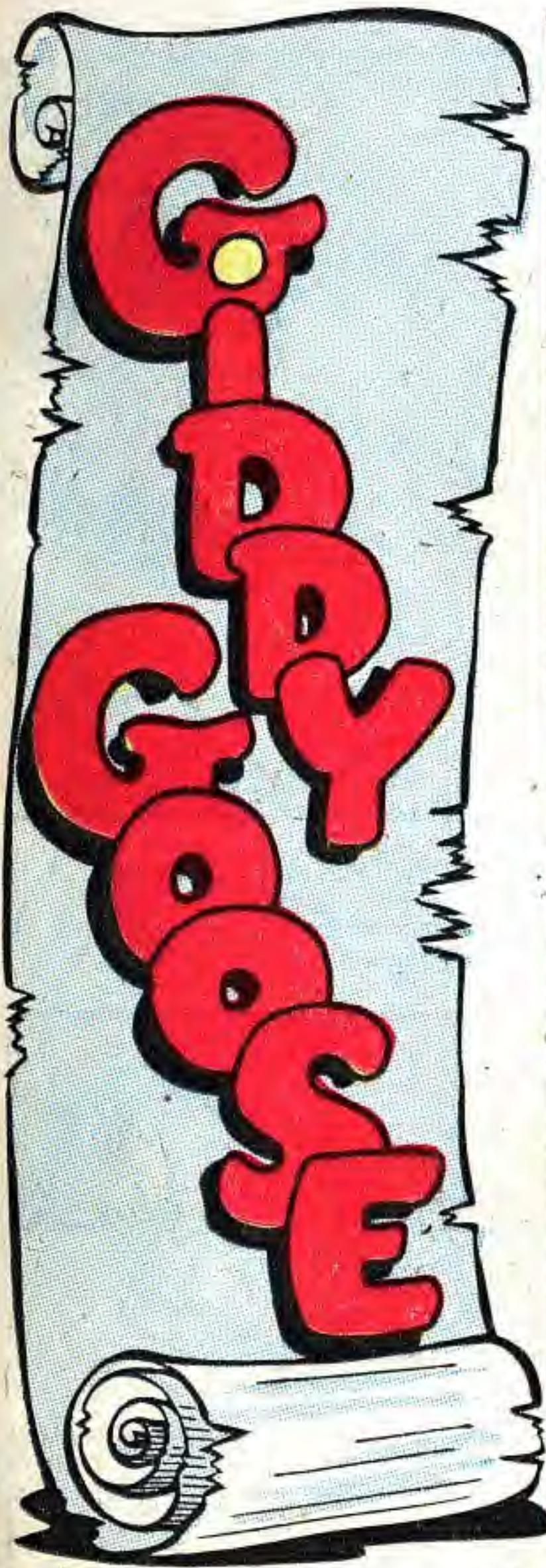
AND HE
DIDN'T CHANGE
A BIT!

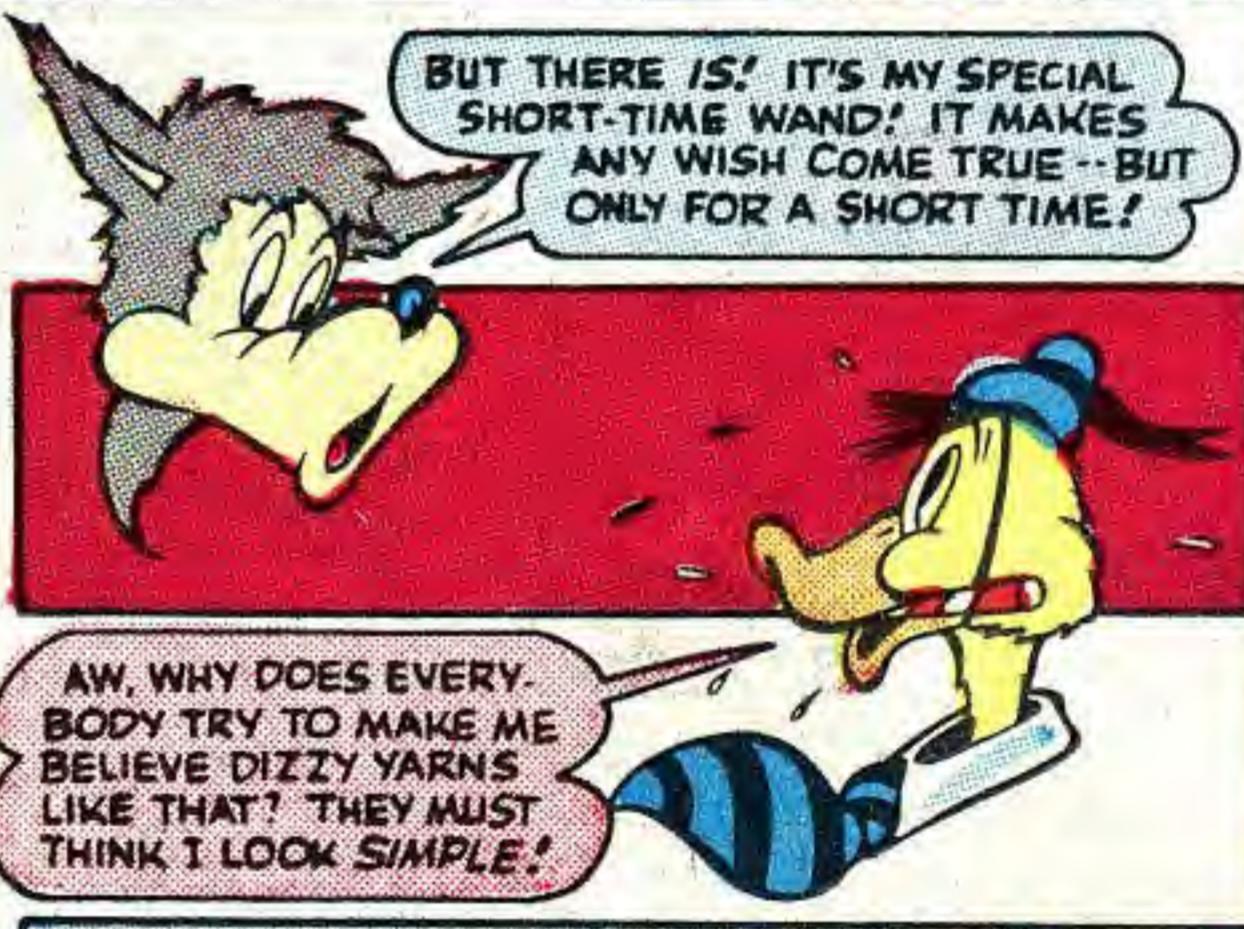
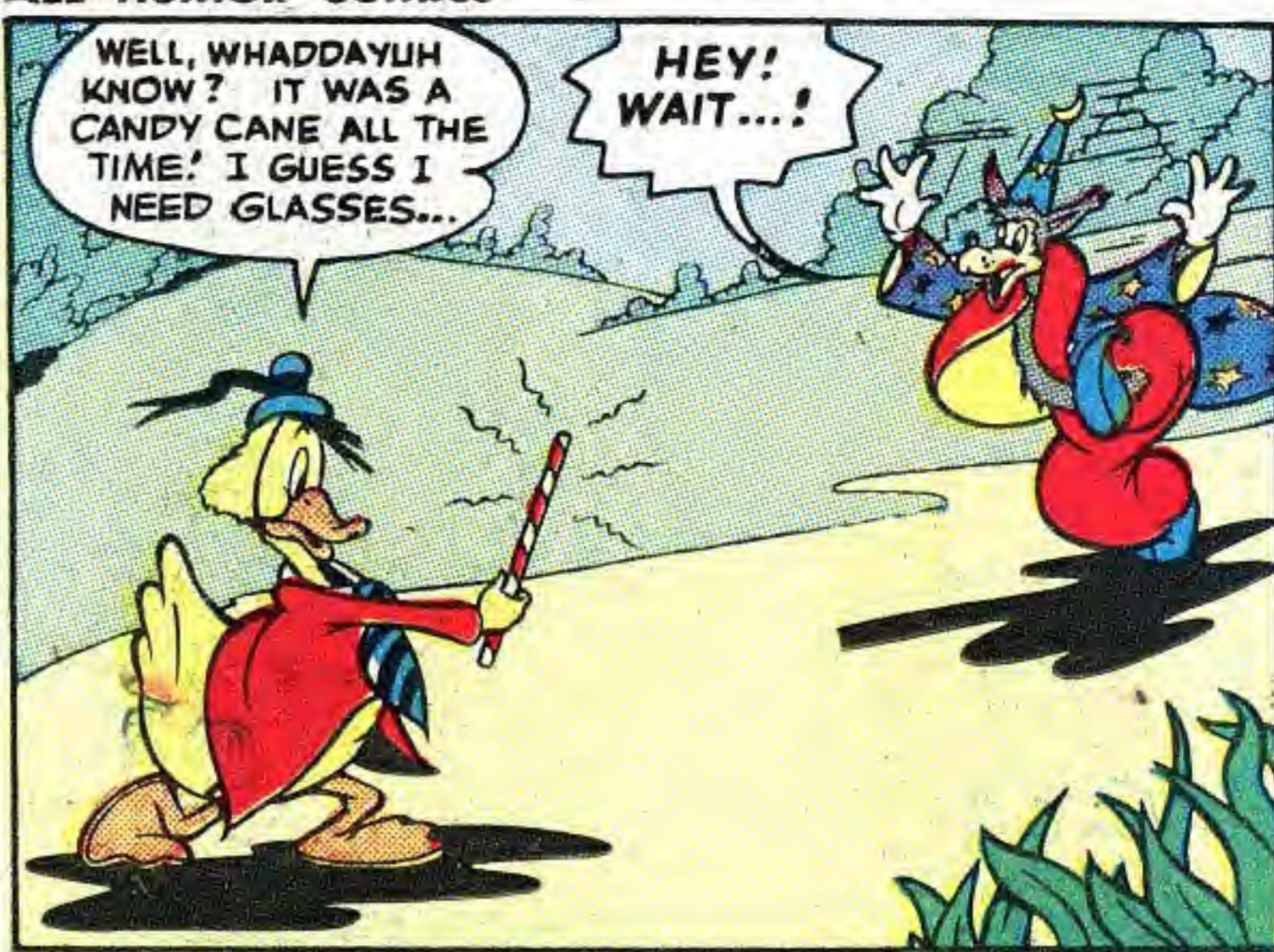
YOU
WIN,
BUXTON!

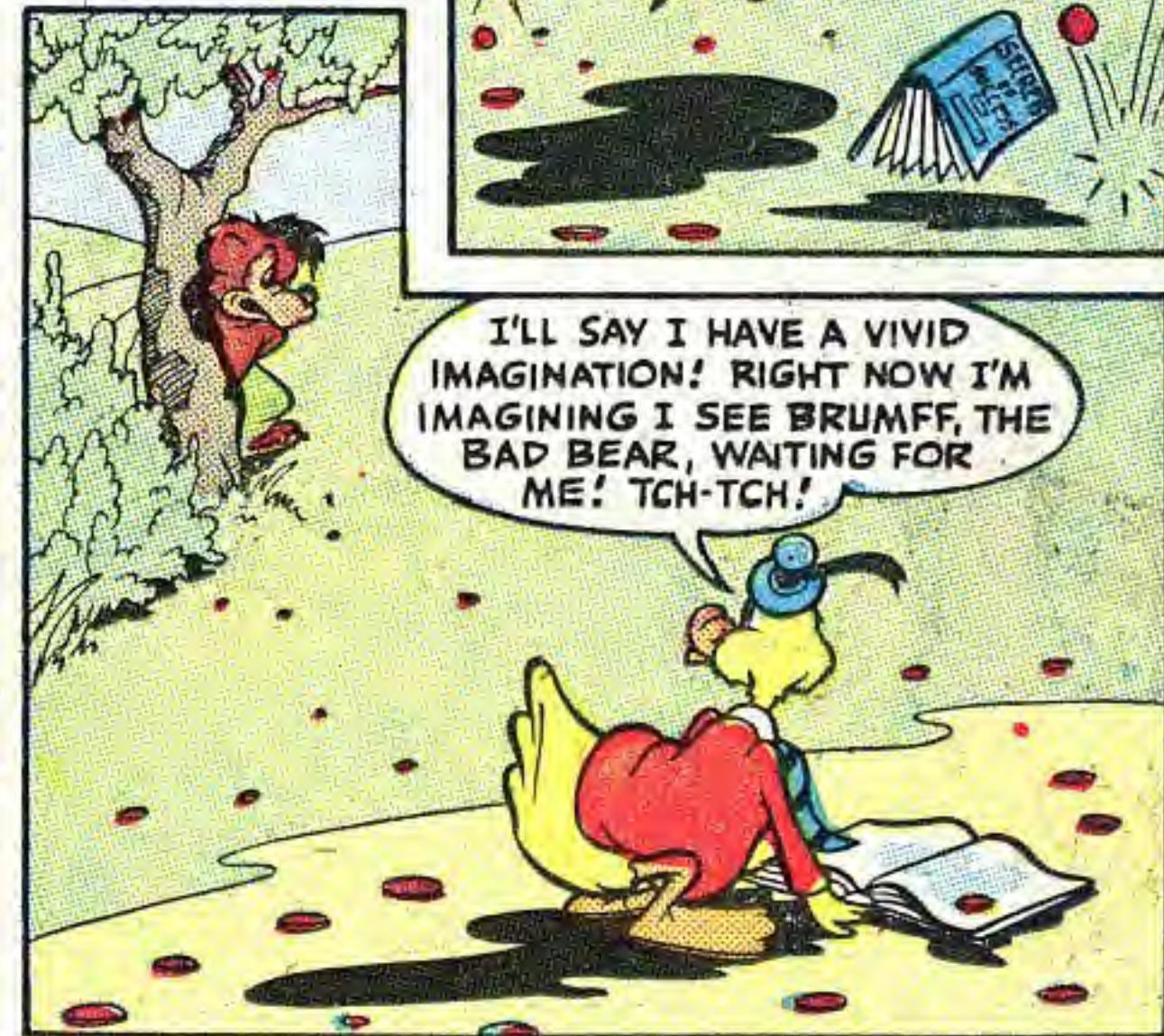
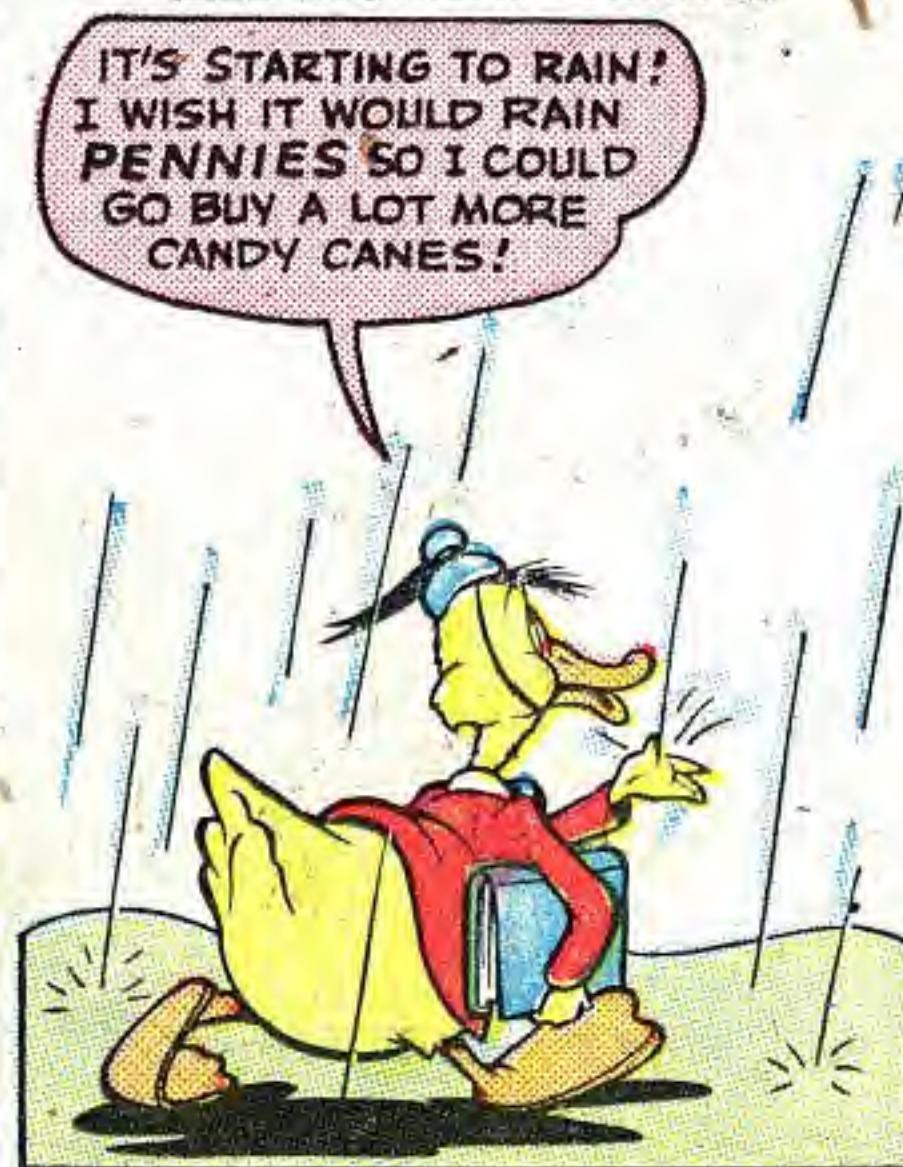


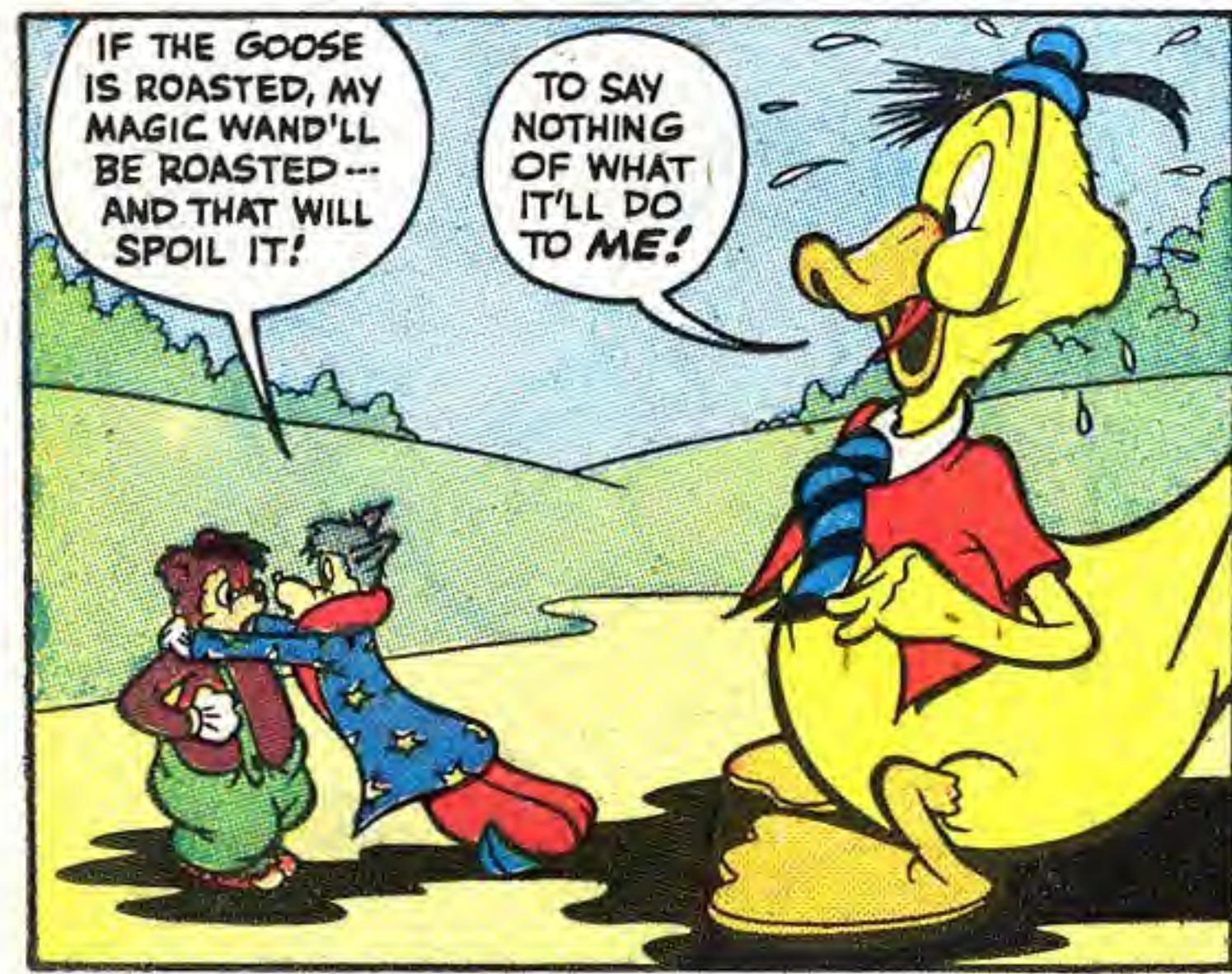
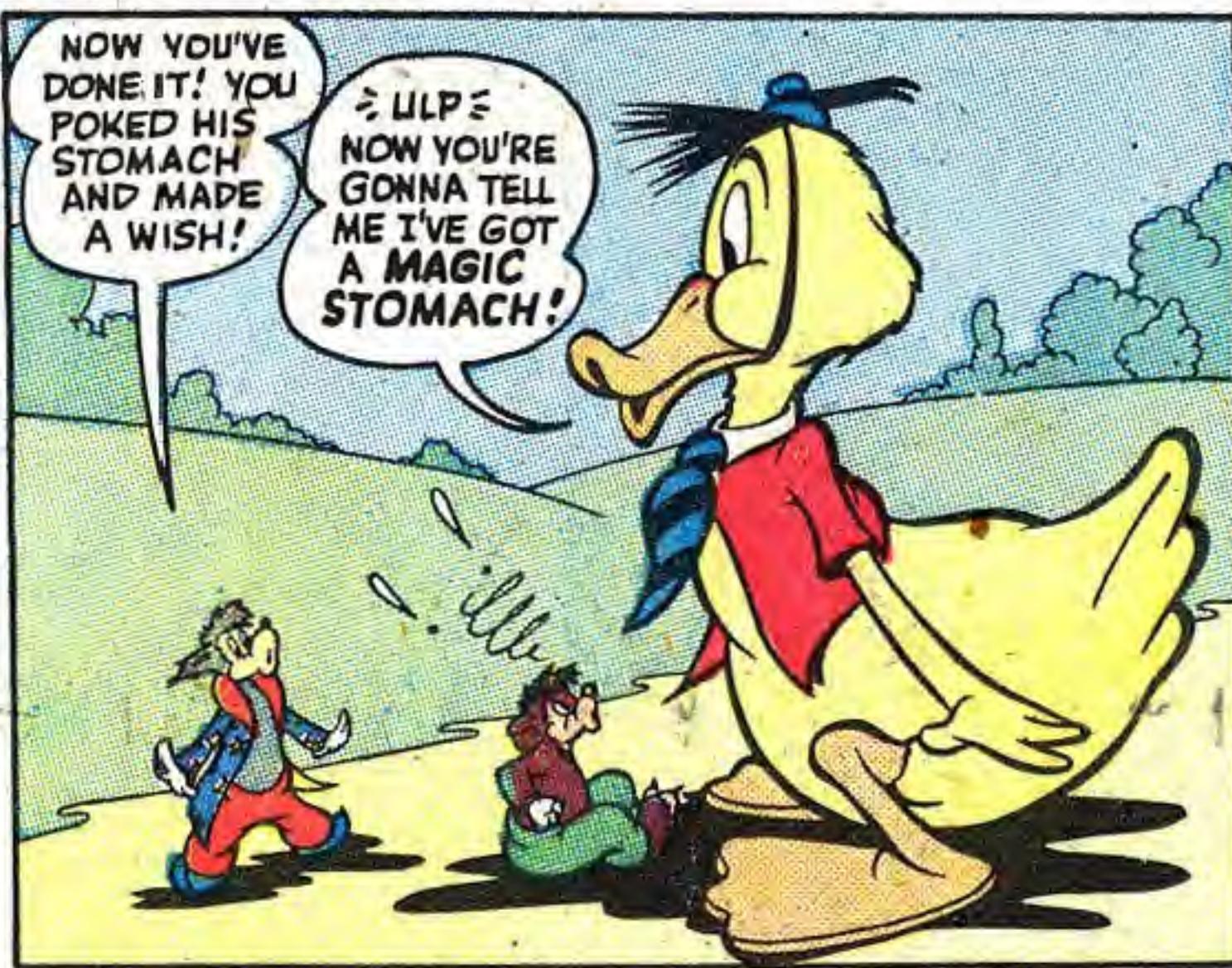
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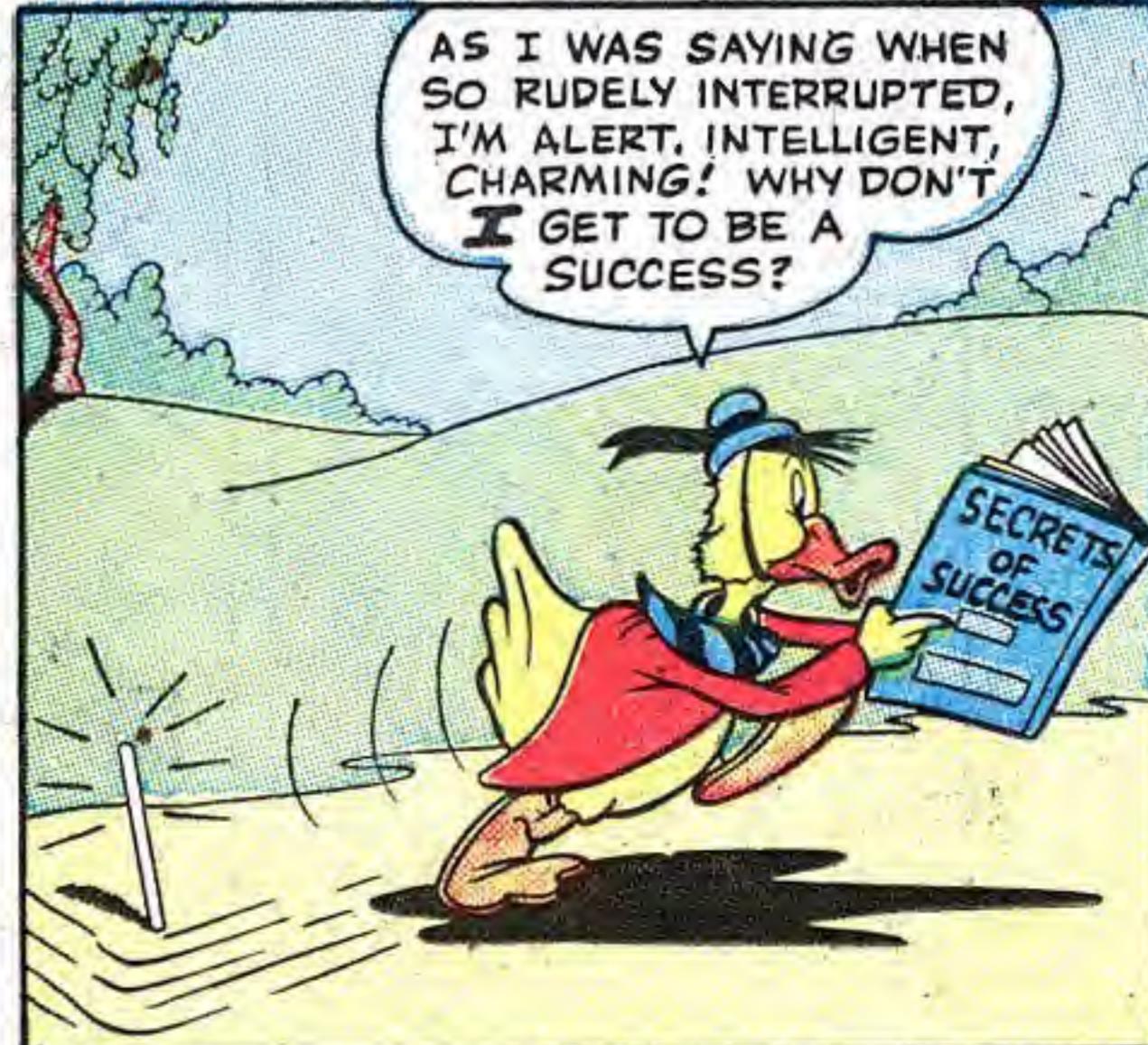
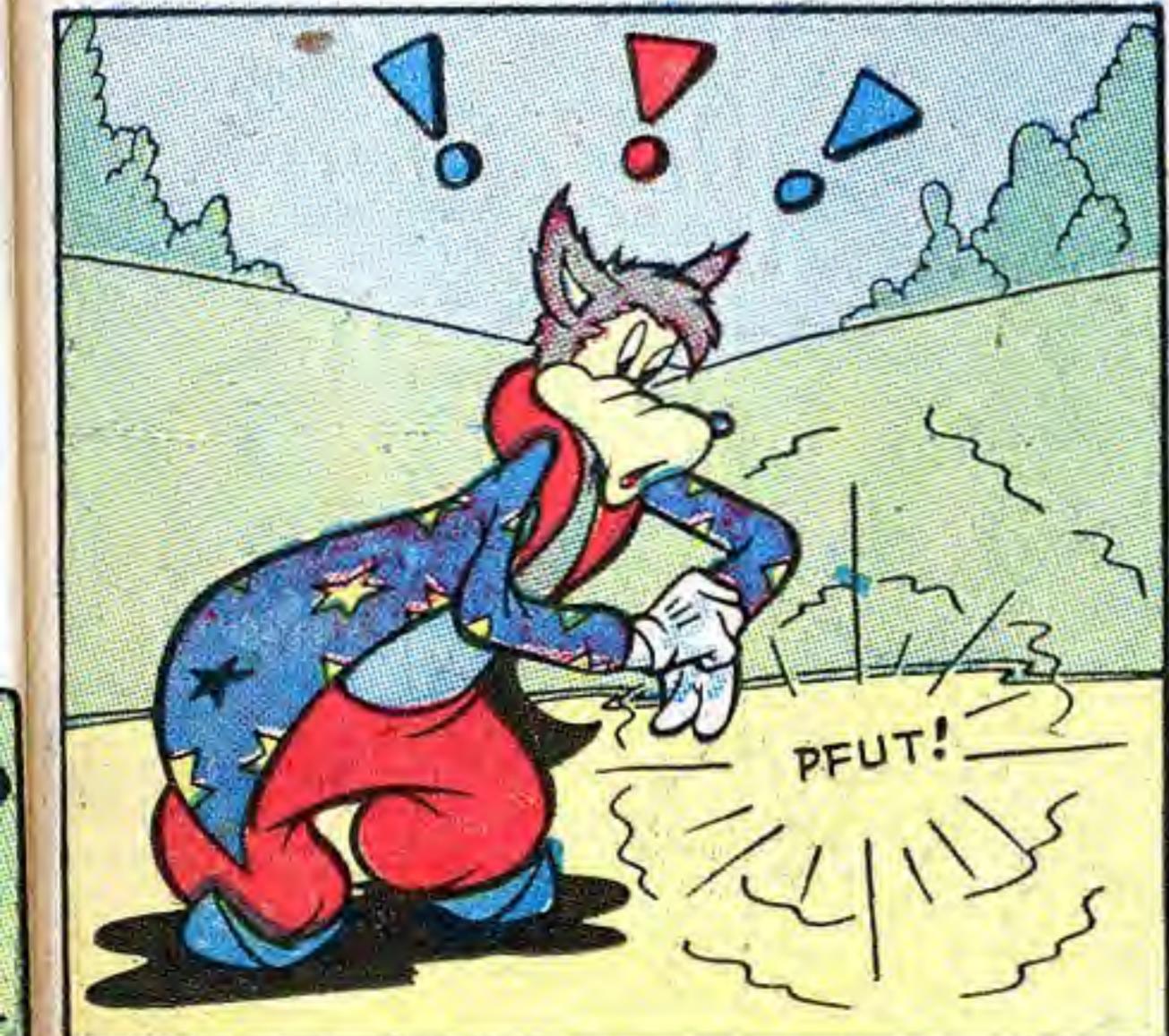


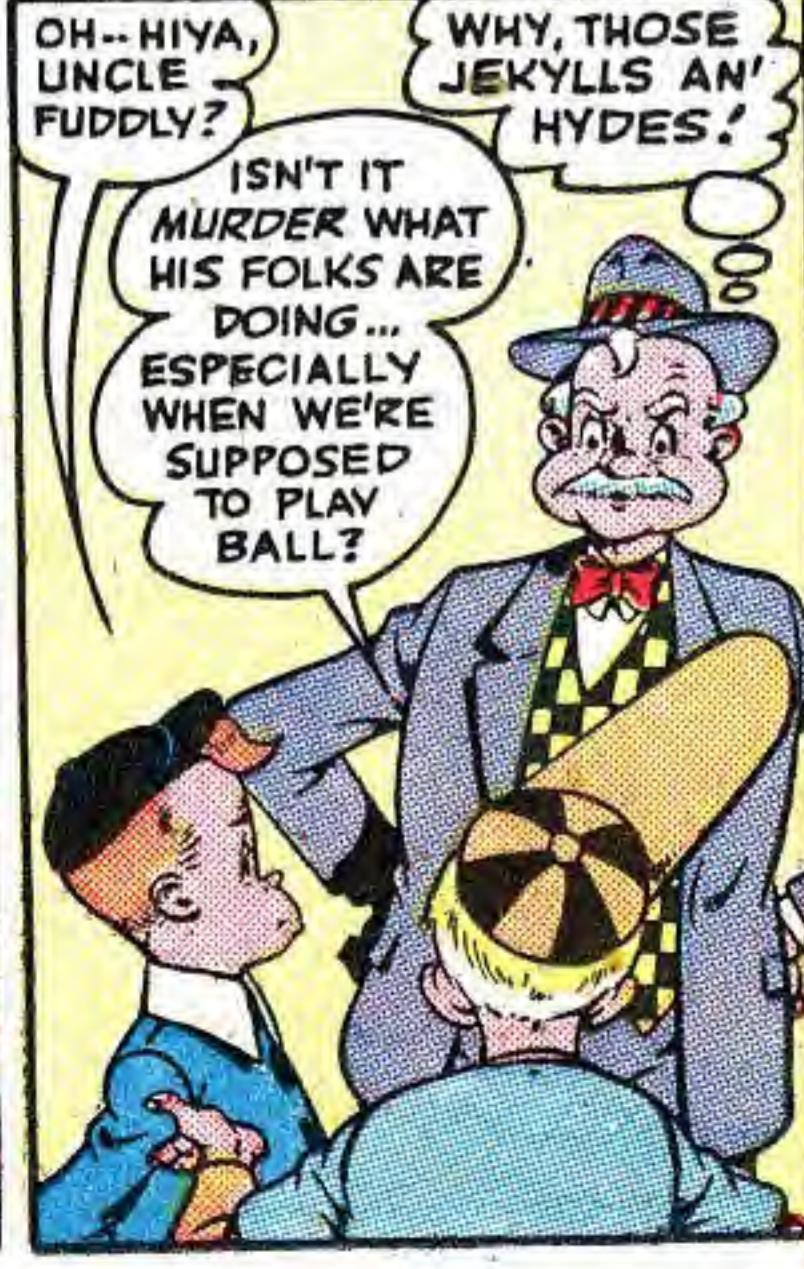
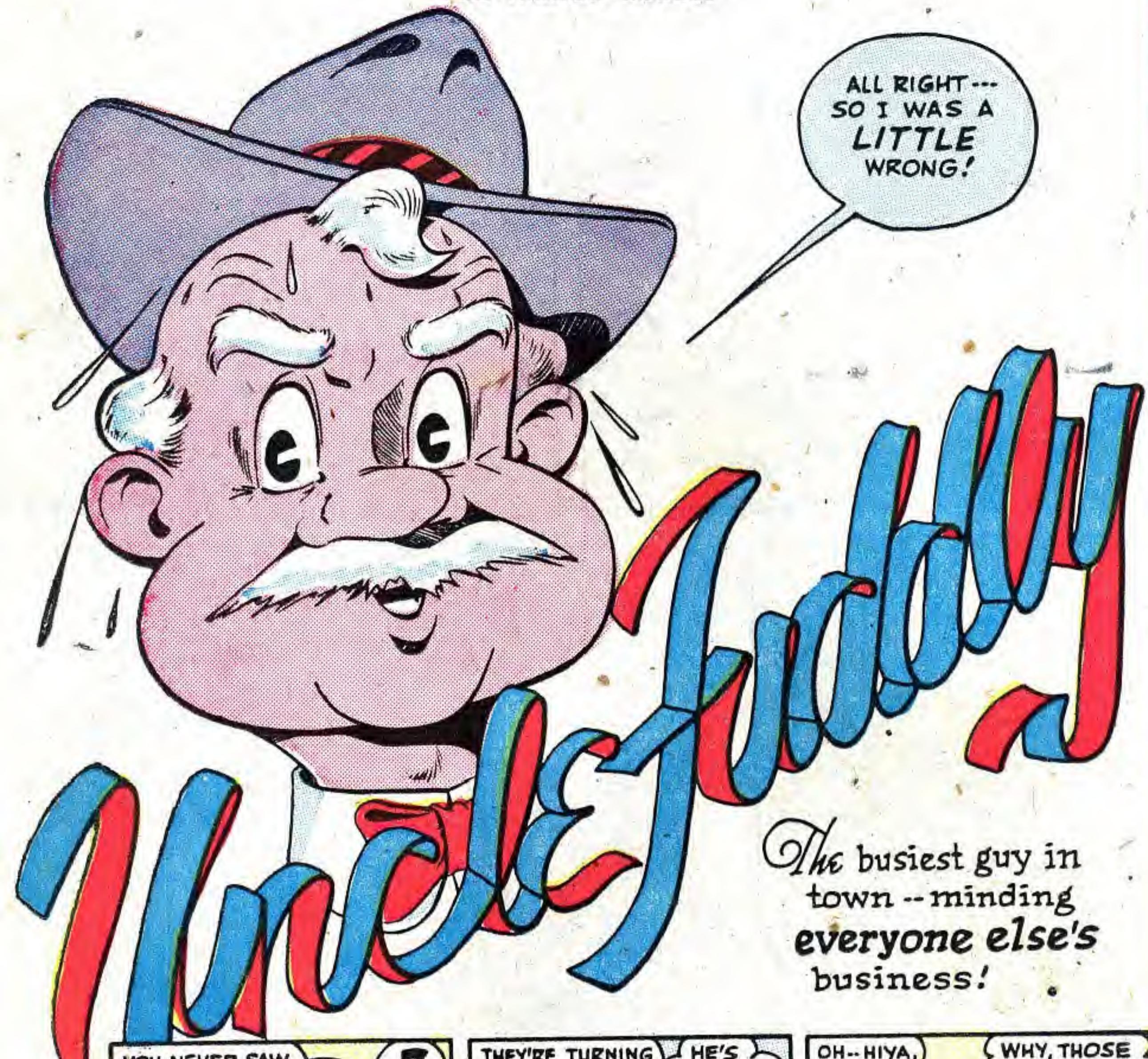




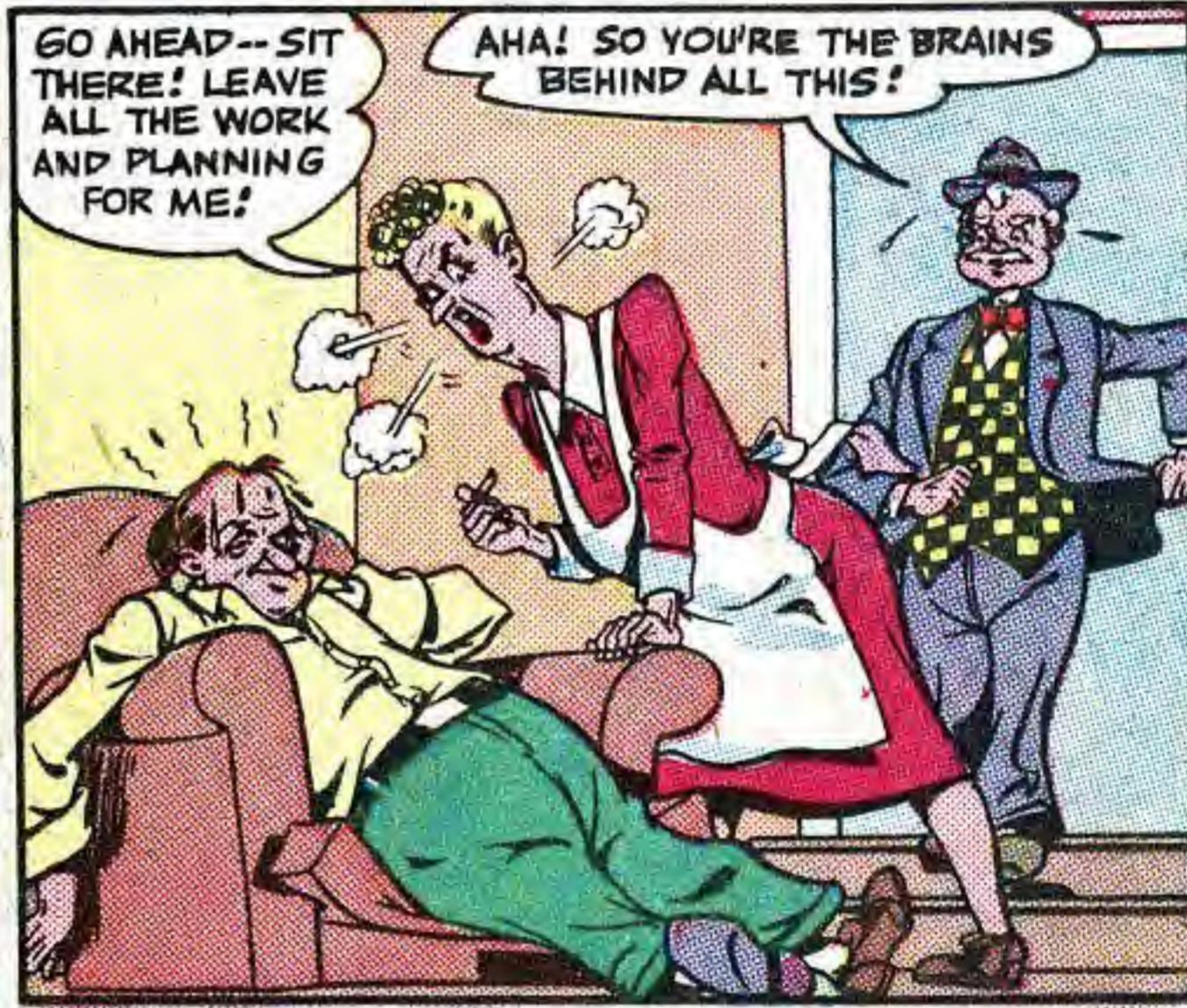
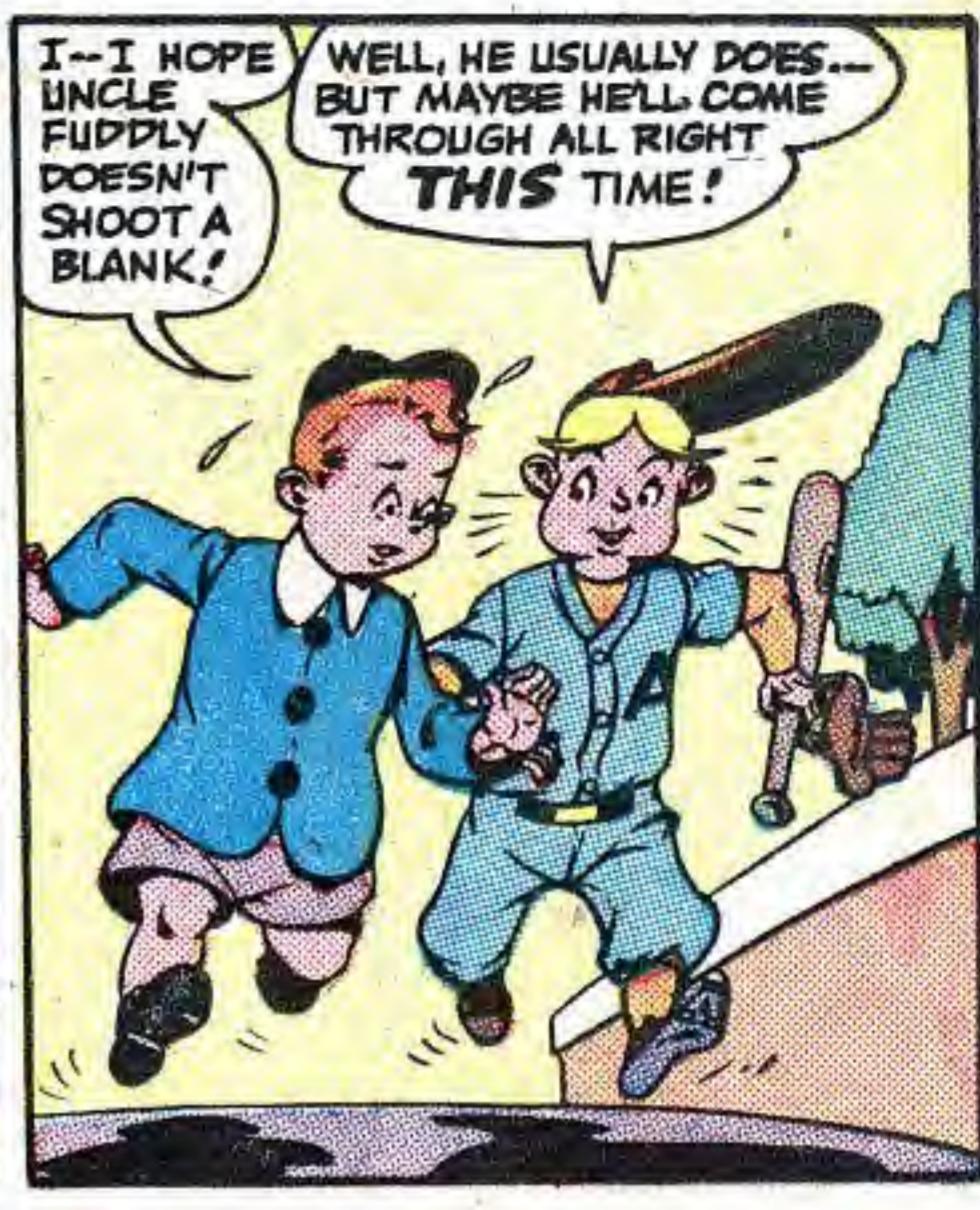


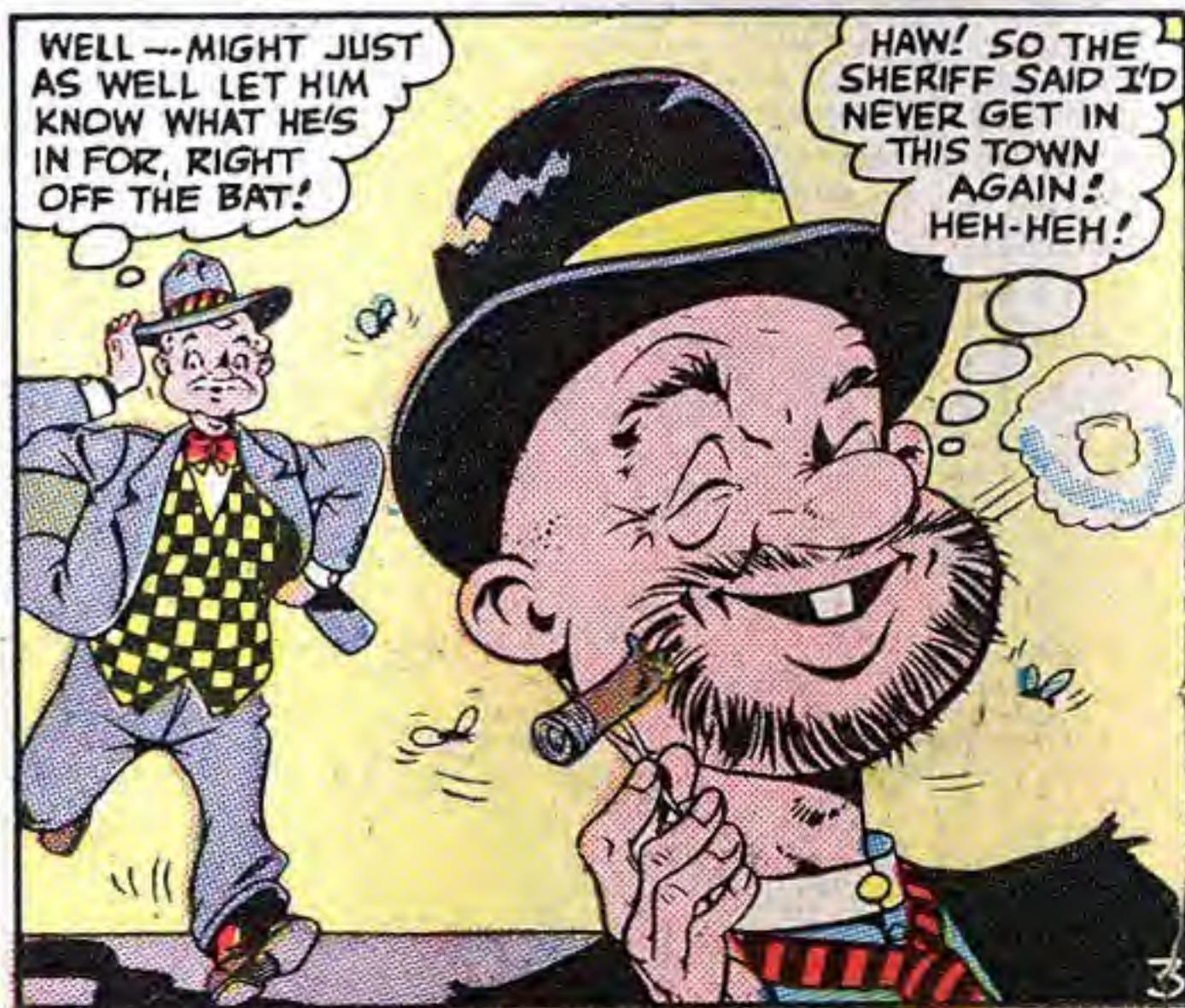
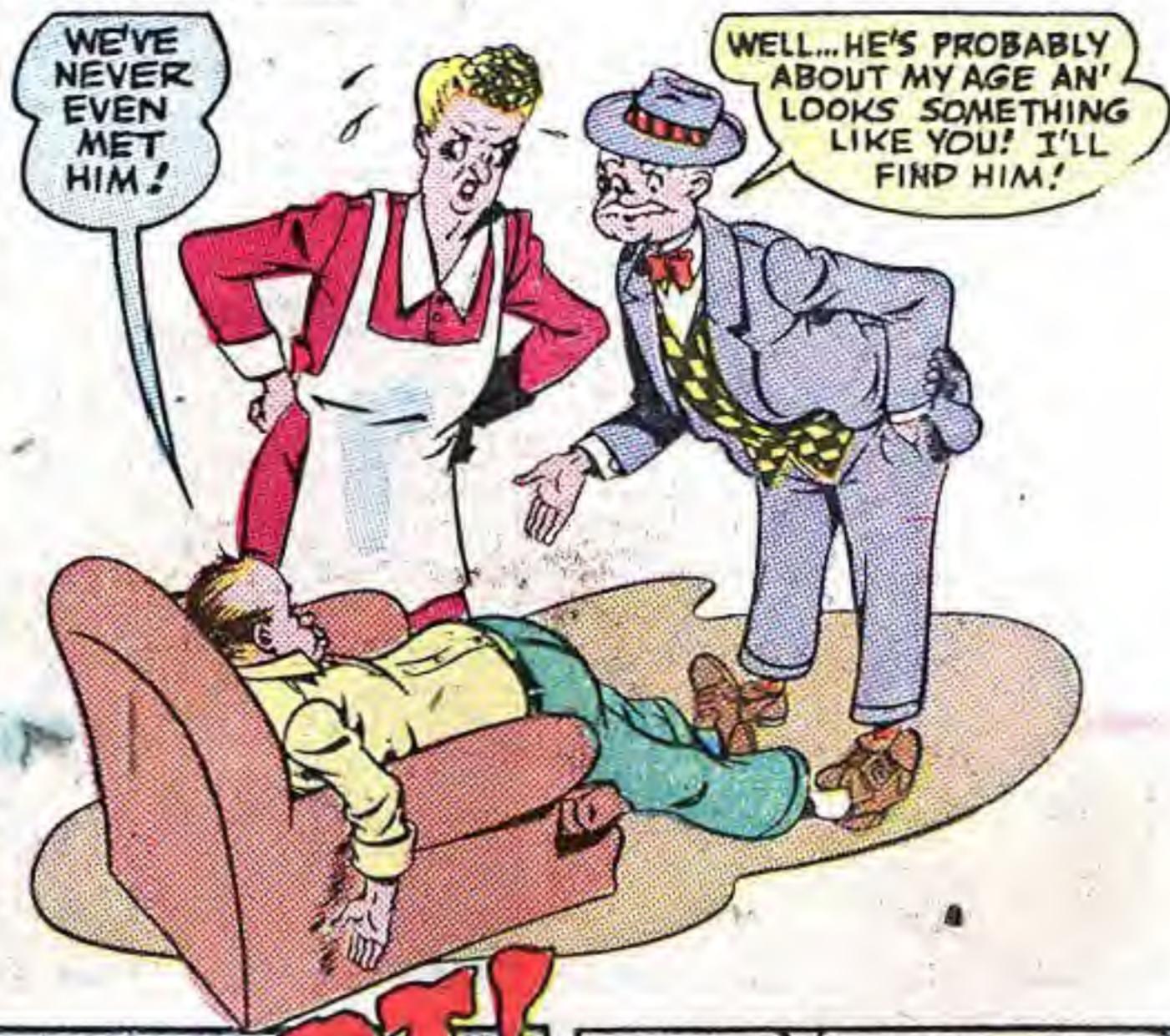
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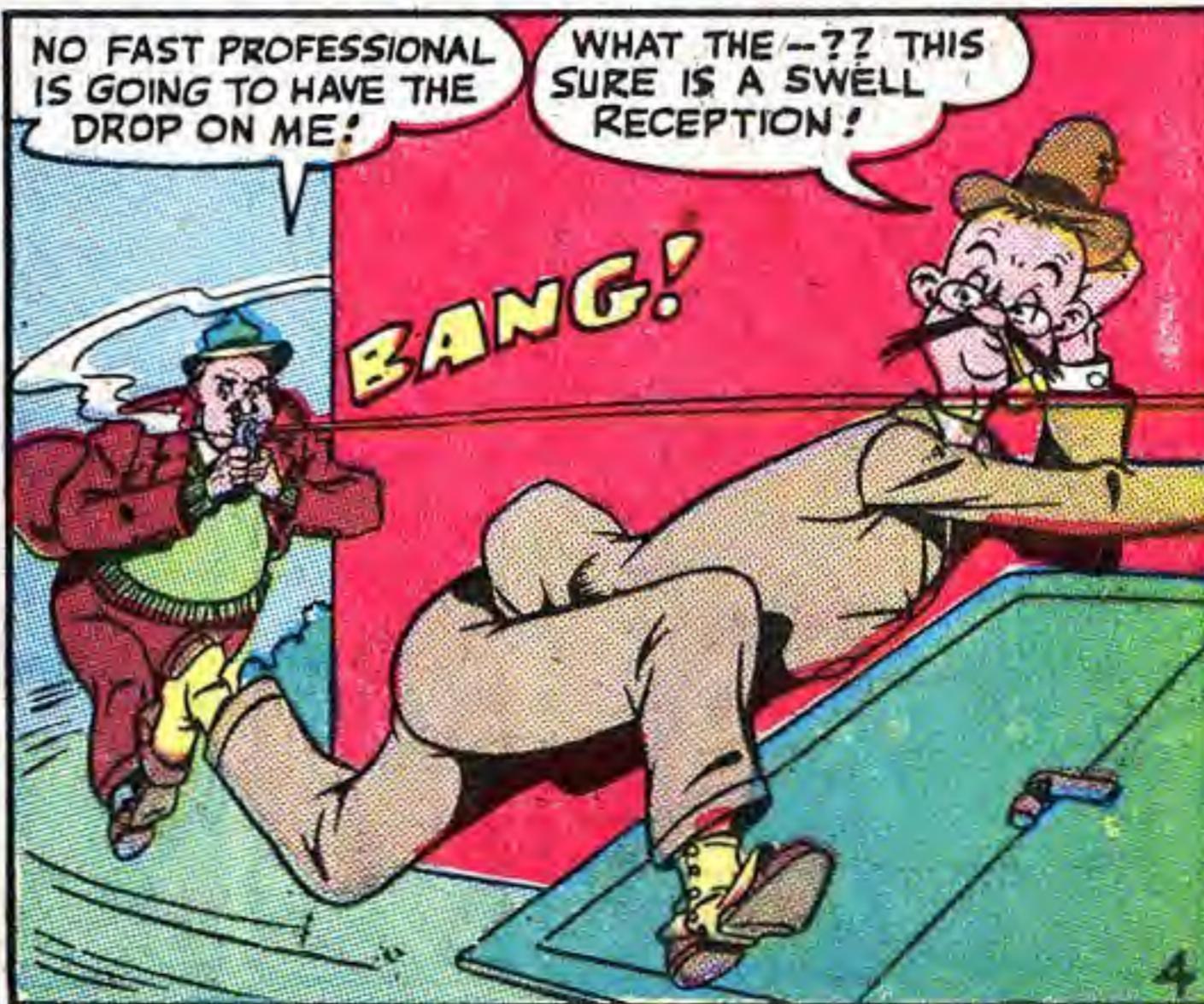
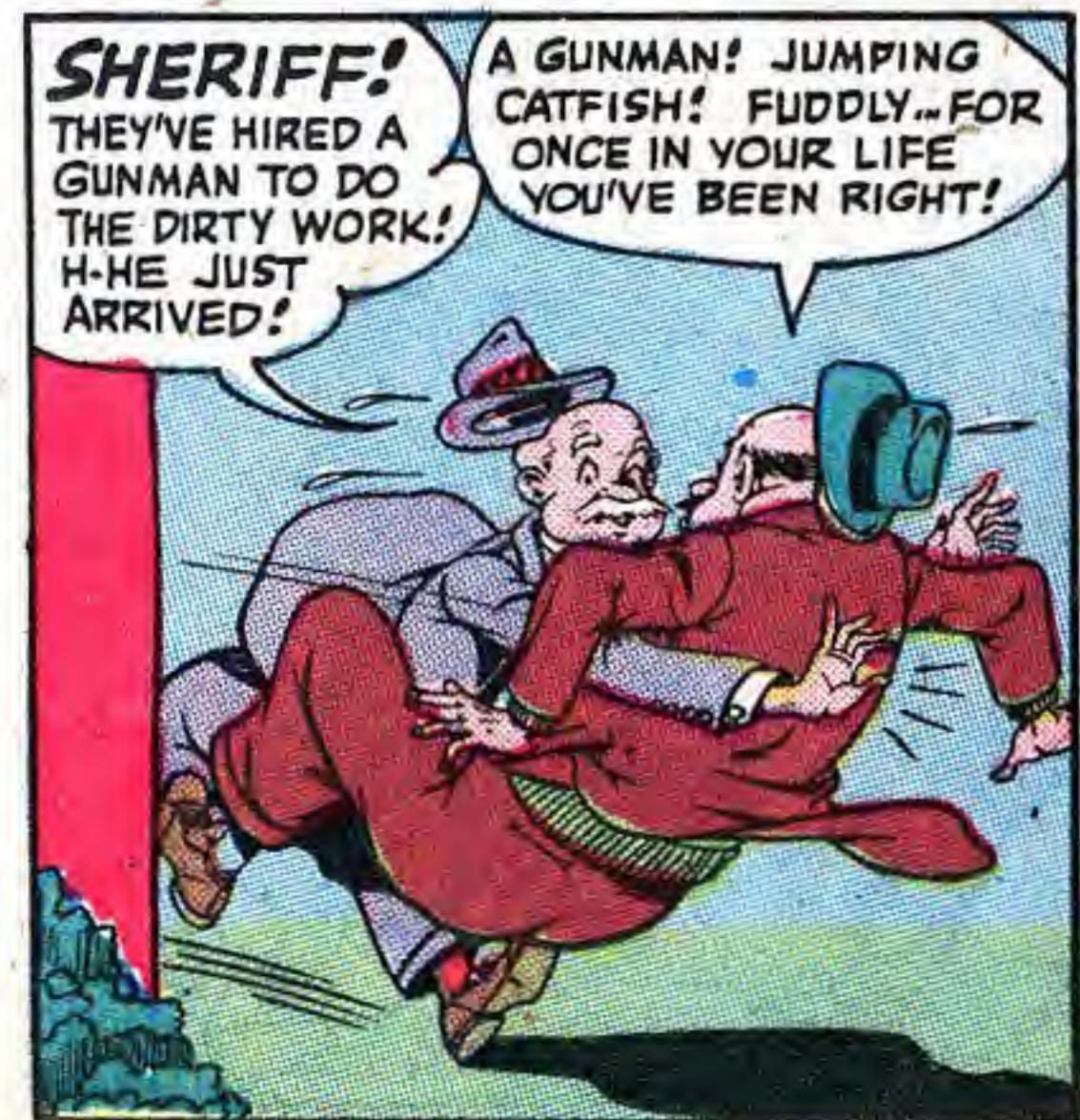
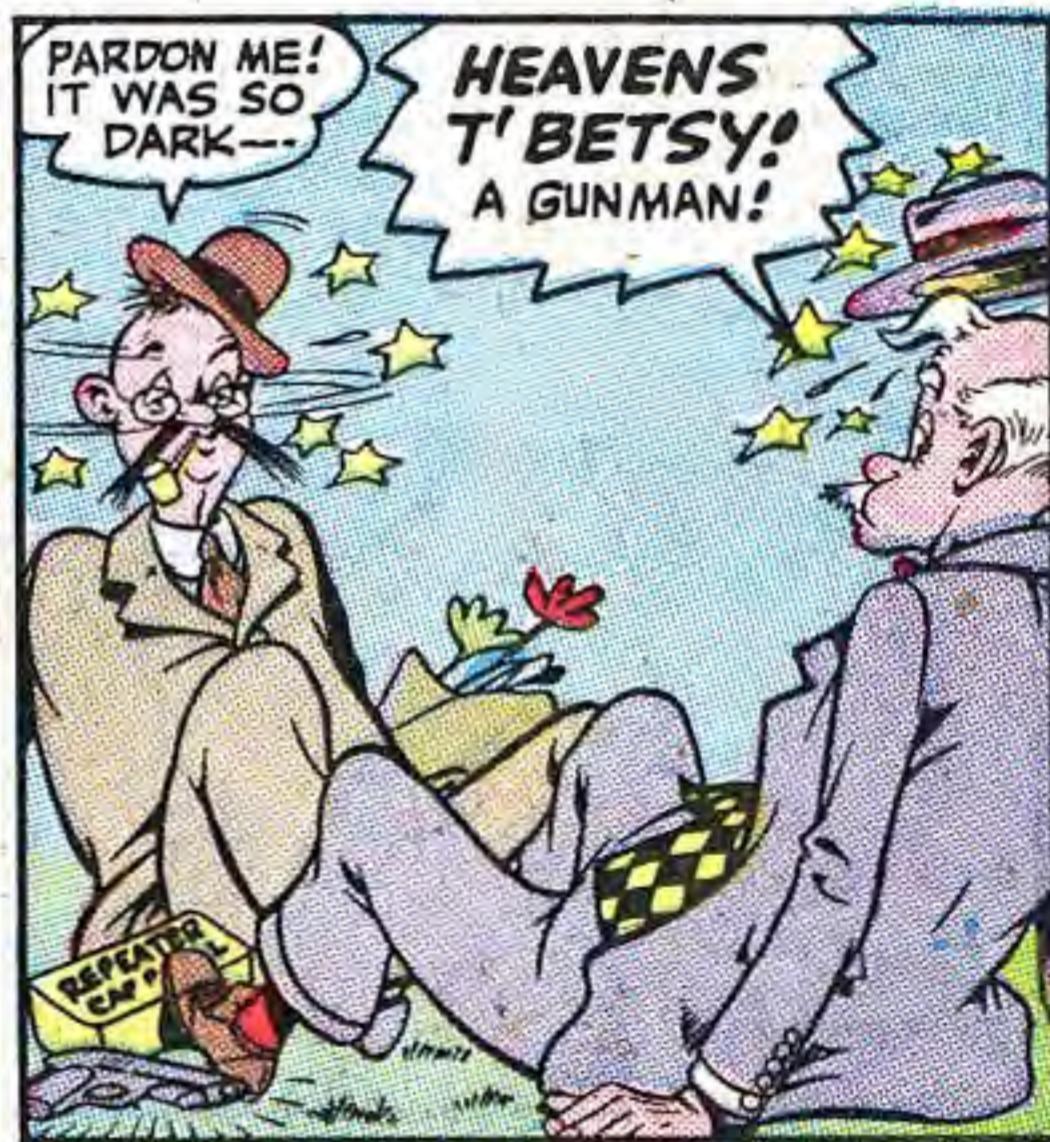
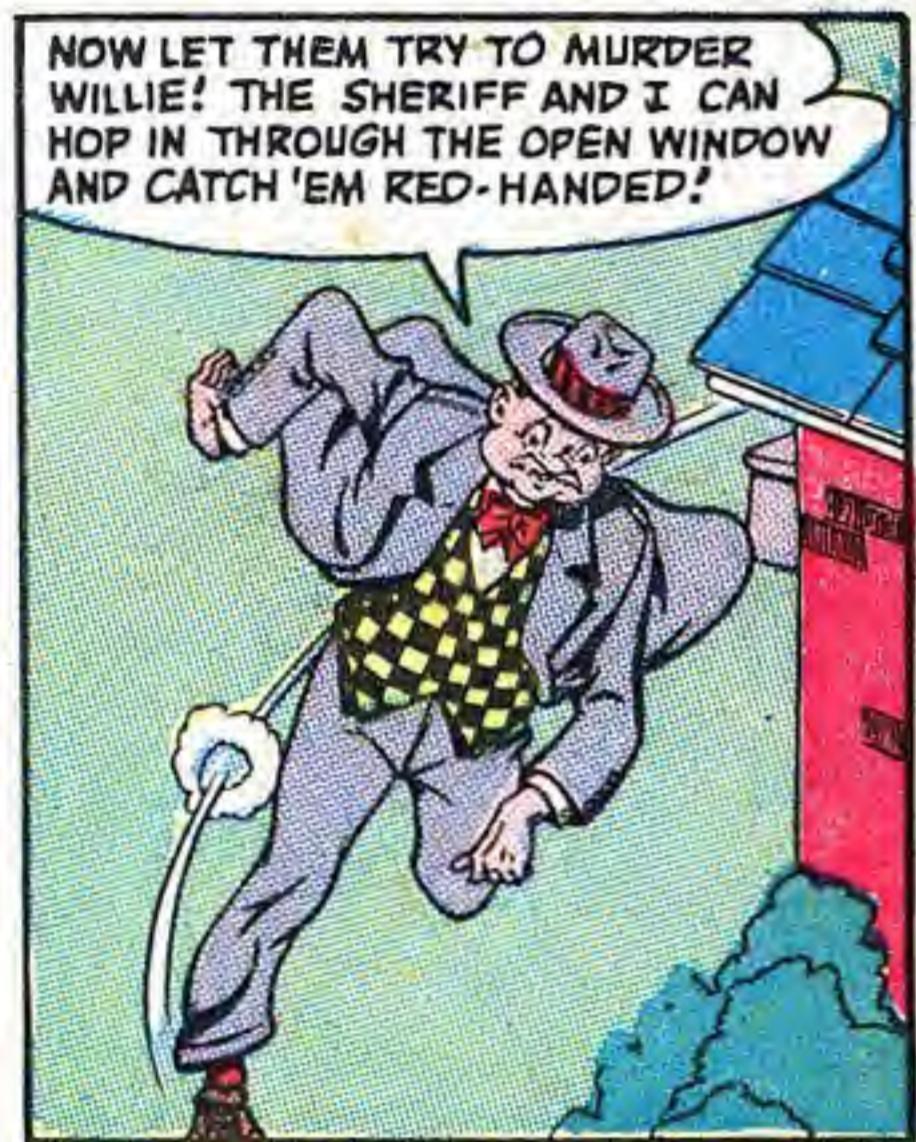
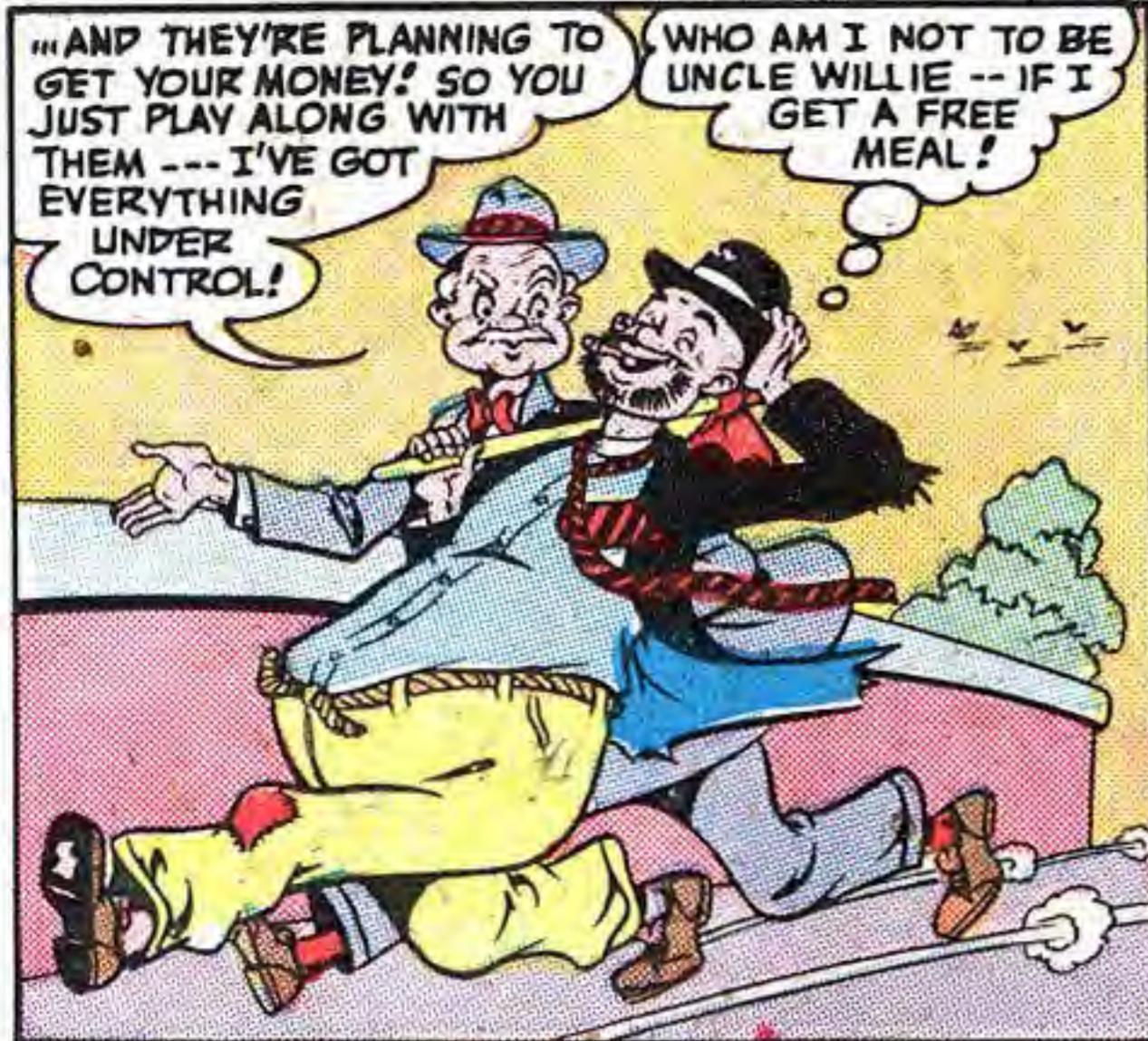


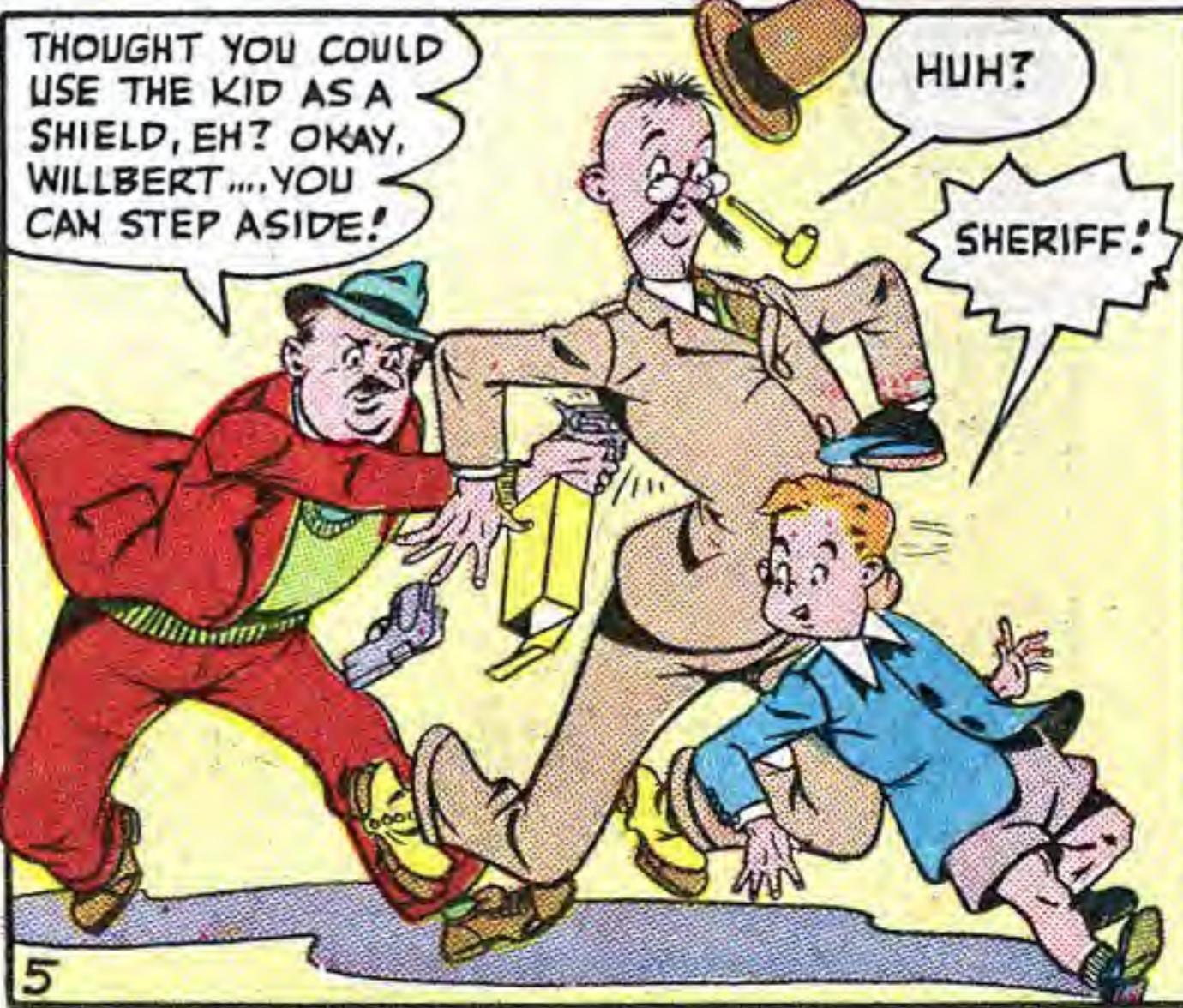
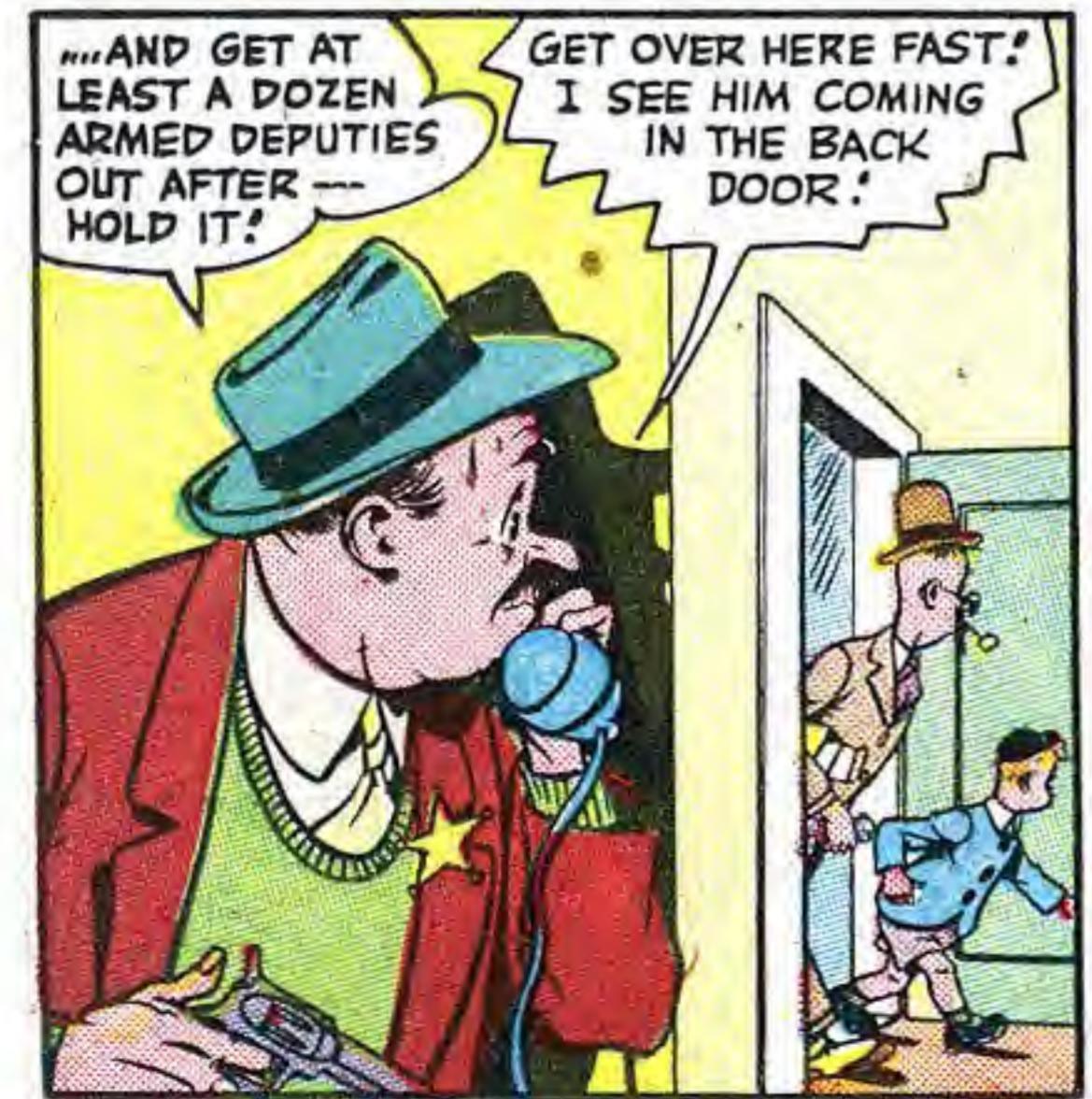
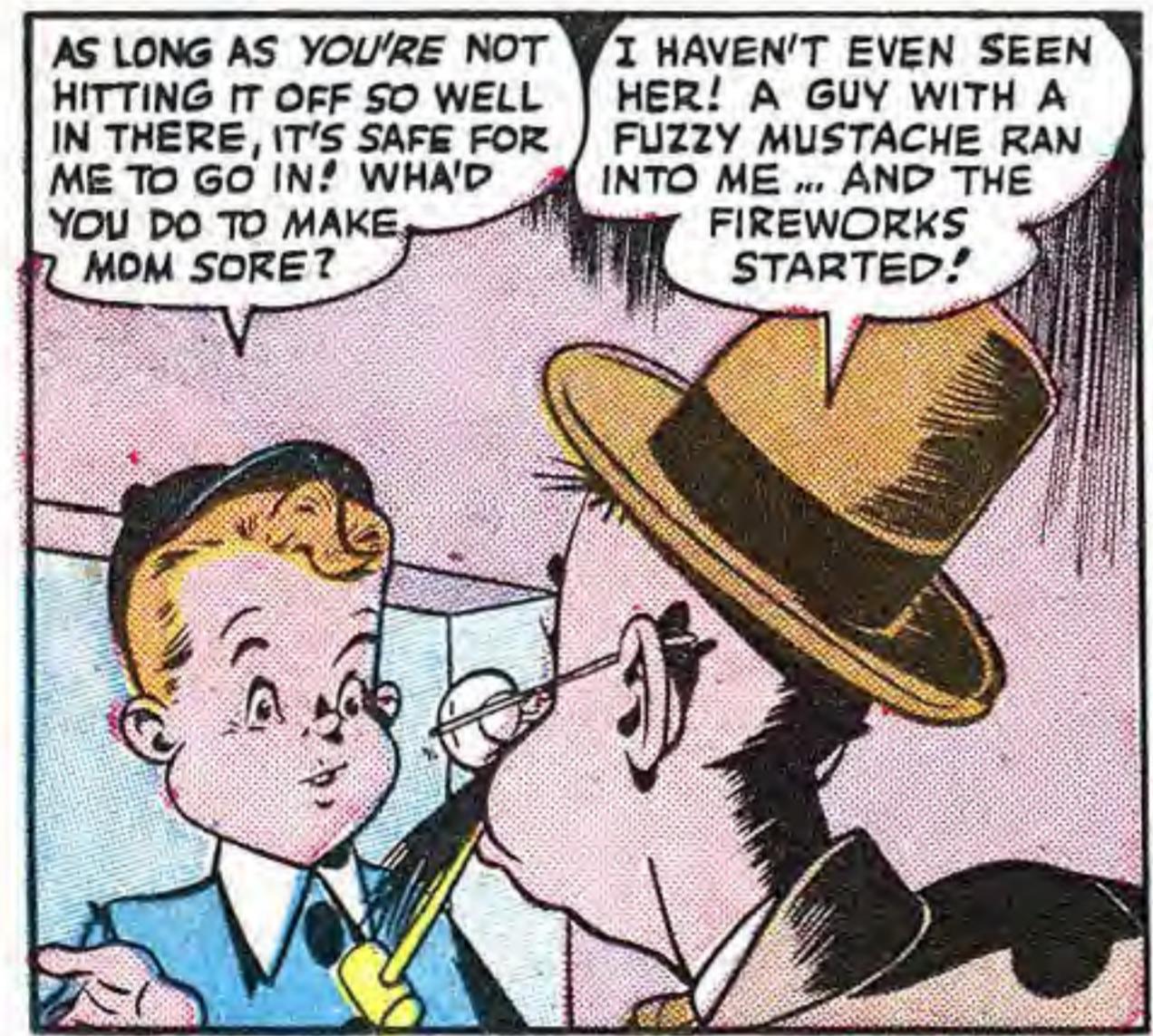
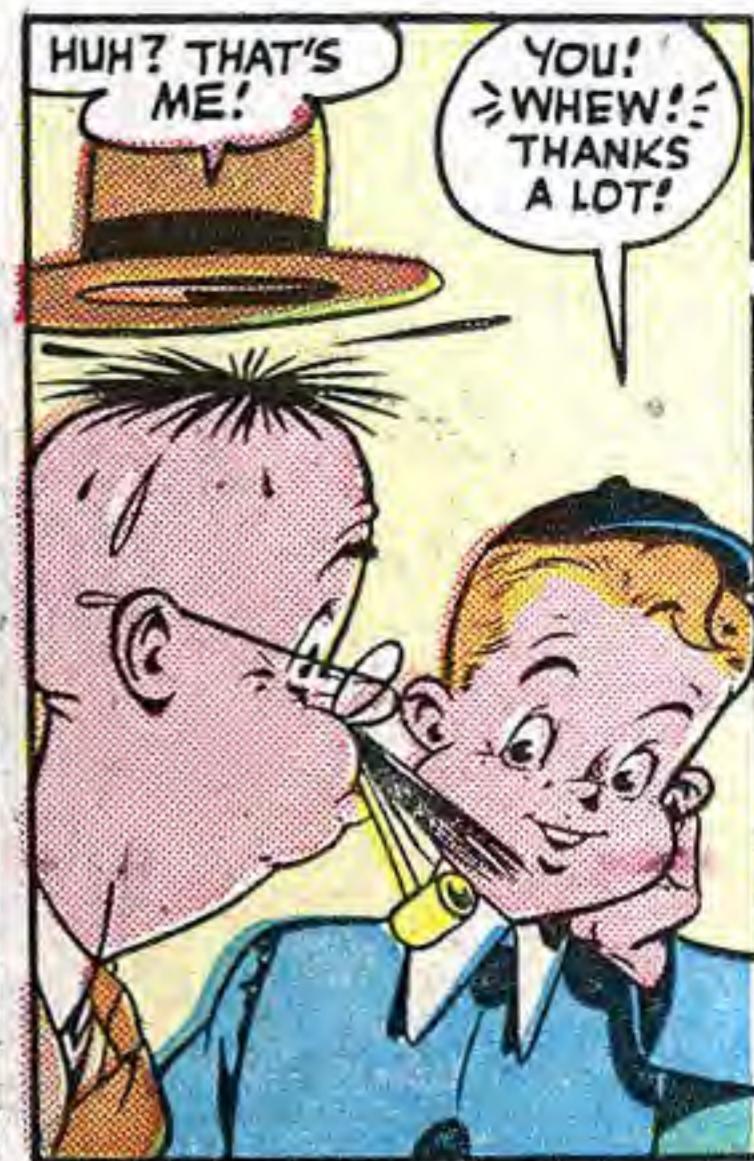
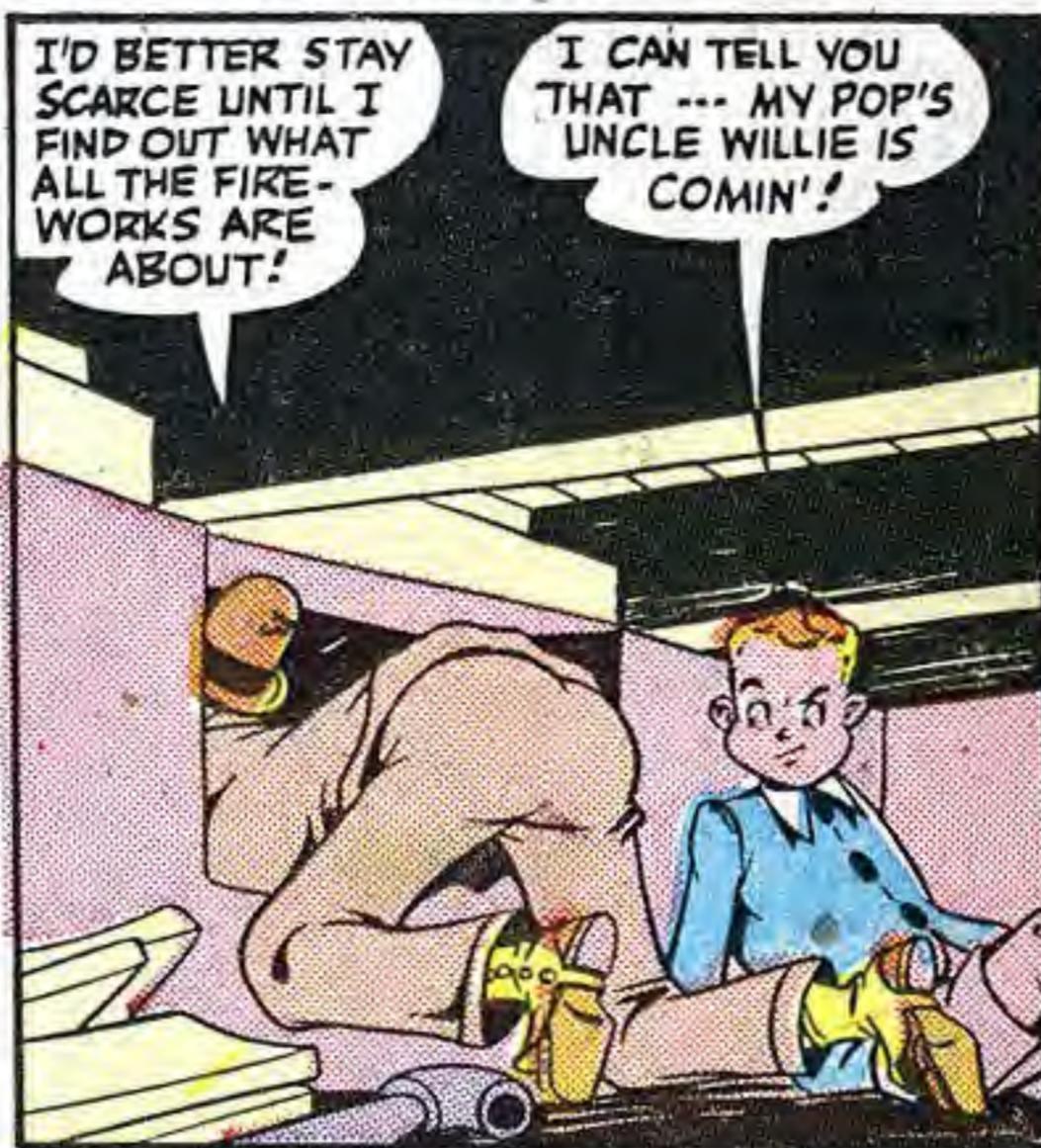
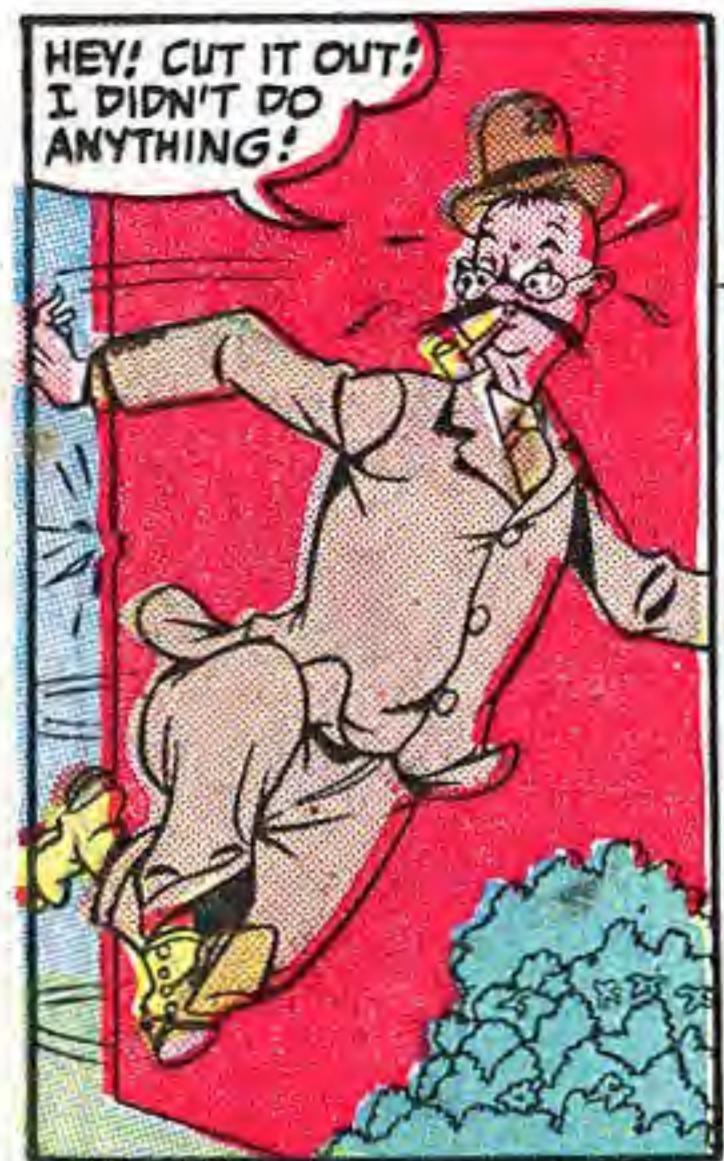


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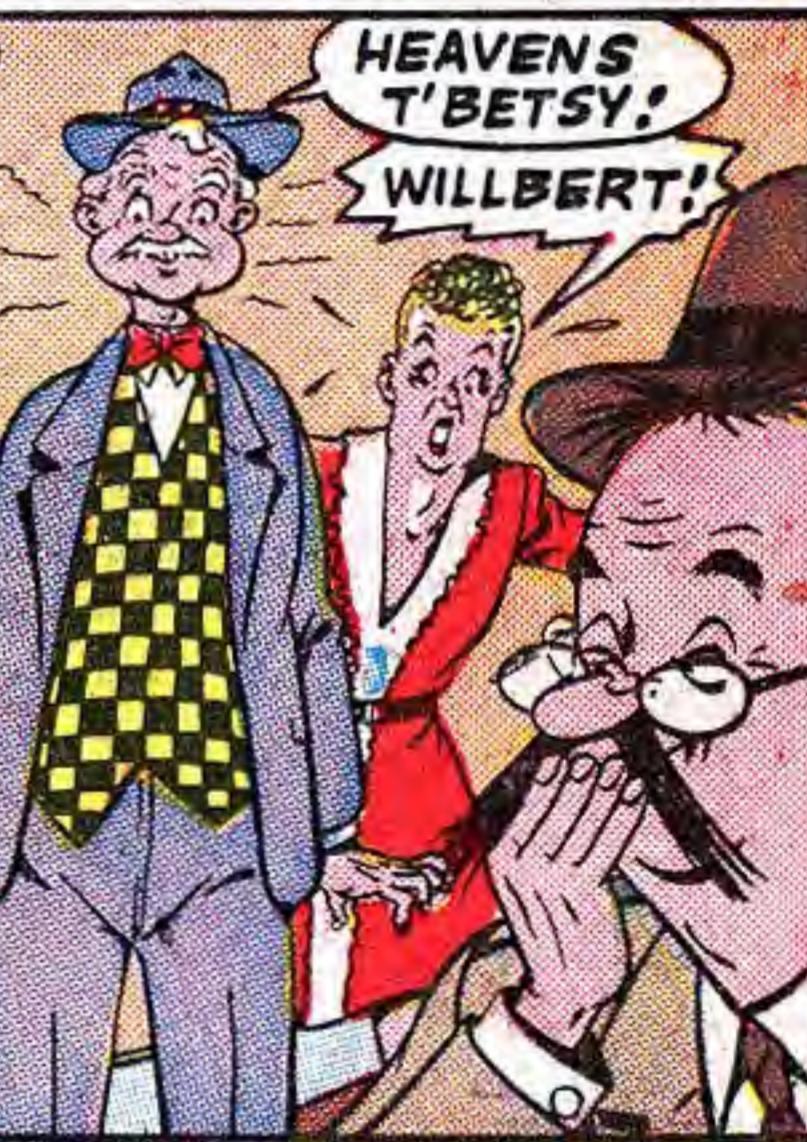




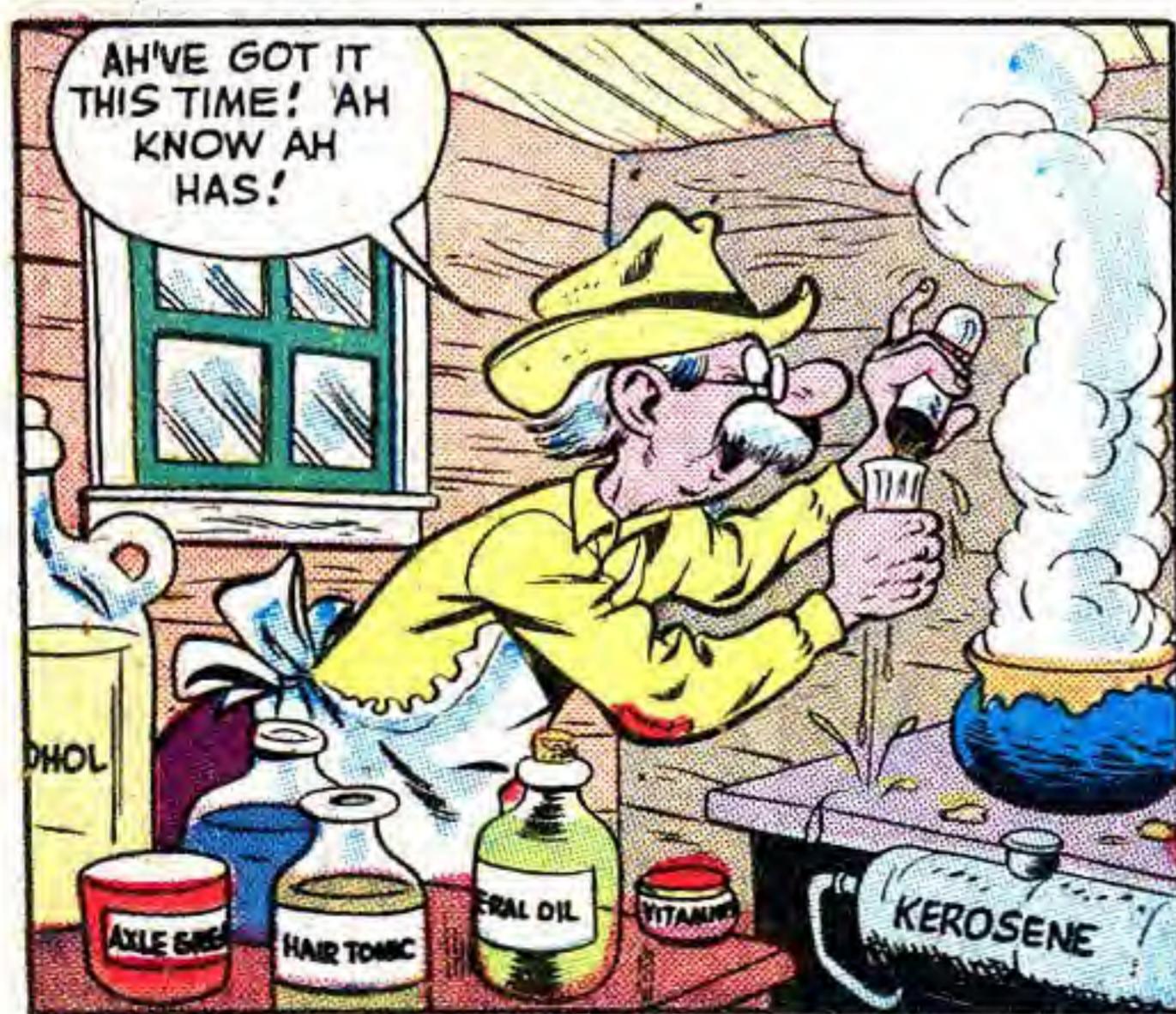
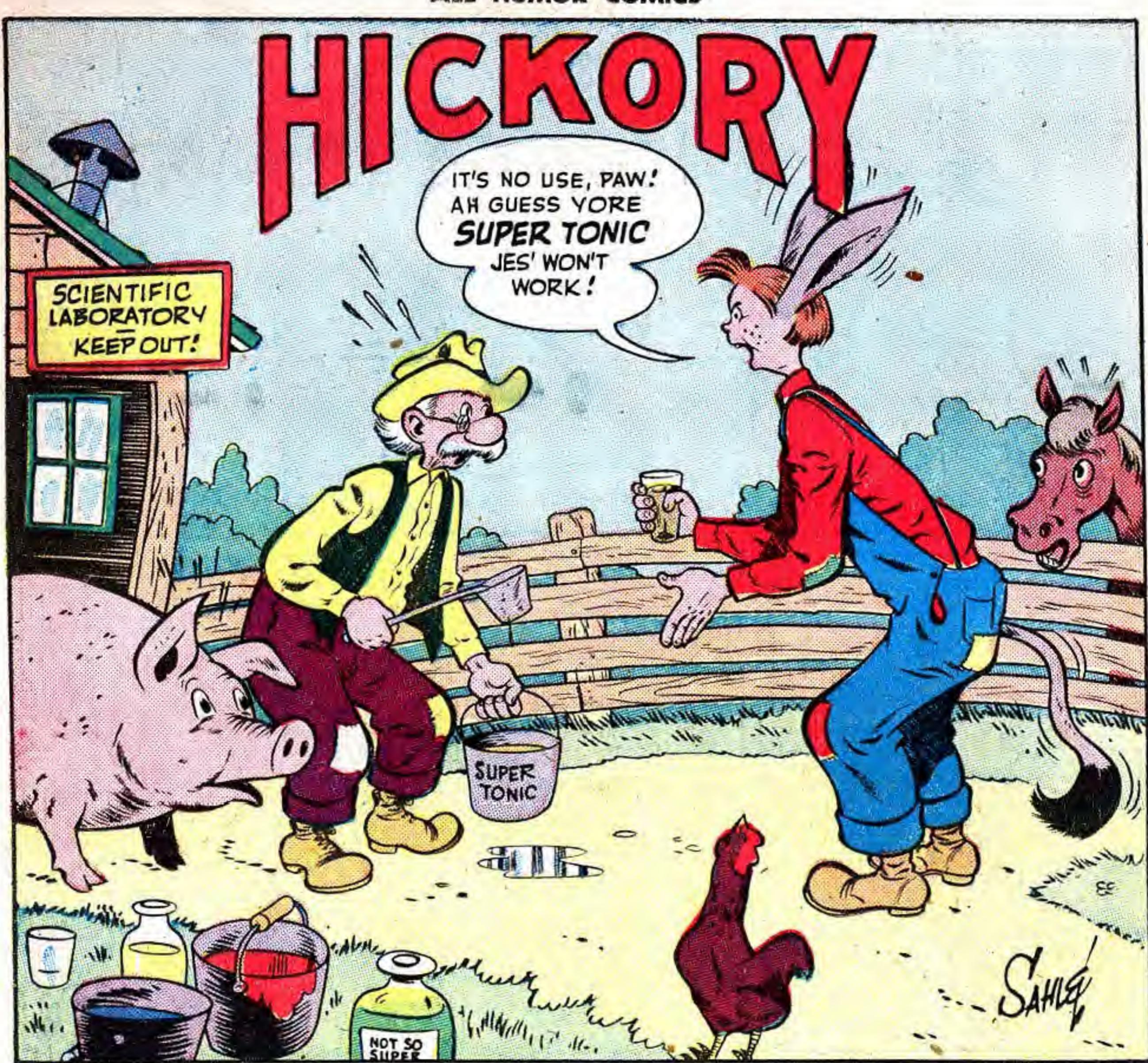




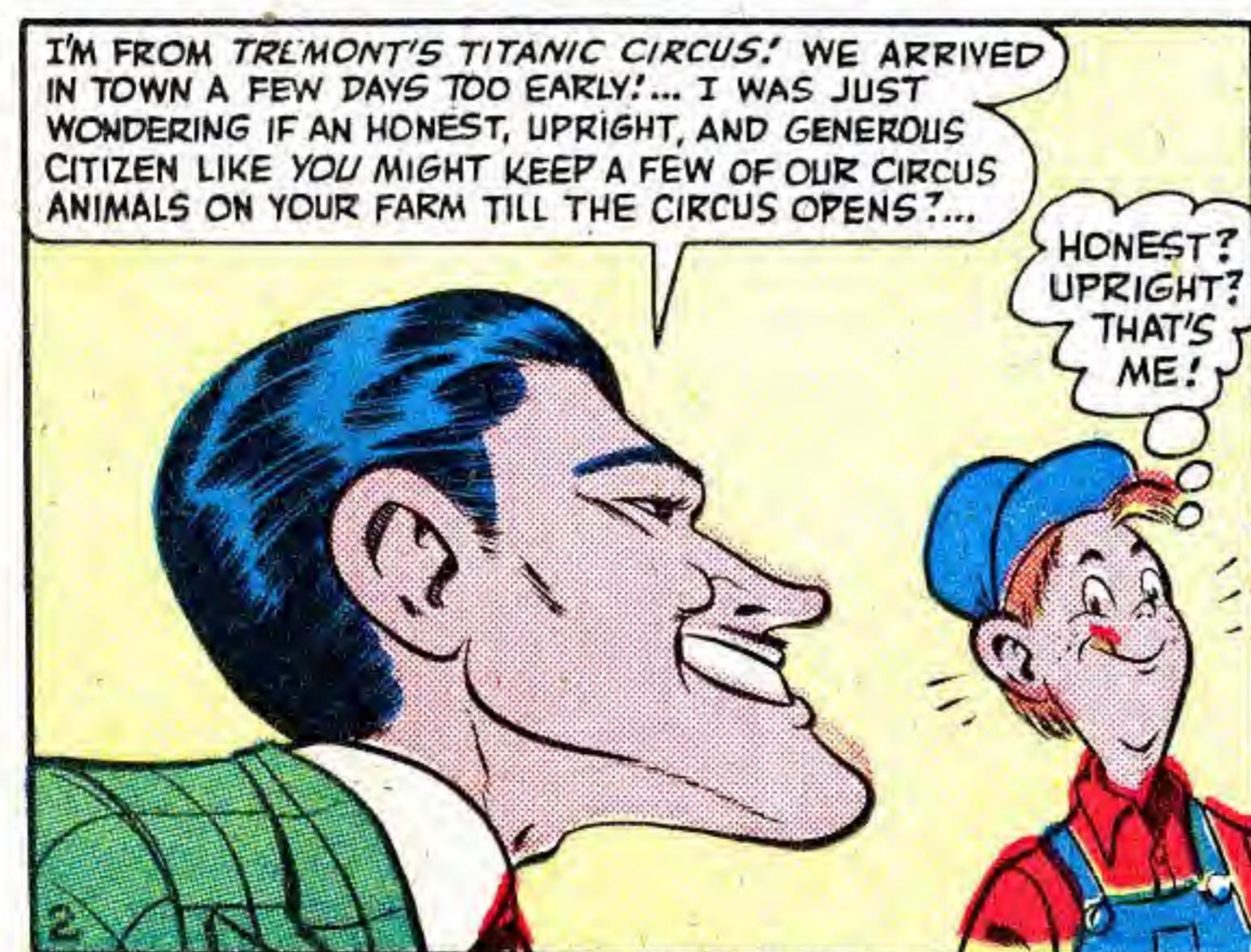
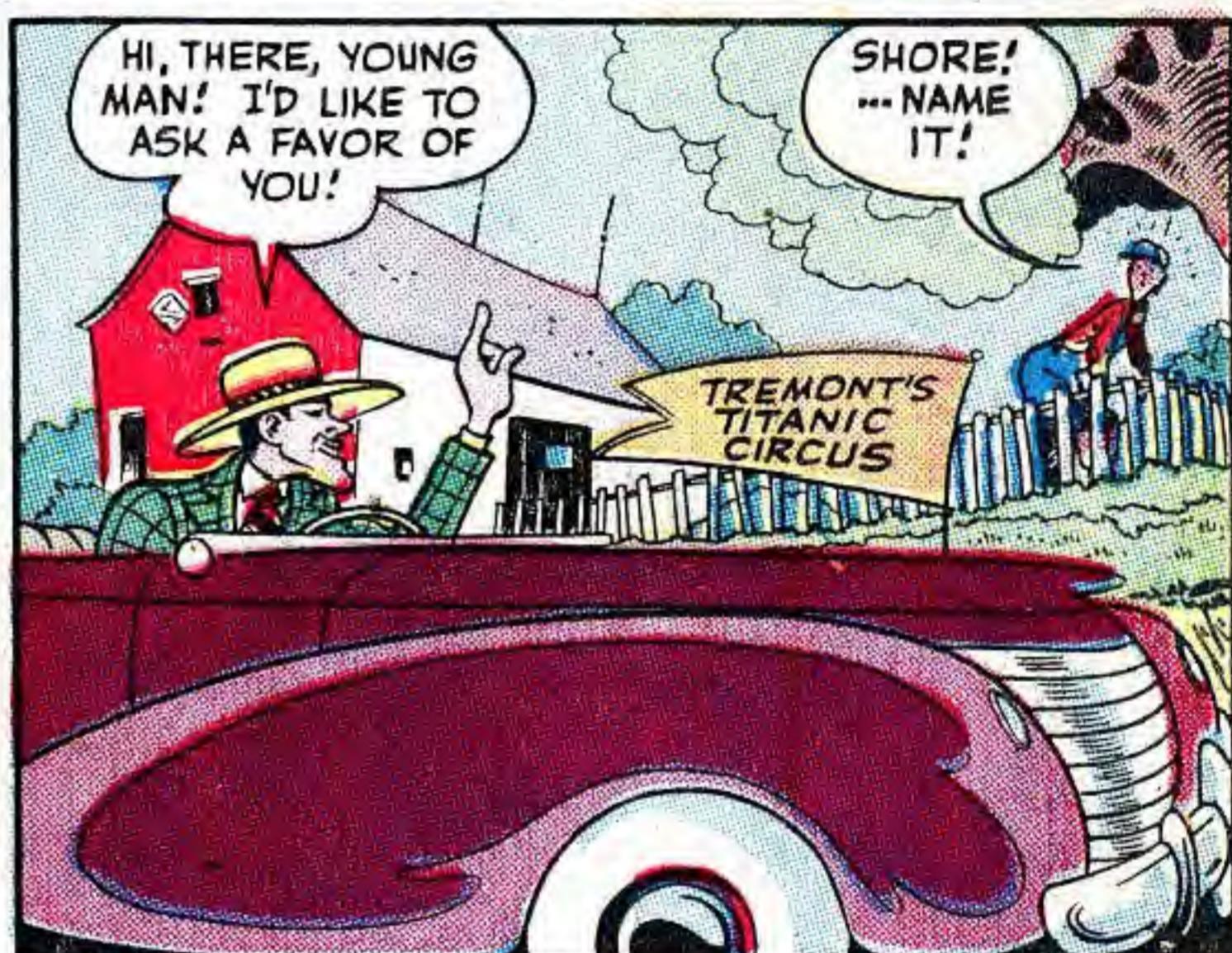
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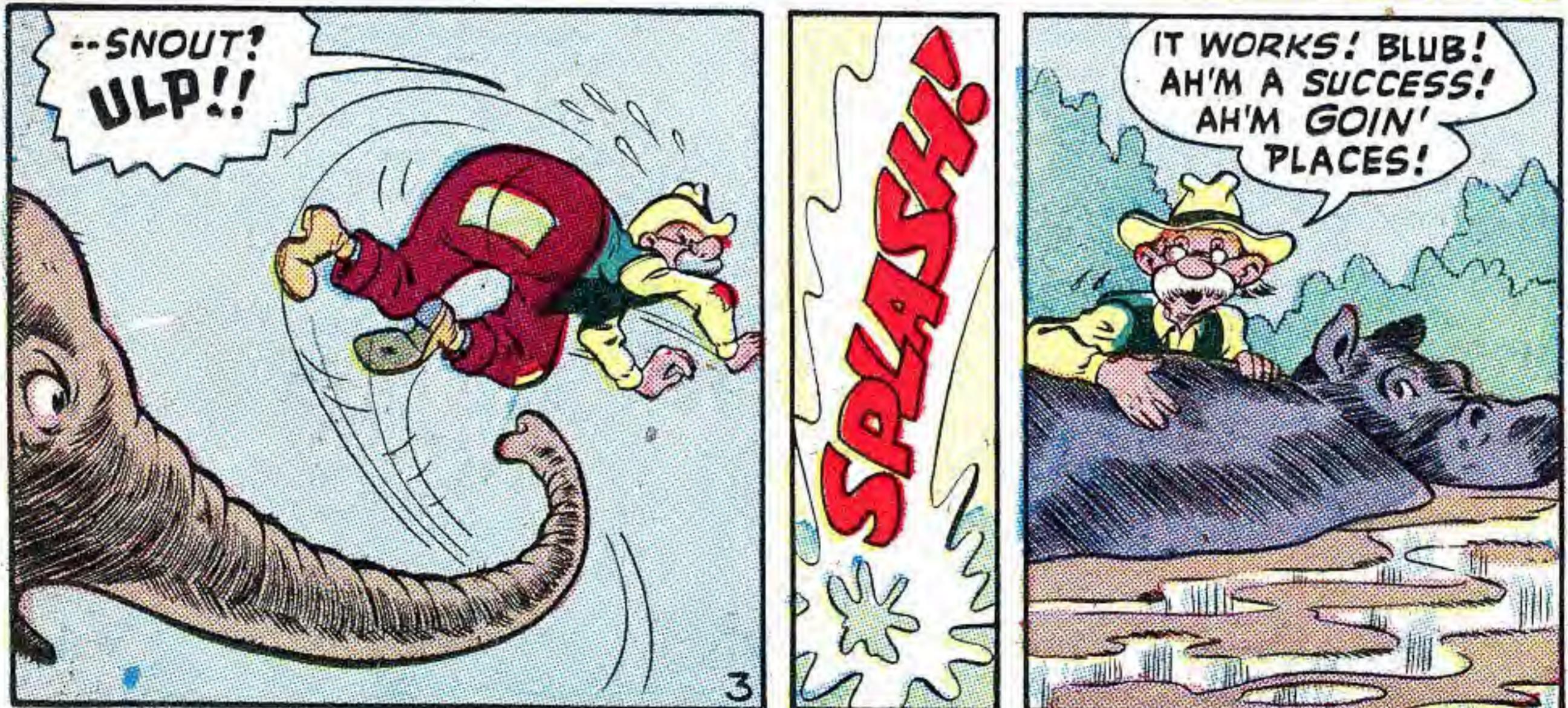
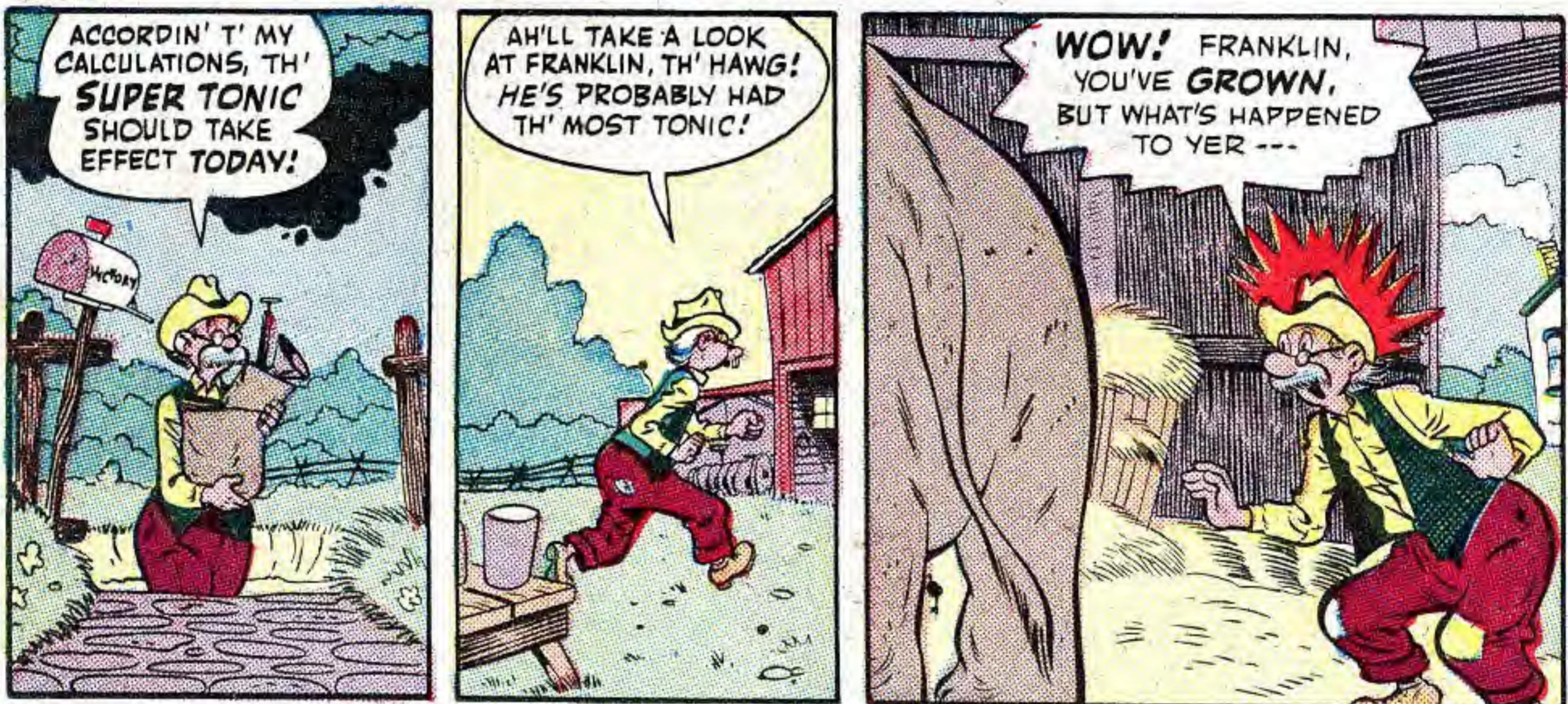


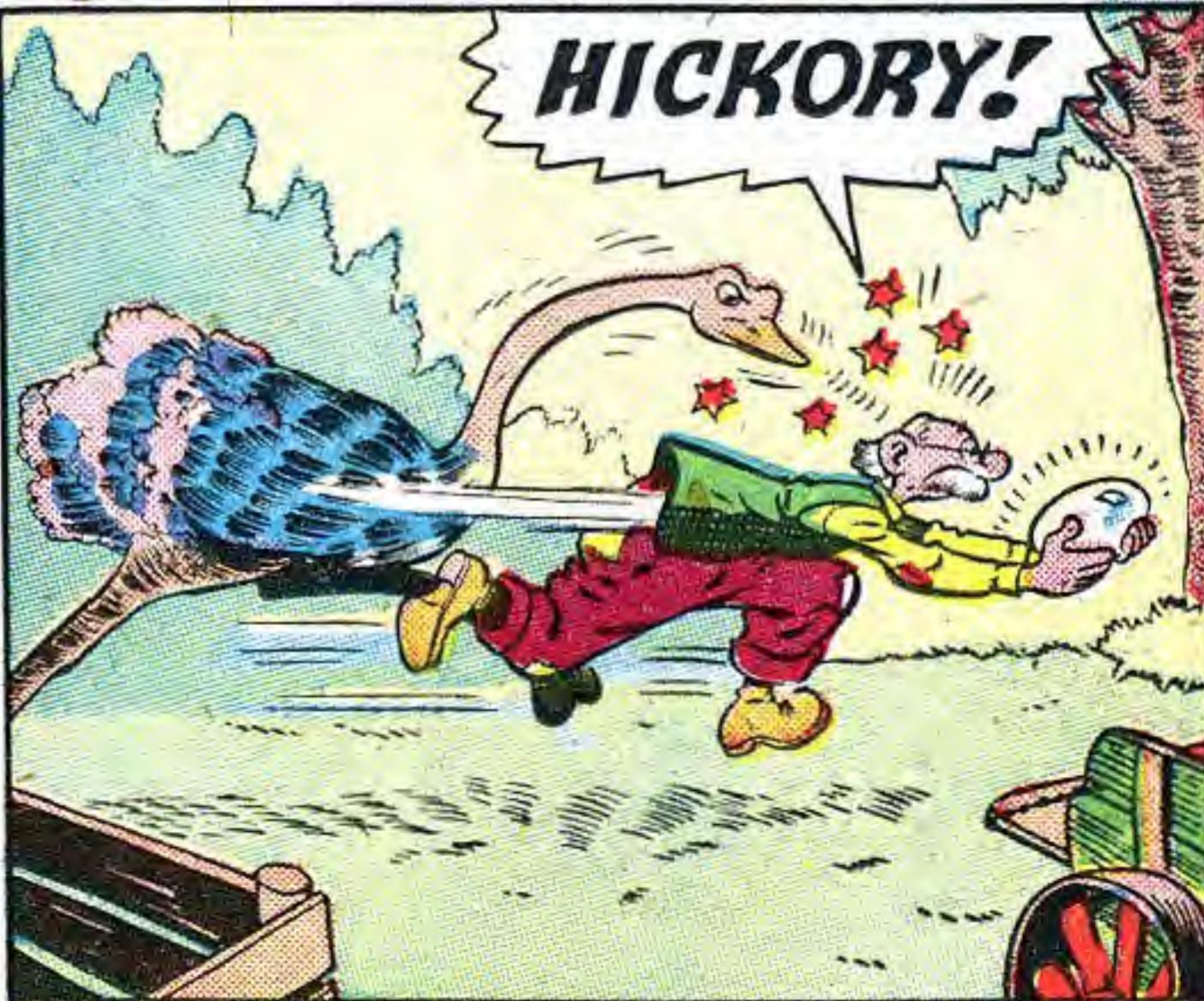
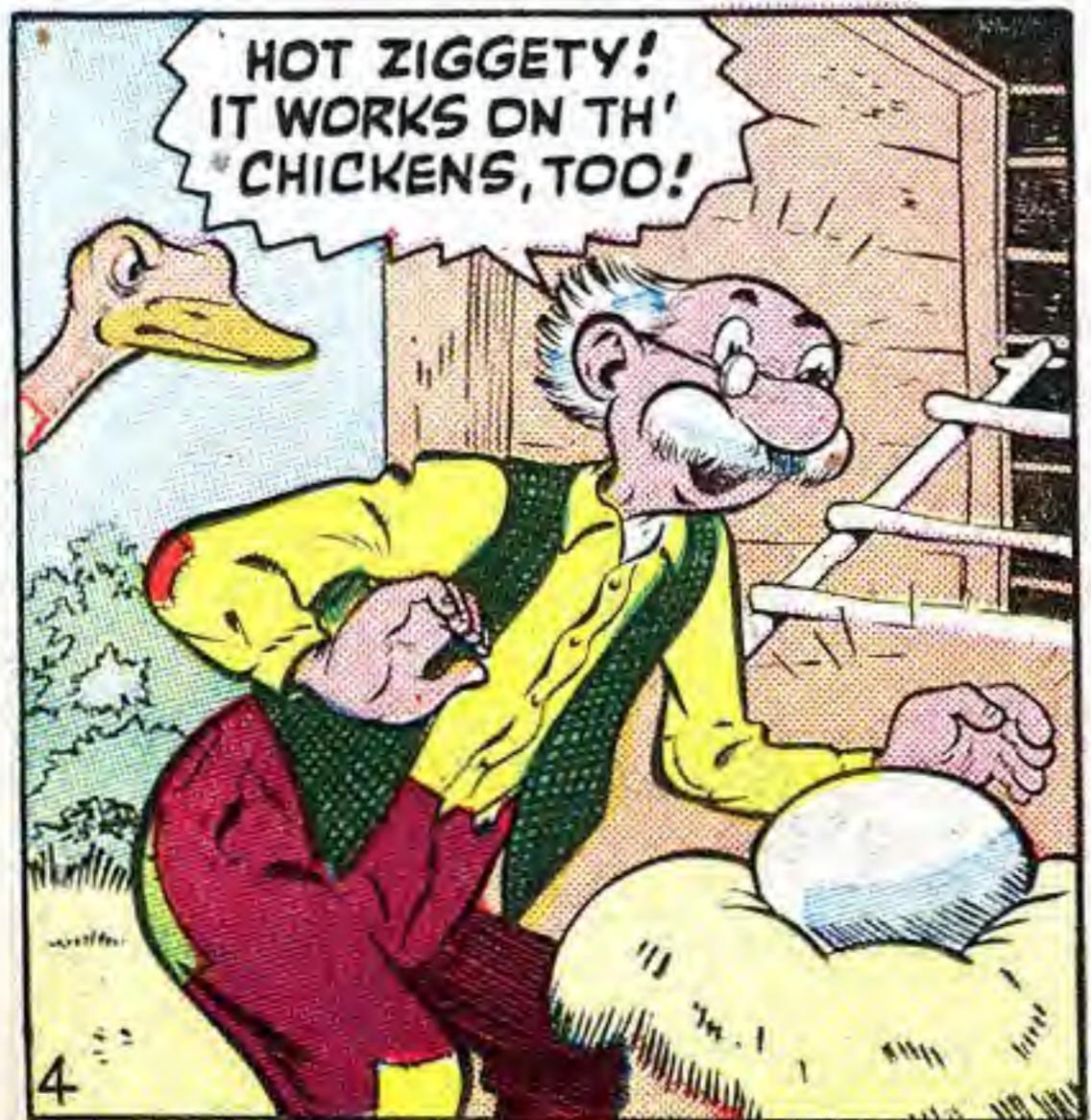
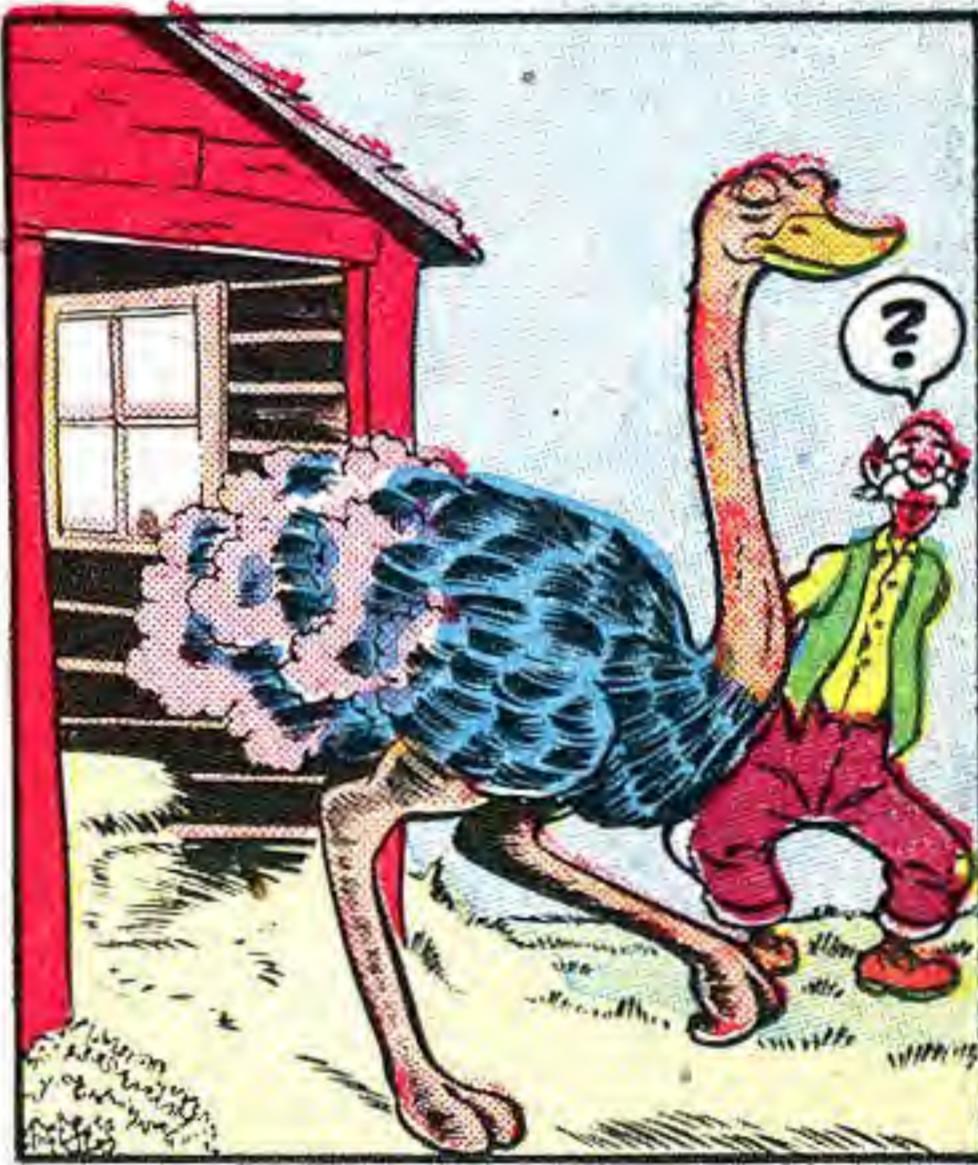
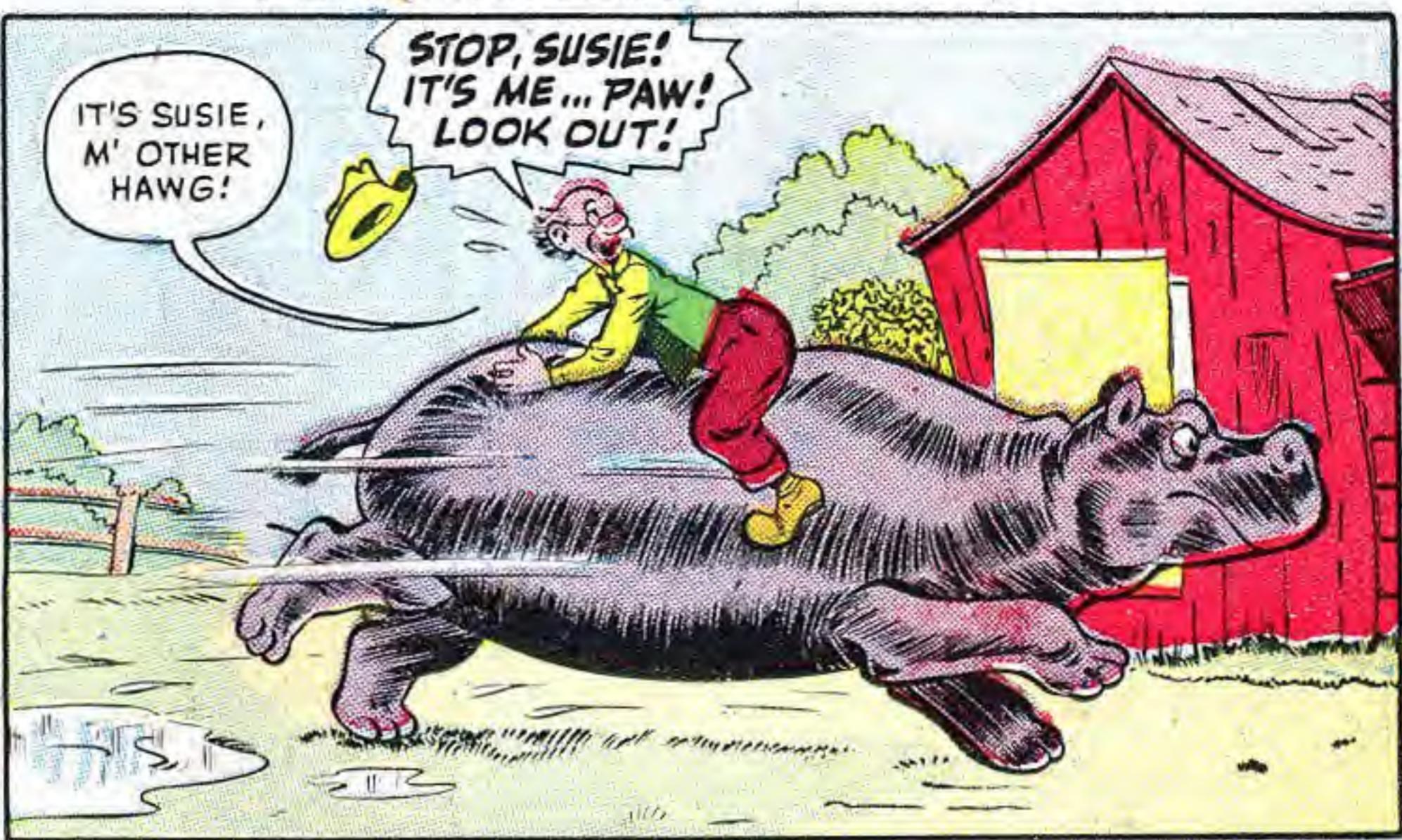
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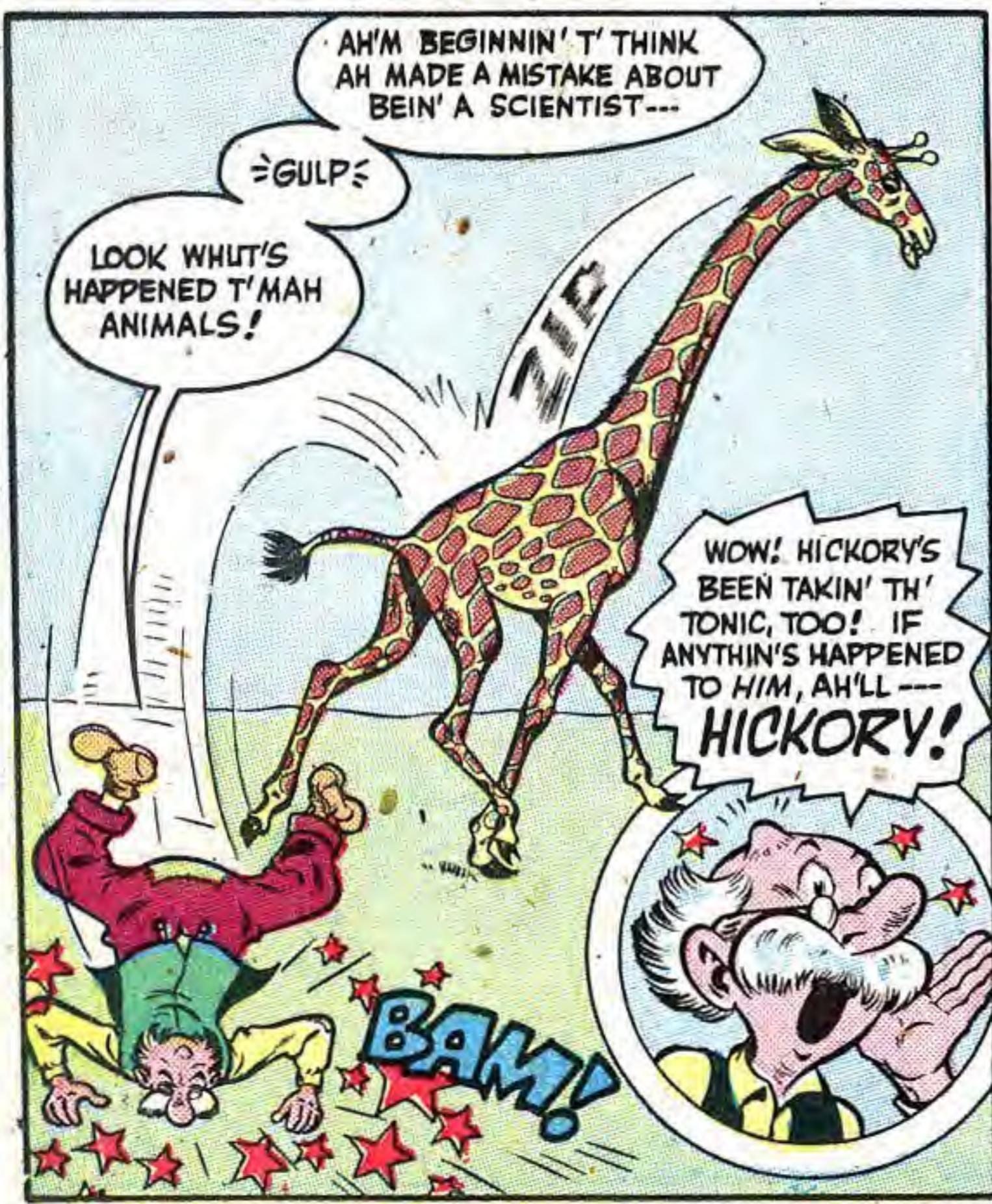
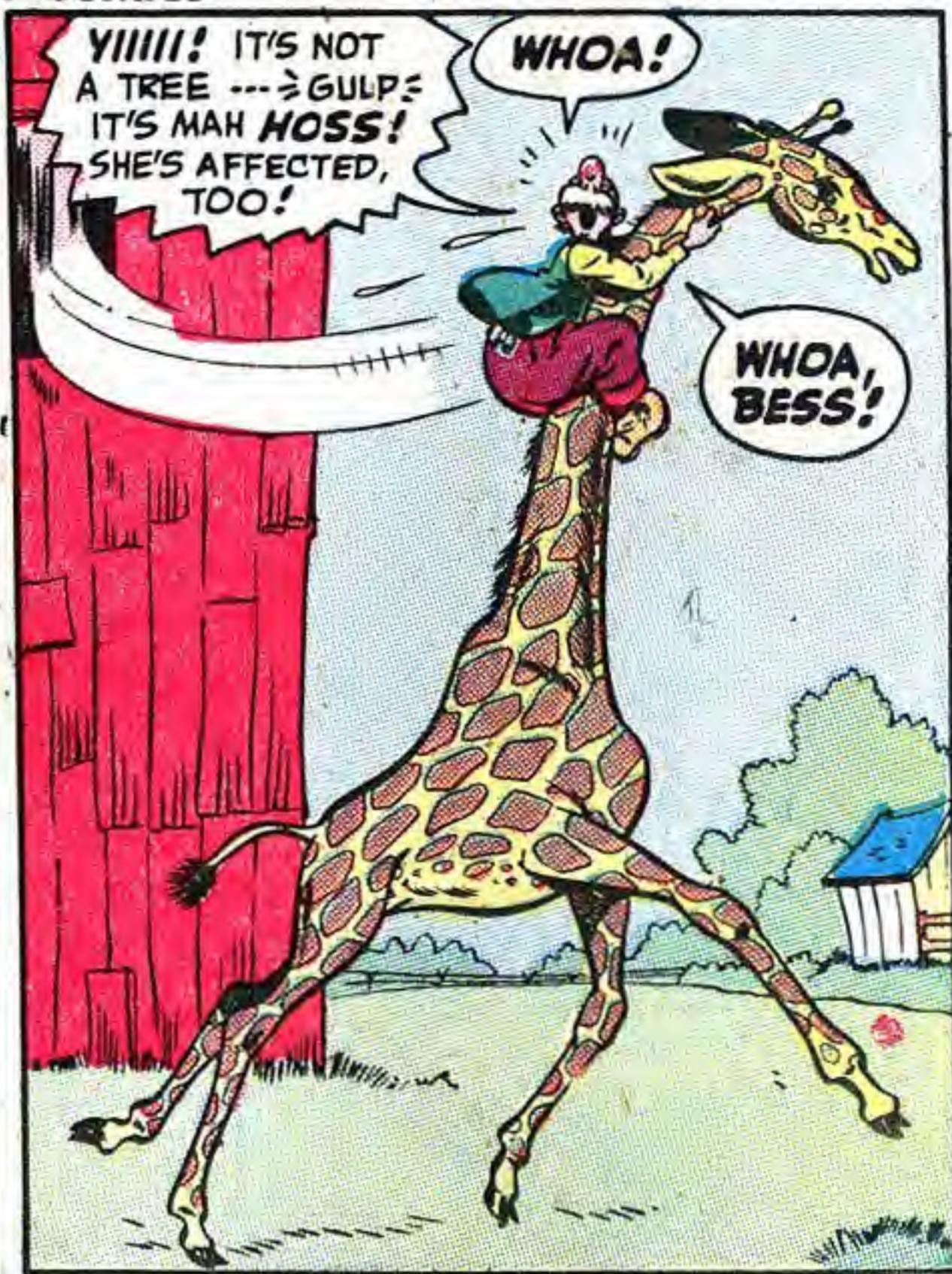


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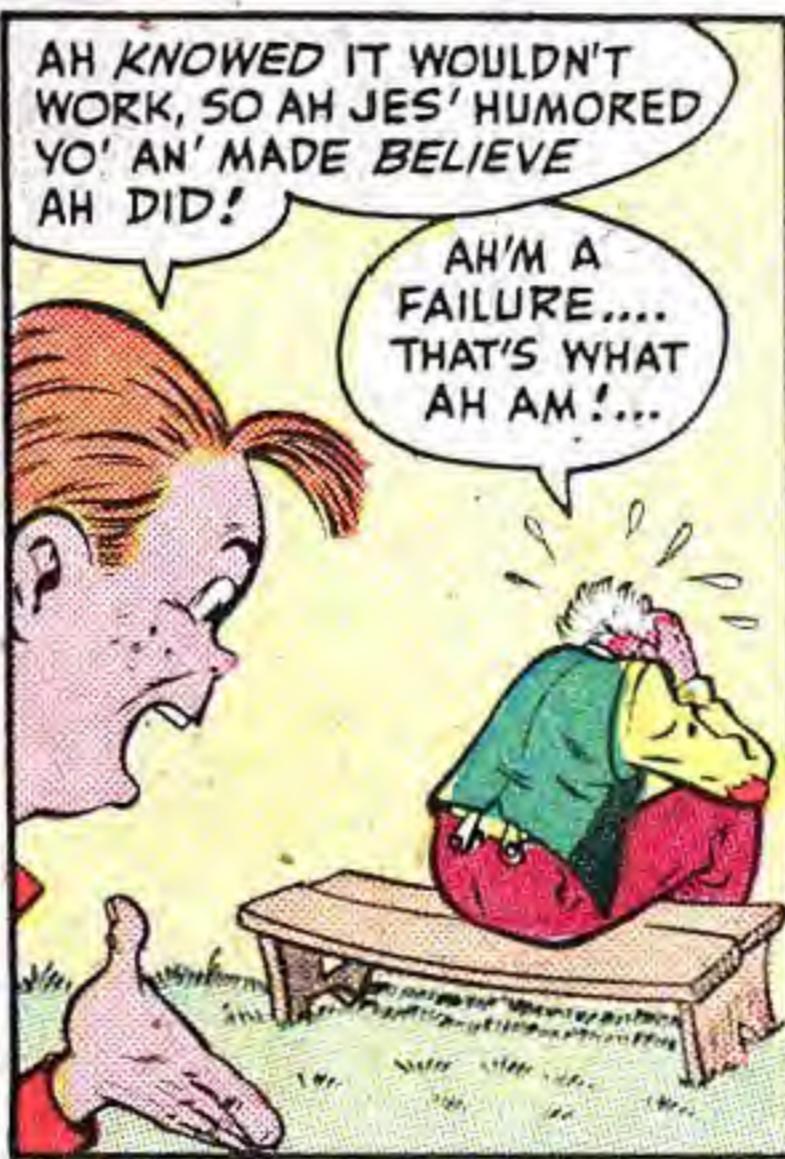
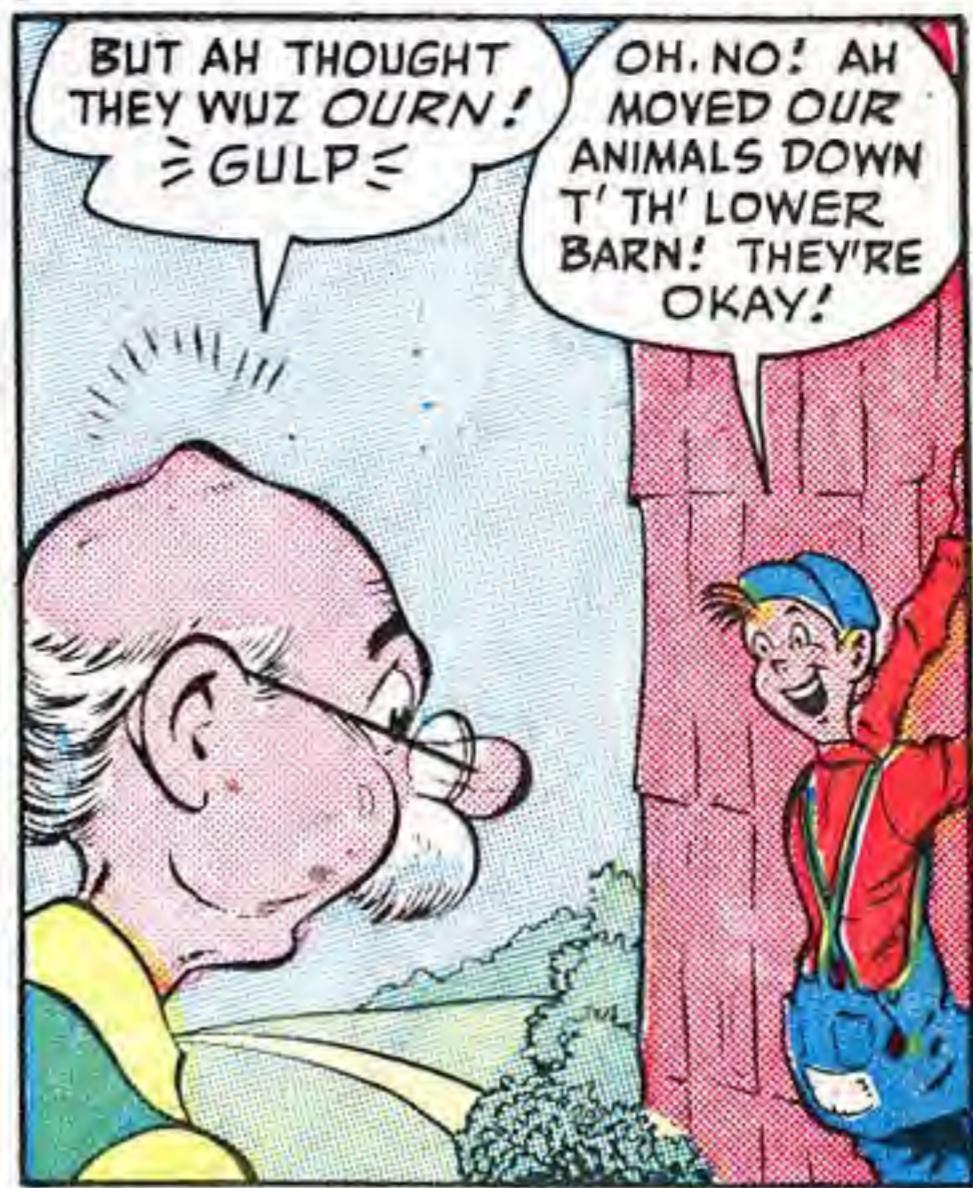
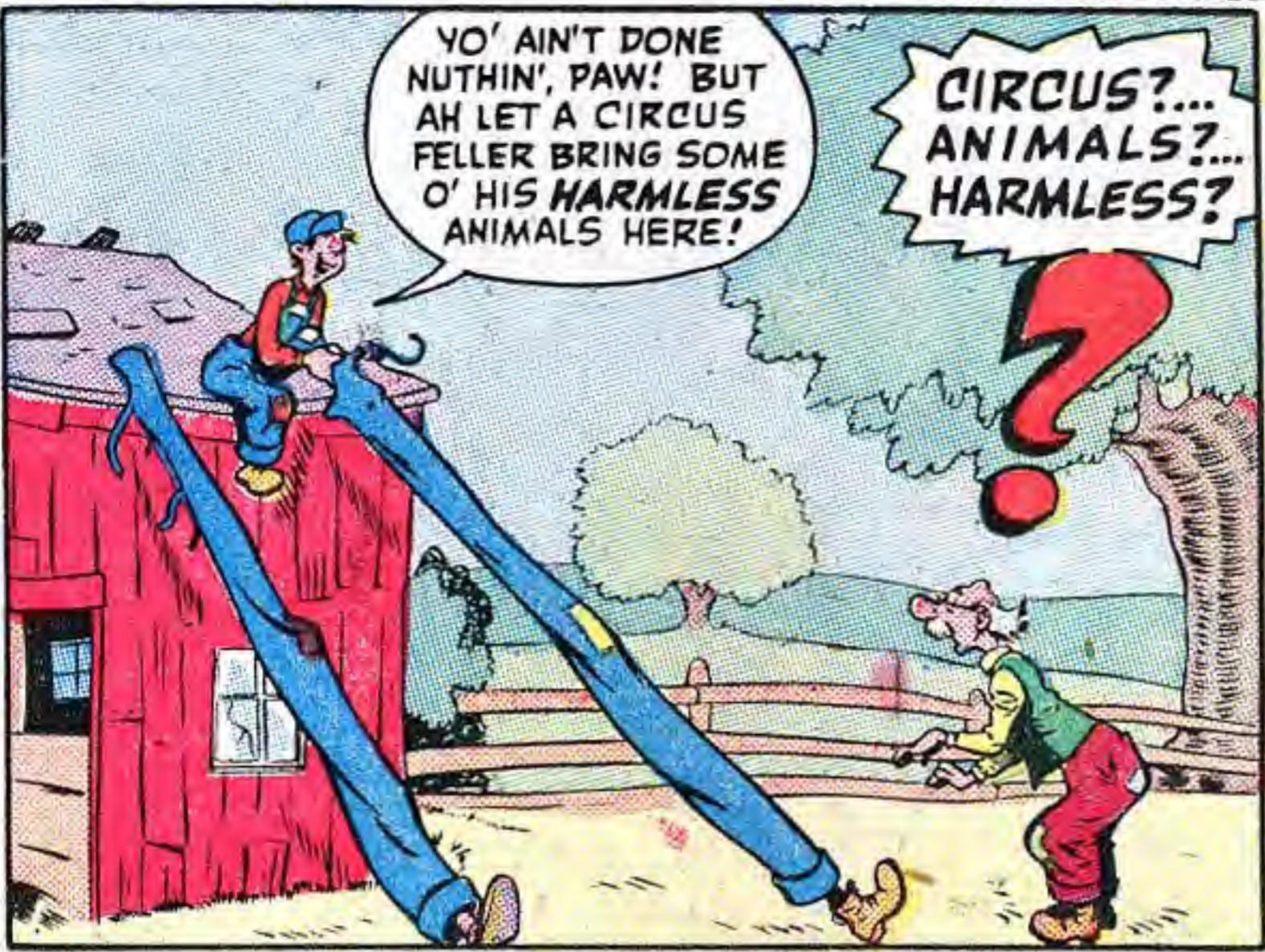




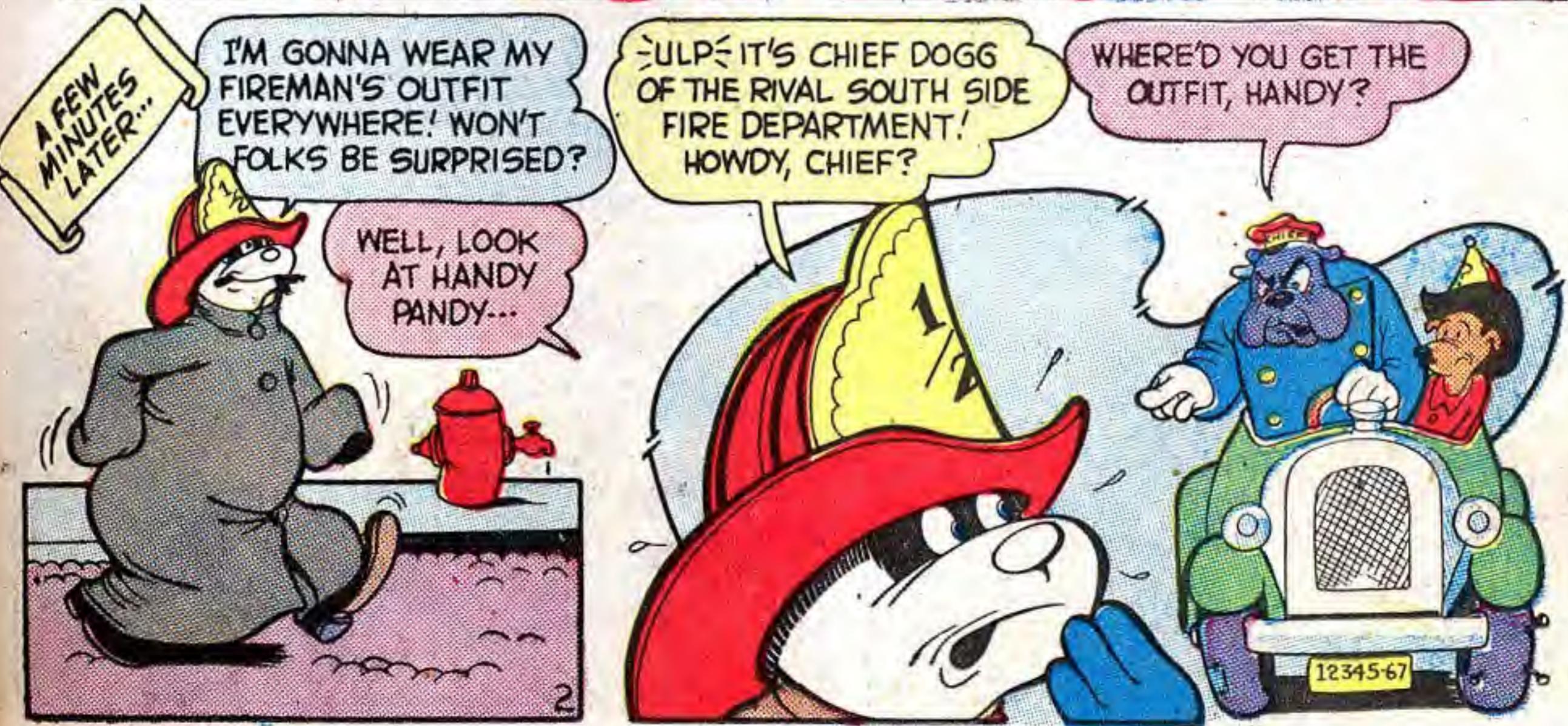
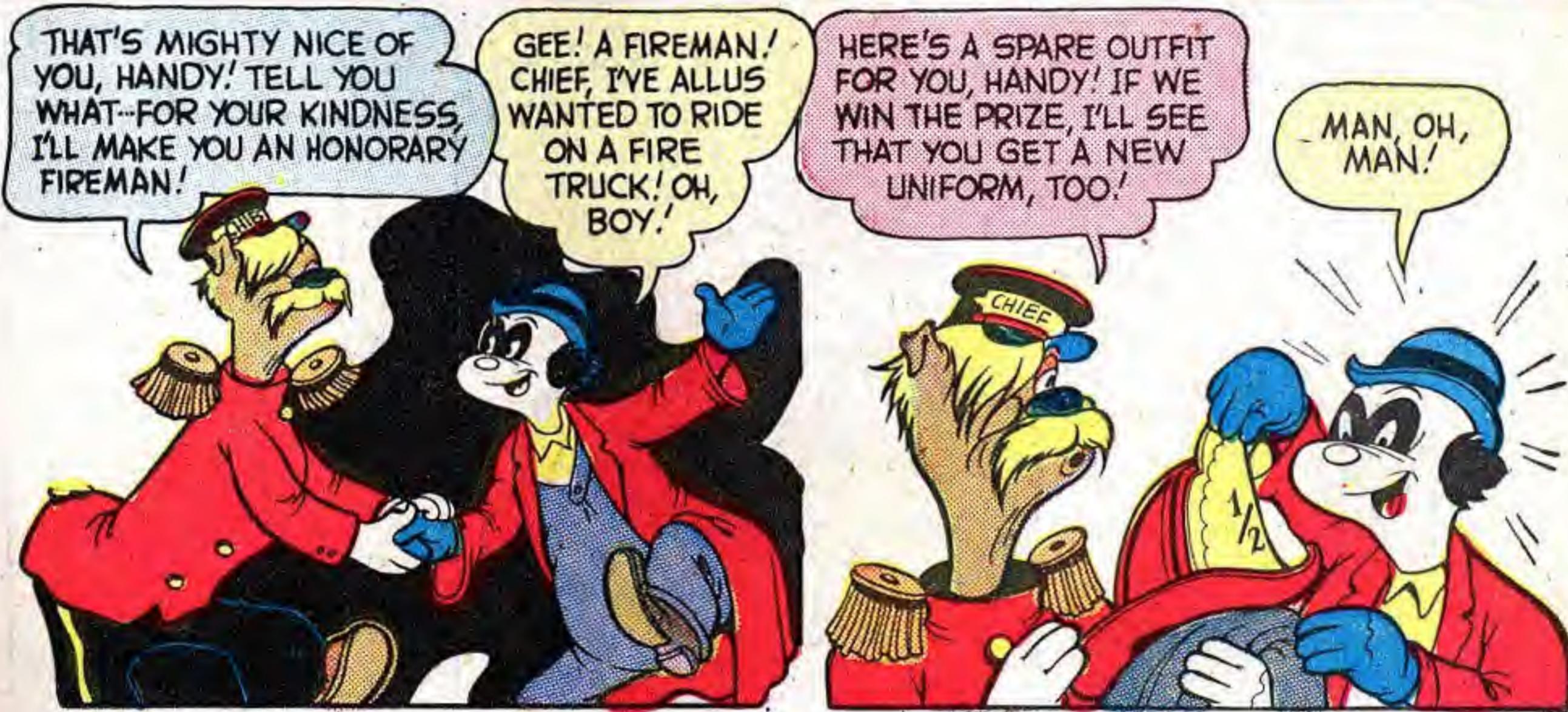




ALL HUMOR COMICS







THE NORTH SIDE CREW MADE ME AN HONORARY MEMBER FOR FIXING UP THEIR LADDER TRUCK!

WELL! WELL!



I HOPE YOU THANKED THE NORTH SIDE LADDIES PROPERLY, HANDY!

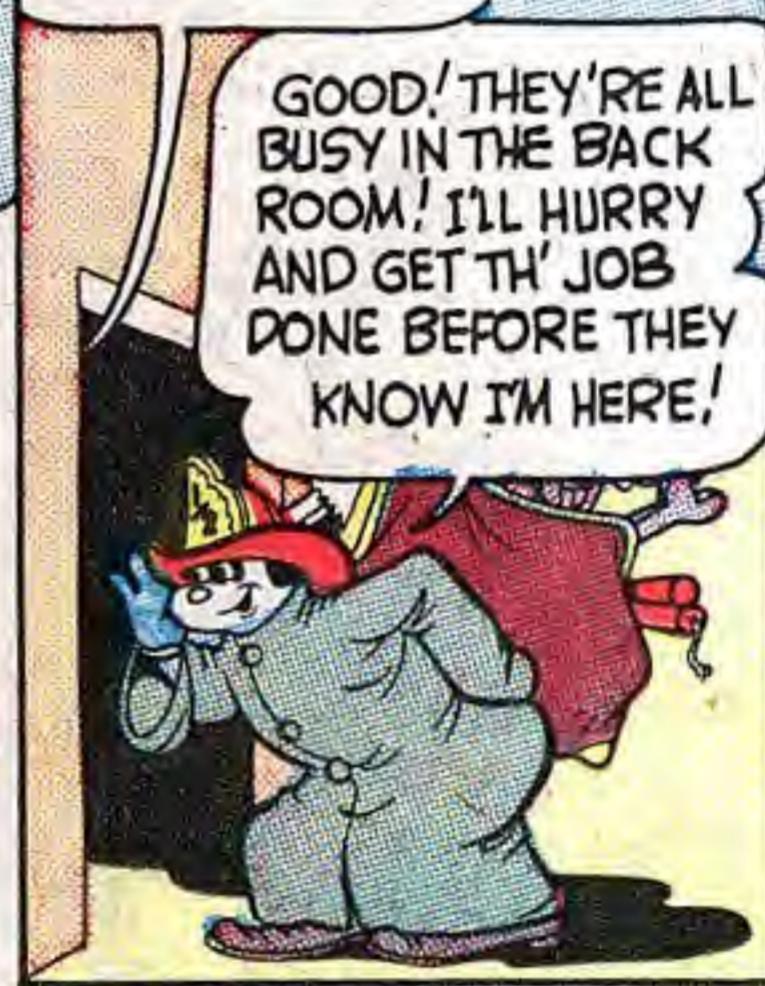
OH, I DID! BUT I WISH THERE WAS SUMP'N REALLY NICE I COULD DO FOR THEM TO SHOW MY APPRECIATION!

WHY NOT SLIP IN AND GIVE THEIR WHOLE FIRE OUTFIT A COMPLETE OVERHAUL? SORT OF A SURPRISE! FIX EVERYTHING!

HOT DOG! THAT'S THE BEST IDEA YET! I'LL GO RIGHT BACK AND GET BUSY!

I'LL DRAW ONE CARD AND RAISE YOU FIVE!

GOOD! THEY'RE ALL BUSY IN THE BACK ROOM! I'LL HURRY AND GET TH' JOB DONE BEFORE THEY KNOW I'M HERE!

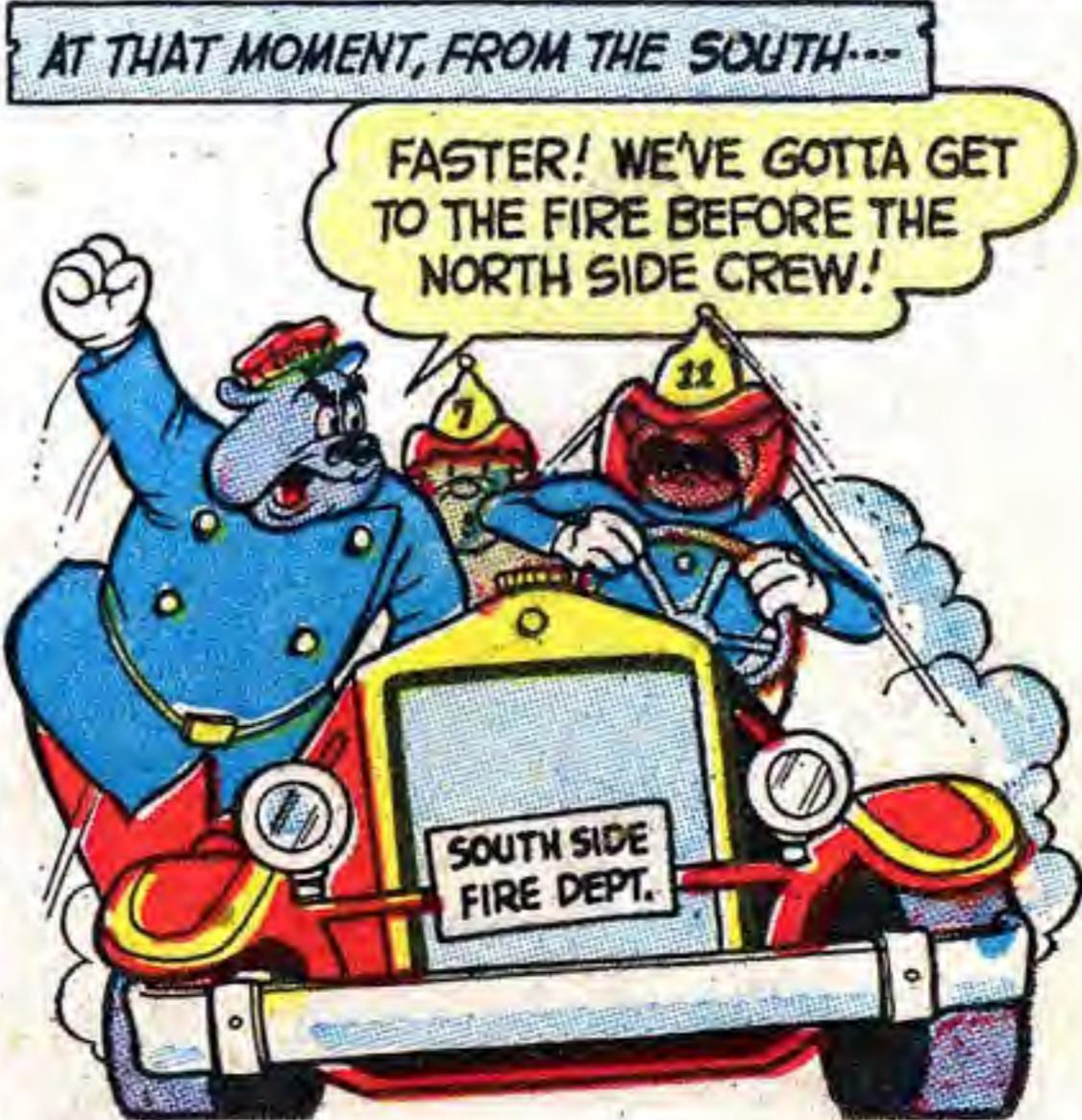
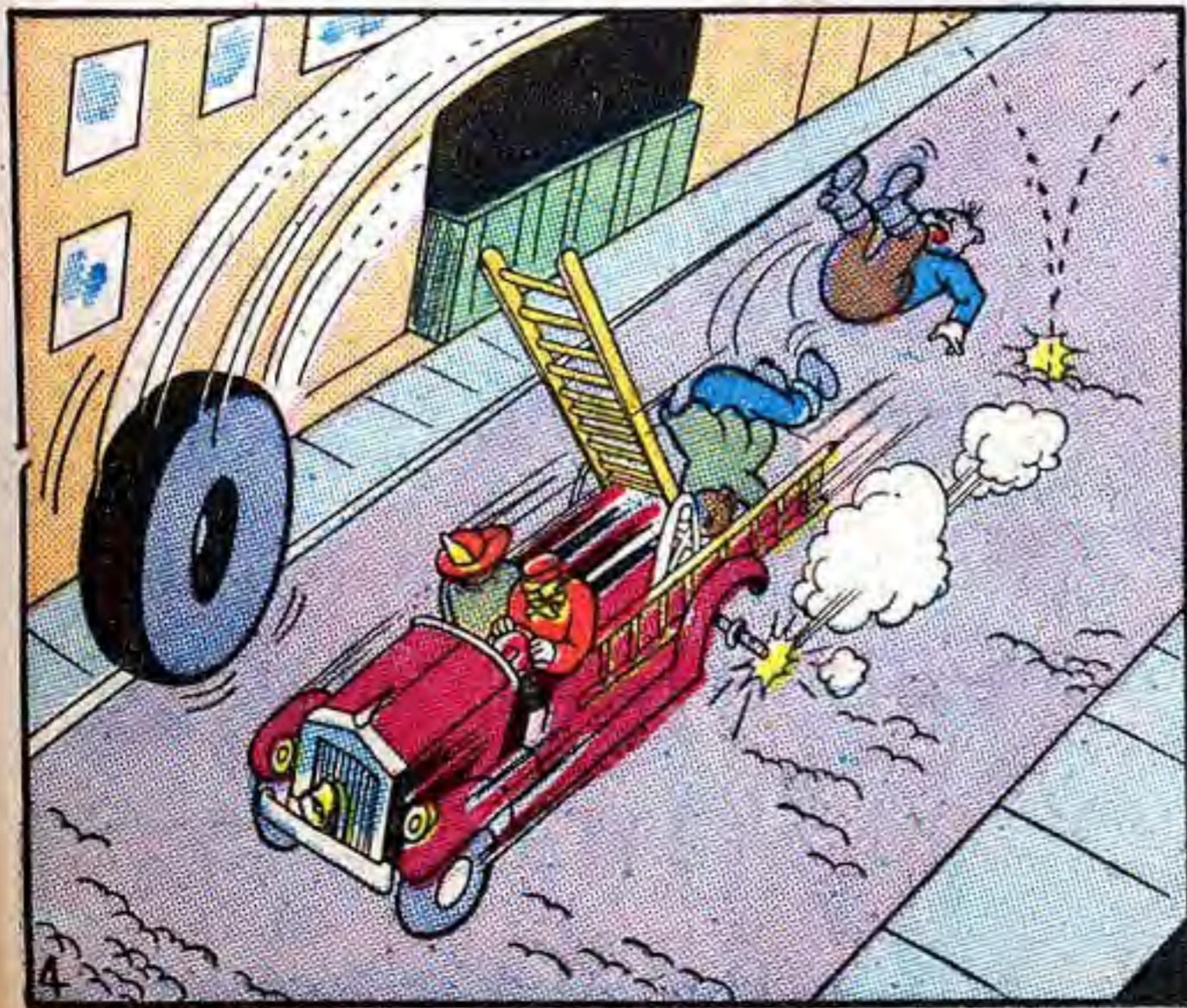
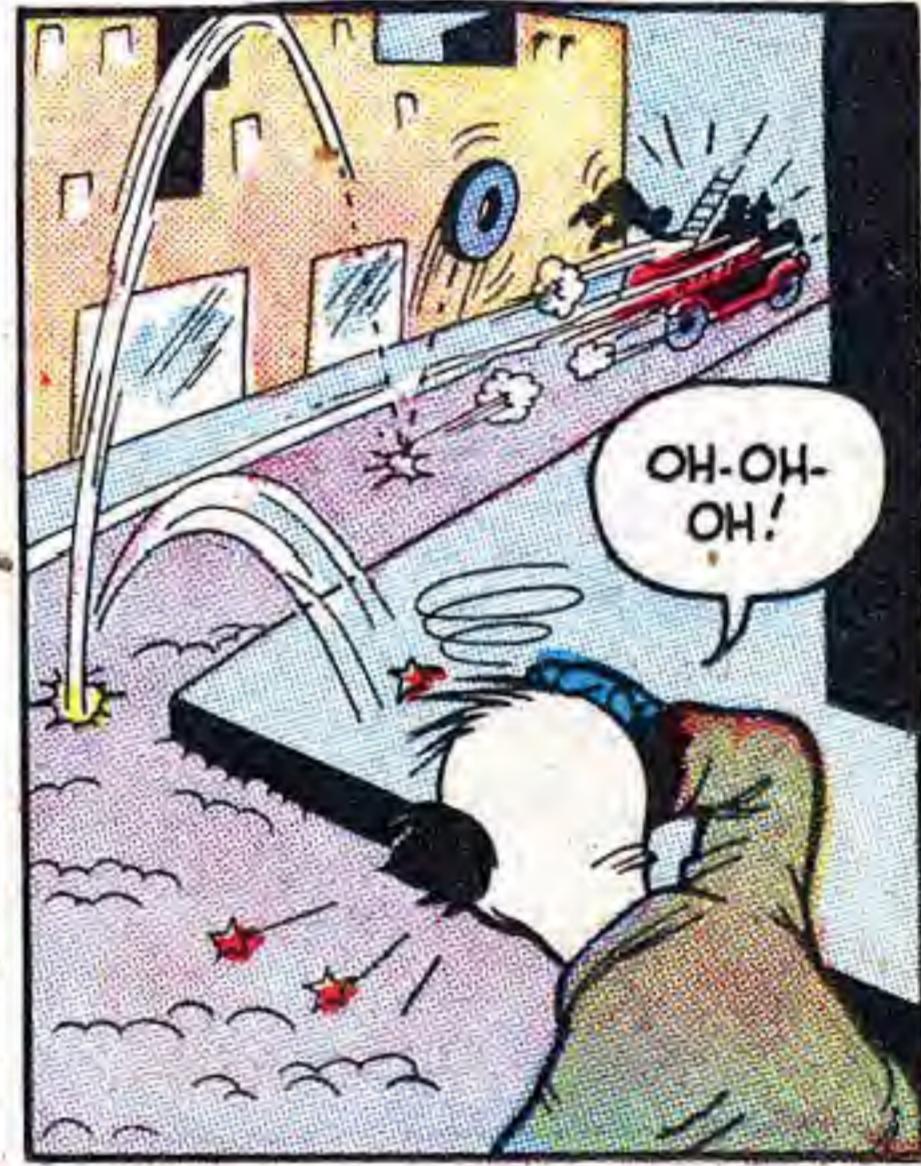
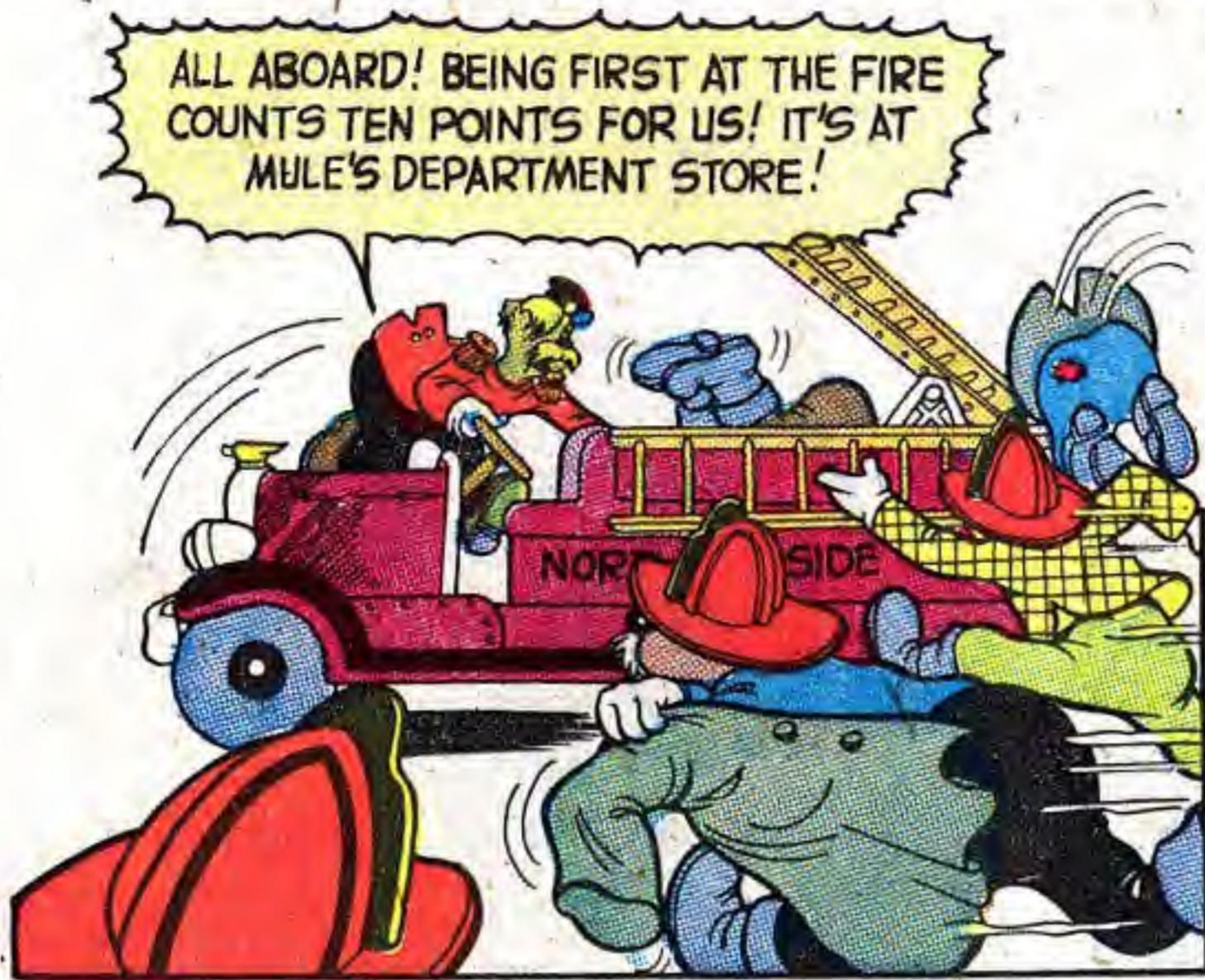


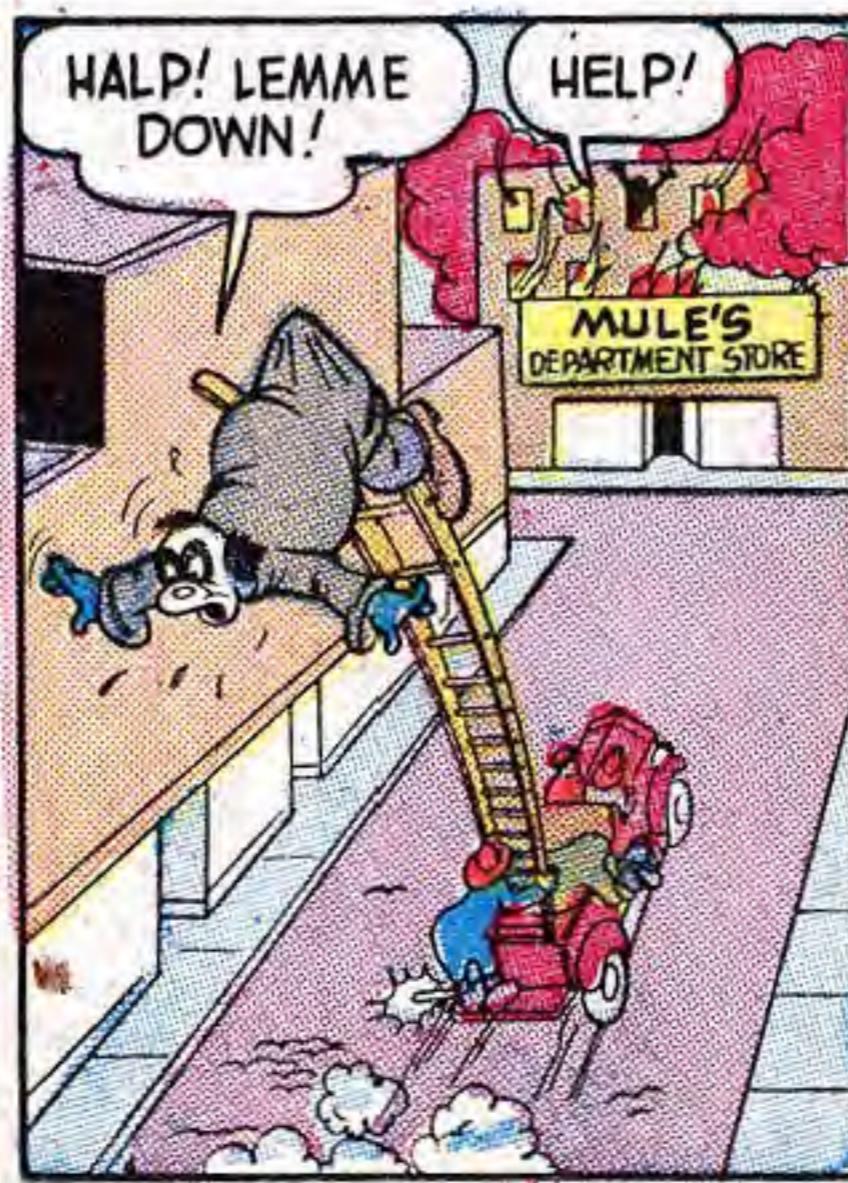
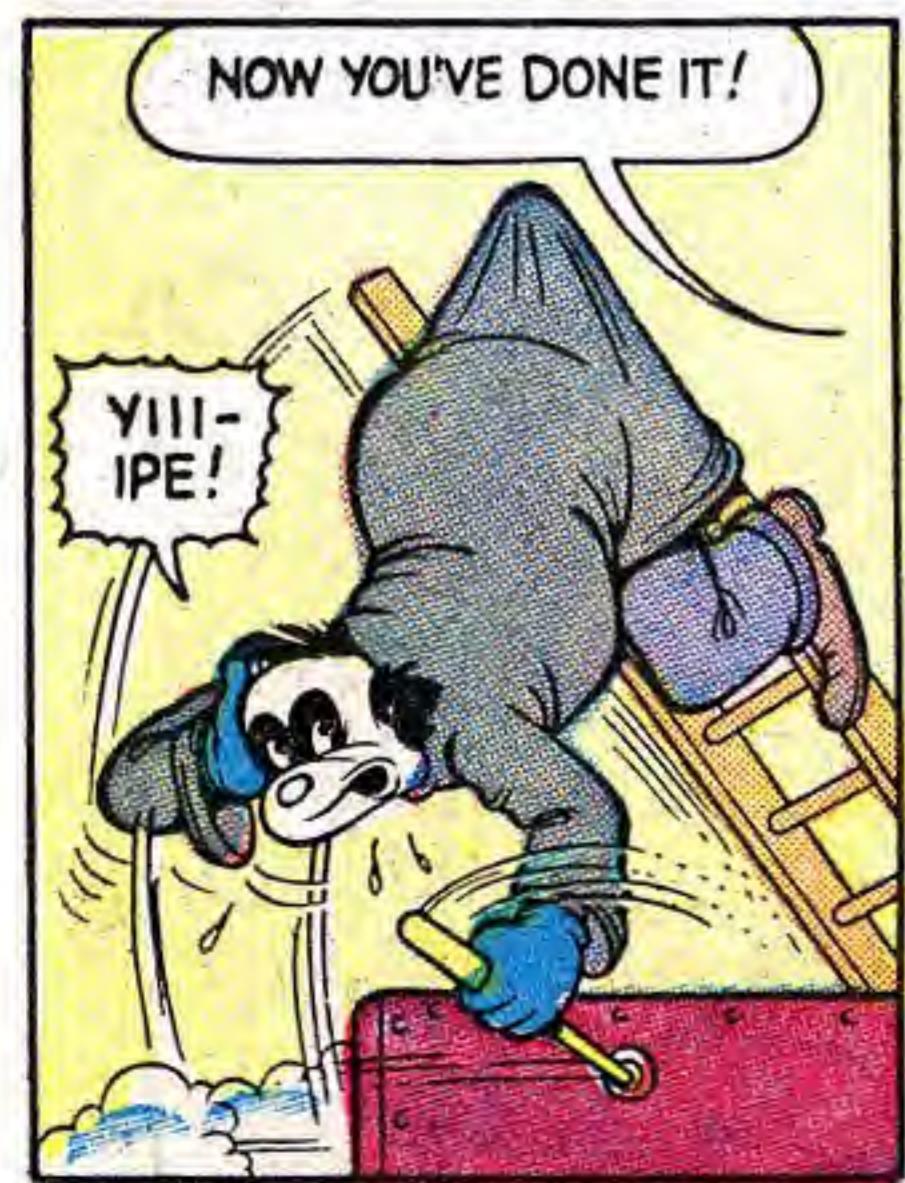
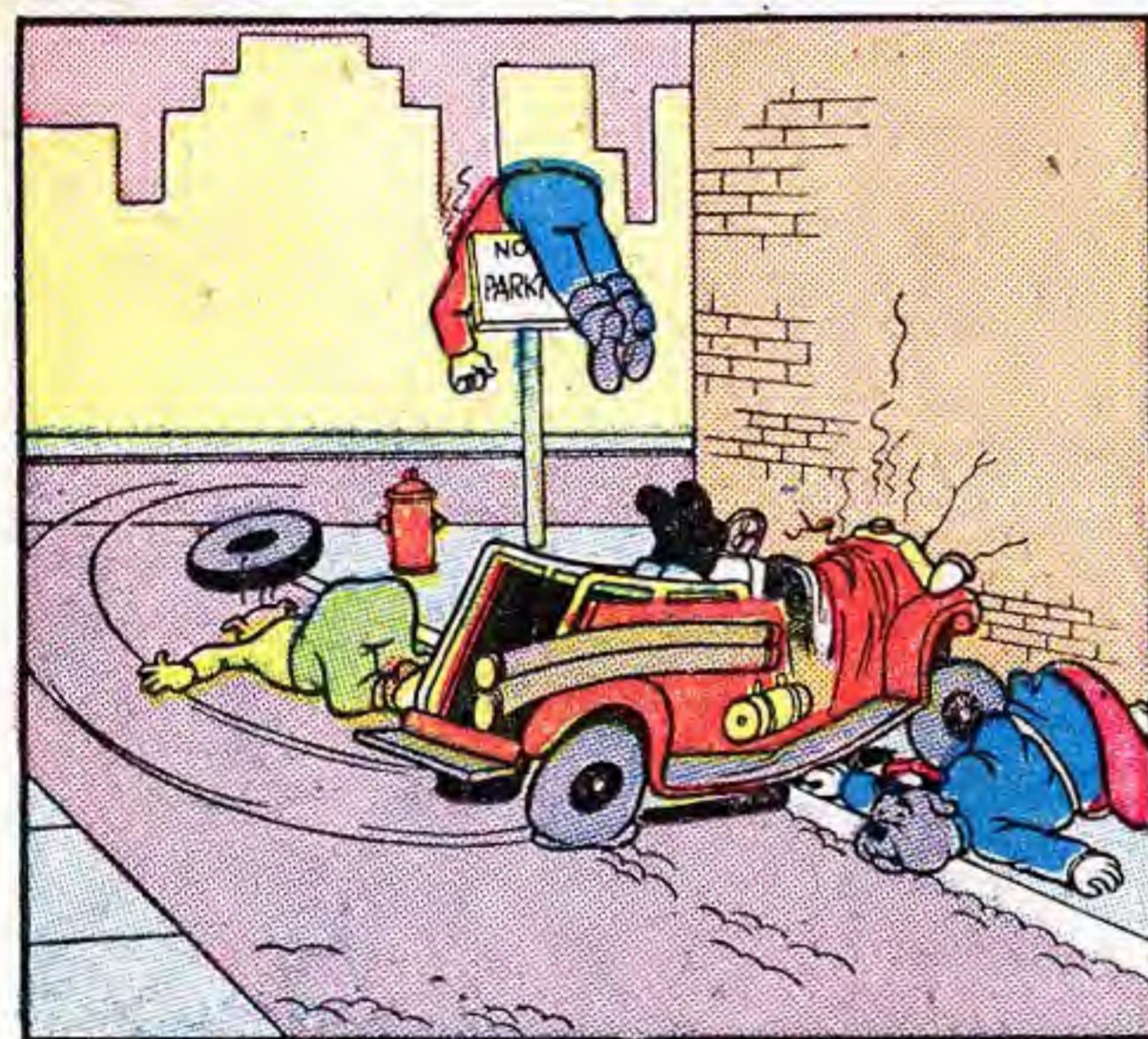
HMM! FIRST, I'LL TAKE OFF THE TRUCK WHEELS AND GIVE THEM A GOOD CLEANING AND GREASING!



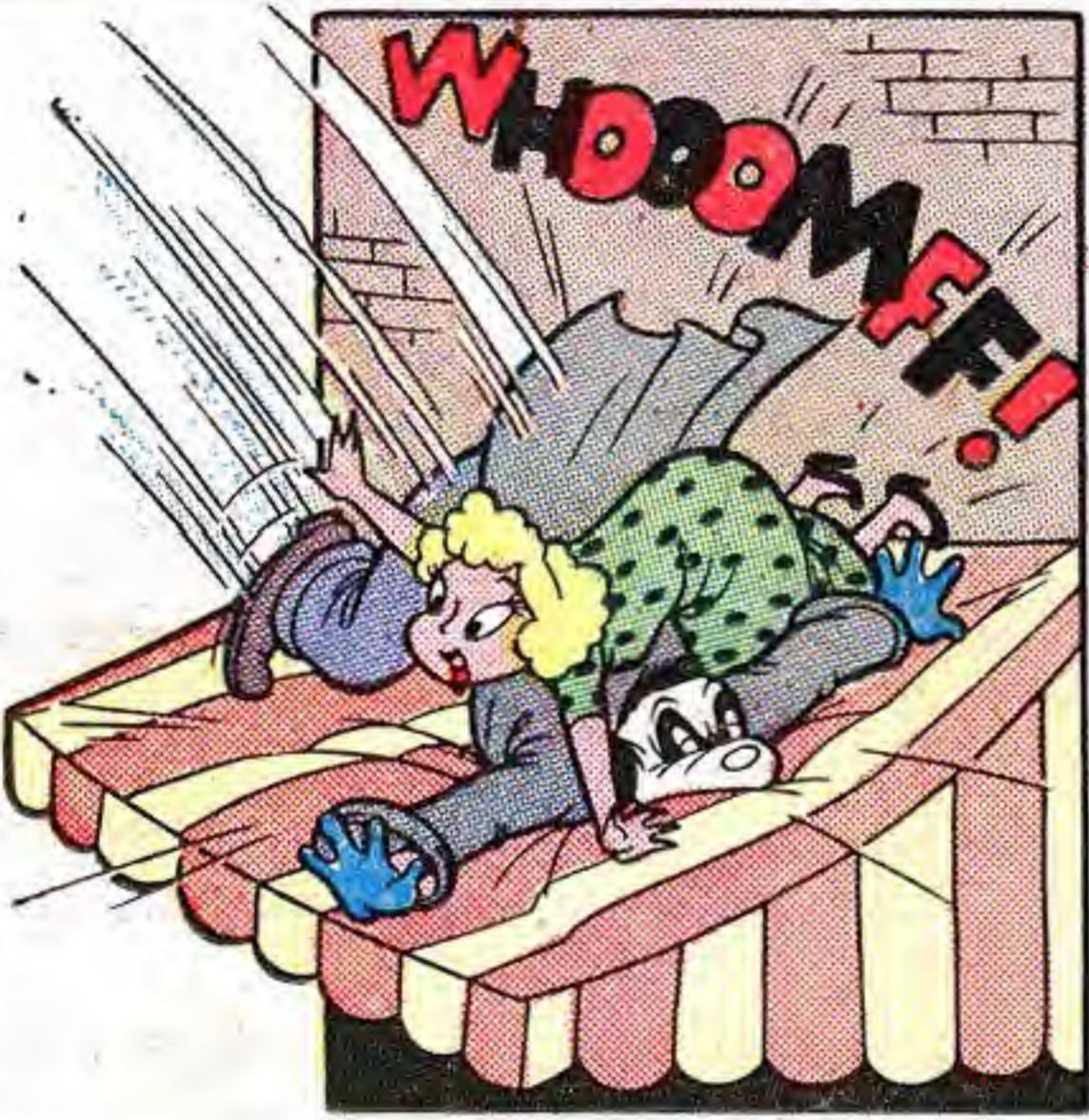
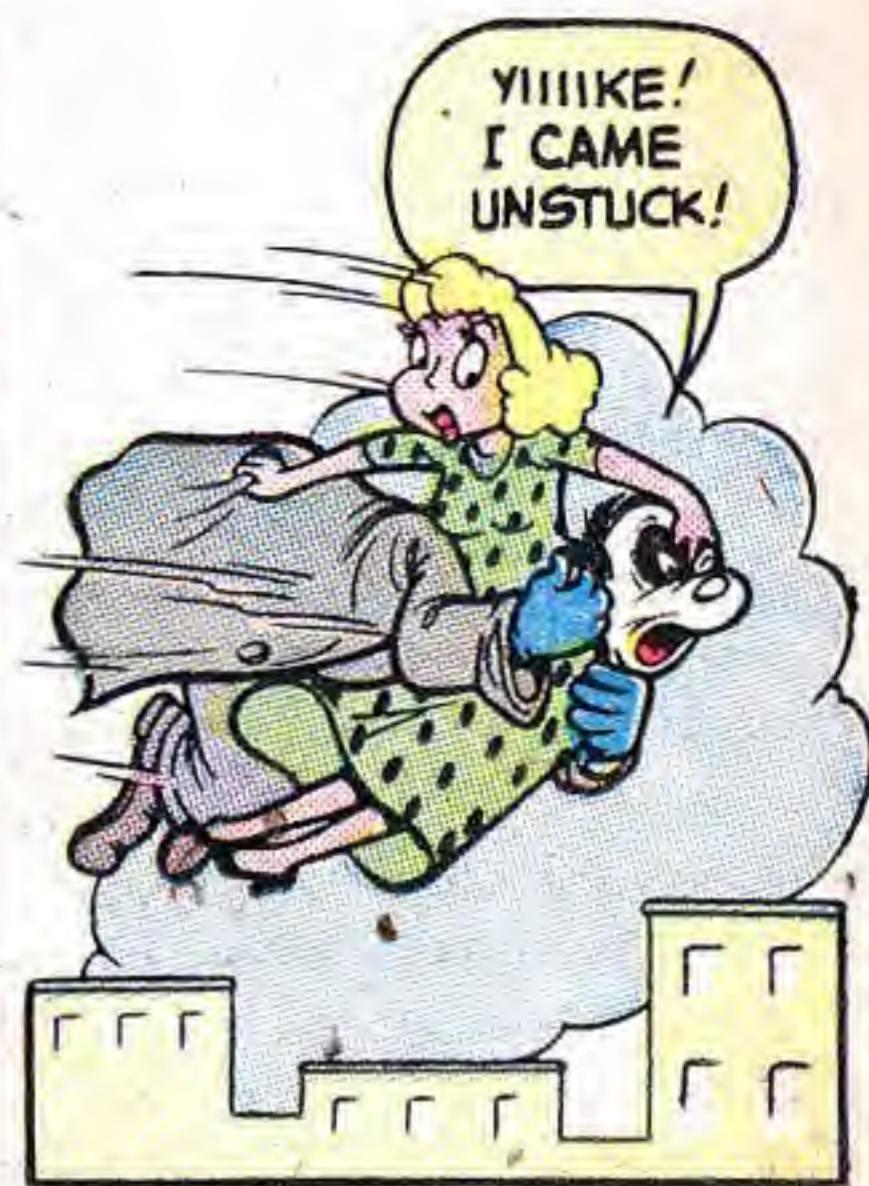
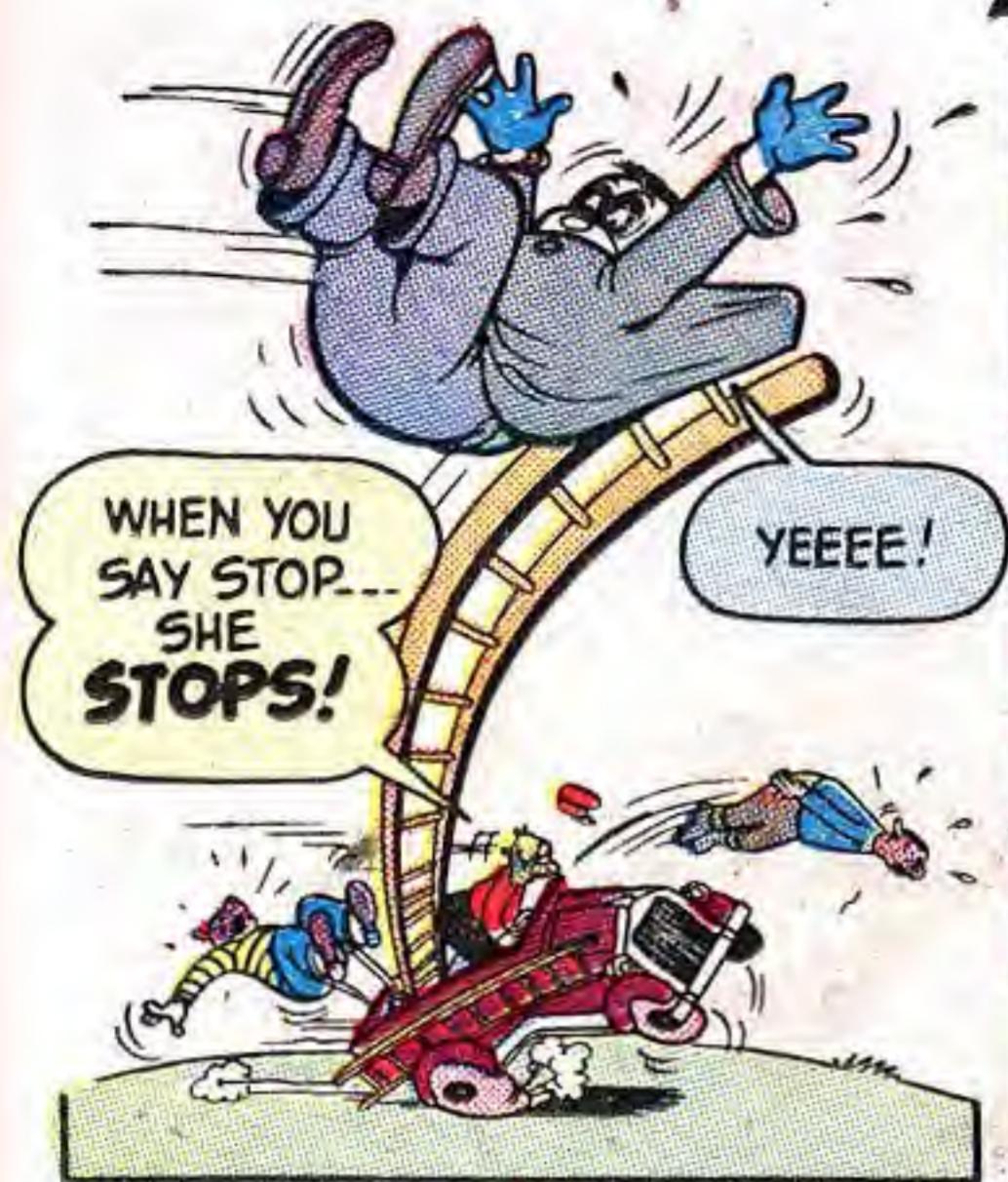
EEEEEOW! A THREE-ALARM FIRE! GET GOING, BOYS! HERE'S WHERE WE SHOW UP THE SOUTH SIDE AND WIN THOSE NEW UNIFORMS!







ALL HUMOR COMICS



THE DIZZY'DILLO

SOME said that little Pinky Green was slap-happy. Maybe he was. Every boy in school had taken a poke or two at him. So had the teachers. Pinky was one who got into more trouble than a half dozen boys should.

Pinky wasn't very attentive during classes, so when it came time for him to stand up and recite he usually ended up by stuttering and blushing and being told to sit down by the teacher.

"You'll stay after school until you've learned it," the teacher would say, looking like a storm cloud.

But if Pinky was slightly dumb in school, he got around in the outside world. He knew every animal, bird and insect. A naturalist, that's what he wanted to be. What was the use of sitting in a stuffy old school when naturalists did their work afield?

One day during a Parent-Teacher gathering, Miss Himmel, the teacher, said, "Now, children, we are going to have company this afternoon. I want you all to be on your good behavior for the ladies."

"Ladies!" Pinky gasped. "Them? Pooh!"

"Pinky!" Miss Himmel said in a stone ax voice. "Come up here this instant."

Pinky waddled down the aisle and halted before the teacher's desk. "Yassum, Miz Himmel."

"Go to the corner and put the dunce cap on," she said sternly. "You'll stand there a whole hour."

"Yassum." Pinky went to the corner, donned the embarrassing pointed paper hat and kept his eyes to the wall. The kids snickered and whispered and pointed.

"The class will now come to the board and do their sums," said Miss Himmel. "Girls, see if you can keep your lead over the boys today."

The children lined up at the board and a chalky scratching was heard for several minutes. Then a girl screamed and screamed again. She went leaping around the room as other

girls joined in the screaming. Several of them climbed on their desks, still screaming. One fell on a banana peel and lay moaning that the devil was after her.

"Children!" cried the shocked teacher. "What in the world is wrong with you?" Then she saw something small and wriggling. It was slithering directly toward her. She too screamed and tried to climb upon her swivel chair. It scooted from under her and she fell with a crash.

The little snake wriggled close to her and raised its tiny head, small tongue darting in and out. The teacher let out one gasp and fell back in a dead faint.

When one of the boys caught the snake and a semblance of order was restored, the girls got Miss Himmel out of her coma by dousing her with water. She was not only frightened, she was angry.

"Who brought that snake to school?" she thundered. "Tell me this minute, or you'll all stay after school—till someone talks!"

No one answered. Then:

"It got loose, Miz Himmel," said a small voice from the corner. "I had it in my shirt pocket."

"You!" yelled the irate teacher. "You—You!" She was out of words. "You'll stay after school, young man!"

Pinky answered, "You told me that before, Miz Himmel."

The visiting ladies came just before the recess, and Miss Himmel let them out early so as to have some time with the women. Miss Himmel took them on a tour of the school, showing them the various rooms. When they returned, they found the children already seated since the bell had rung.

"A very well mannered class, Miss Himmel," said one of the women, a prim old person with spectacles on the top of her reddish nose. "Very well mannered."

Miss Himmel beamed. "I try to keep my

ALL HUMOR COMICS

children well in hand," said she proudly. "They respect me. Oh, yes, we get along fine."

Just at that time the overturned wastebasket beside Miss Himmel's desk moved a few inches. A few of the students' eyes centered on it. It moved again, just an inch. The eyes got wider. Here was mystery!

"Children," said Miss Himmel softly, "what are you staring at? Please concentrate on your lessons."

She turned back and was talking with the other women when the basket literally jumped off the floor, then settled back, to move a few inches stealthily. Miss Himmel saw it at the same time as did the other women. One of them screamed. Miss Himmel, looking daggers at Pinky, arose and leaned over to clap a hand on the basket. Just as she pounced, it jumped away. Himmel's hand came down. She fell, knocking the ink well off the desk. Ink spattered over the visitors.

The wastebasket scooted away, did a few fast turns in the middle of the floor, while the kids whooped and yelled.

Miss Himmel gathered herself up and stared with iron gaze around the room. The children grew quiet. Then she tiptoed softly toward the basket. Just as she was reaching for it, it moved away. She ran after it. It speeded up. Around the room went the basket, Miss Himmel leaping in its wake. It stopped suddenly, and Himmel keeled over it. The basket collapsed, but from the wreckage bounded a little armadillo.

It ran through the cloak room and out into the main hall. Miss Printz, the principal, was going toward her office when the rounded creature leaped into view. She let out a cry and fainted.

Back in the room, Miss Himmel was gathering herself up and trying to quiet the visitors, who were agog with the crazy goings-on.

"The idea, Miss Himmel," said one of them sternly. "And we thought your children were well behaved. Indeed!"

Miss Himmel was wringing her hands and trying to explain. It did little good, so she turned toward Pinky. Green who sat with his head lowered over his book. Ominously Miss Himmel started for his desk.

"Pinky," she said, her voice quavering, "did you bring that awful armadillo to school?"

Pinky nodded slowly. "I thought he'd stay under the waste basket. He—he likes to play."

"Hmm." Miss Himmel stood with hands on her hips. "What are you doing on your copy paper?" she cried. "You're drawing animals instead of working your English lesson. I'll take your ruler to you!"

She grabbed up the desk top to get the ruler, but her hand never touched it. Out of Pinky's desk leaped a score of white rats. Two of them clung to Miss Himmel's dress front as she cut loose with scream after scream.

One of the rats made for a visitor and managed to leap into her lap. She screeched and fell over in a faint. The principal came running into the room in time to see three white rats coming at her with all haste. She turned with a wild cry and vanished into the hall. Pandemonium reigned.

It was twenty-two years later. Pinky had dropped his nickname. Now he went by John Alden Green, and had several initials after his name. He came to the little school and looked up Miss Himmel.

"Mr. Breen!" she cried. "The great naturalist! I'm so glad you've come."

Miss Himmel was an old lady now. She smiled as she accepted the box of candy from Pinky. They sat down for a chat. Remember when? And so it went for an hour or two. Remember when.

"Oh, you were a caution, Pin—Mr. Green," said Miss Himmel.

"Call me Pinky, Miz Himmel," said Pinky. "It seems more like old times. And it's very nice to see you. I often wonder what became of all the kids in my class."

Miss Himmel shook her head sadly. "Who knows, Pinky? It is a long time ago—but now I'll open my candy. So nice of you to remember—"

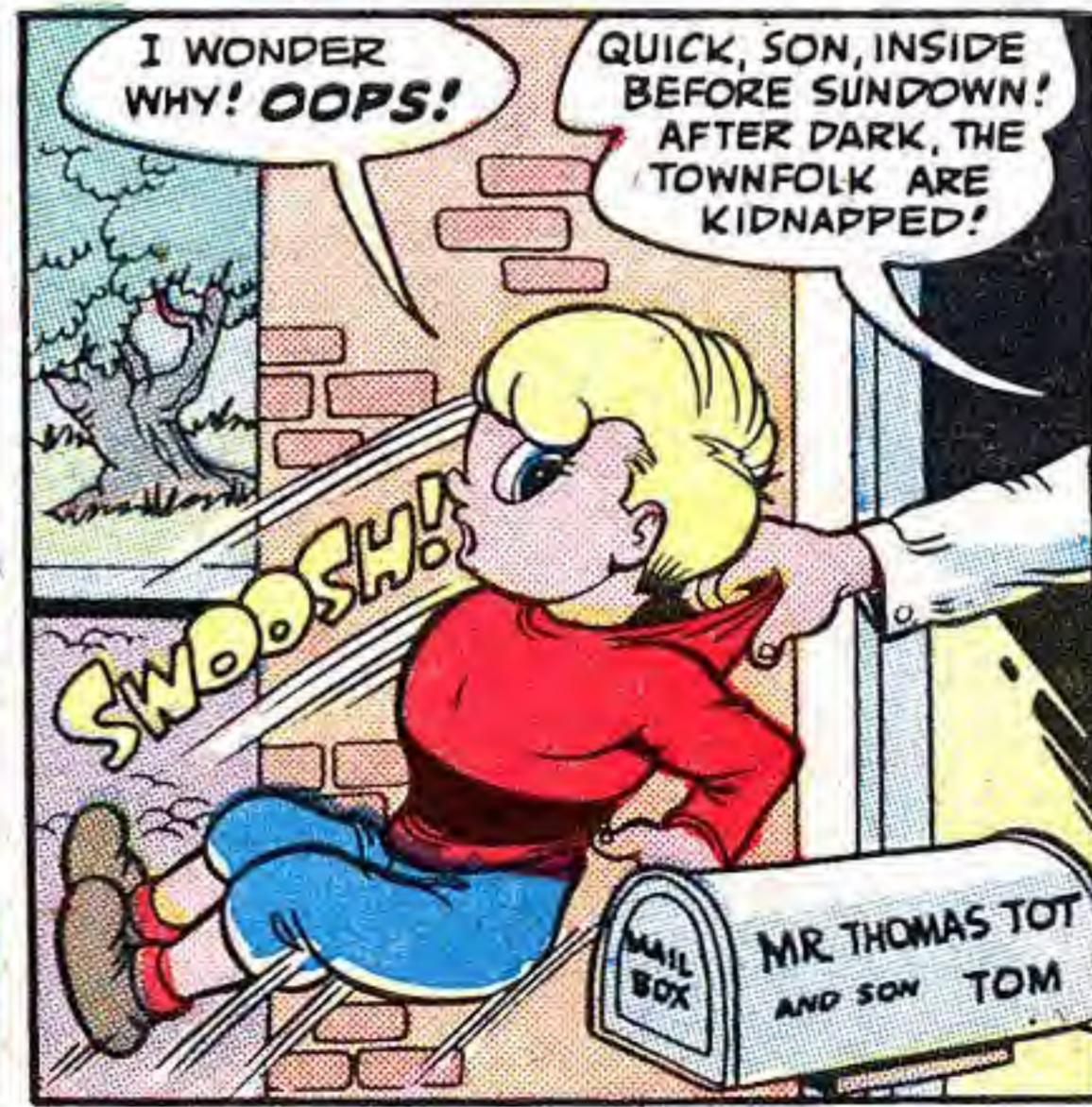
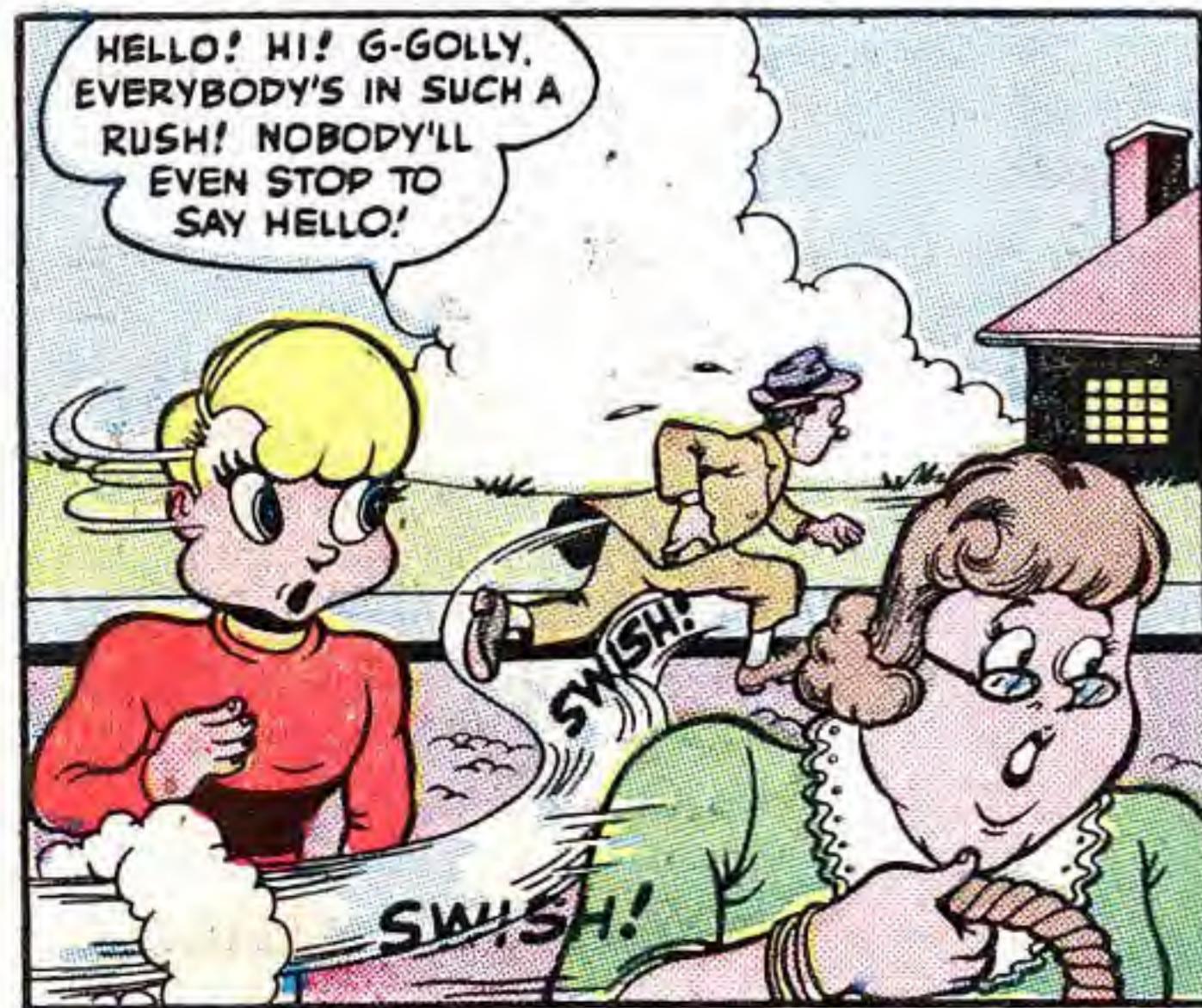
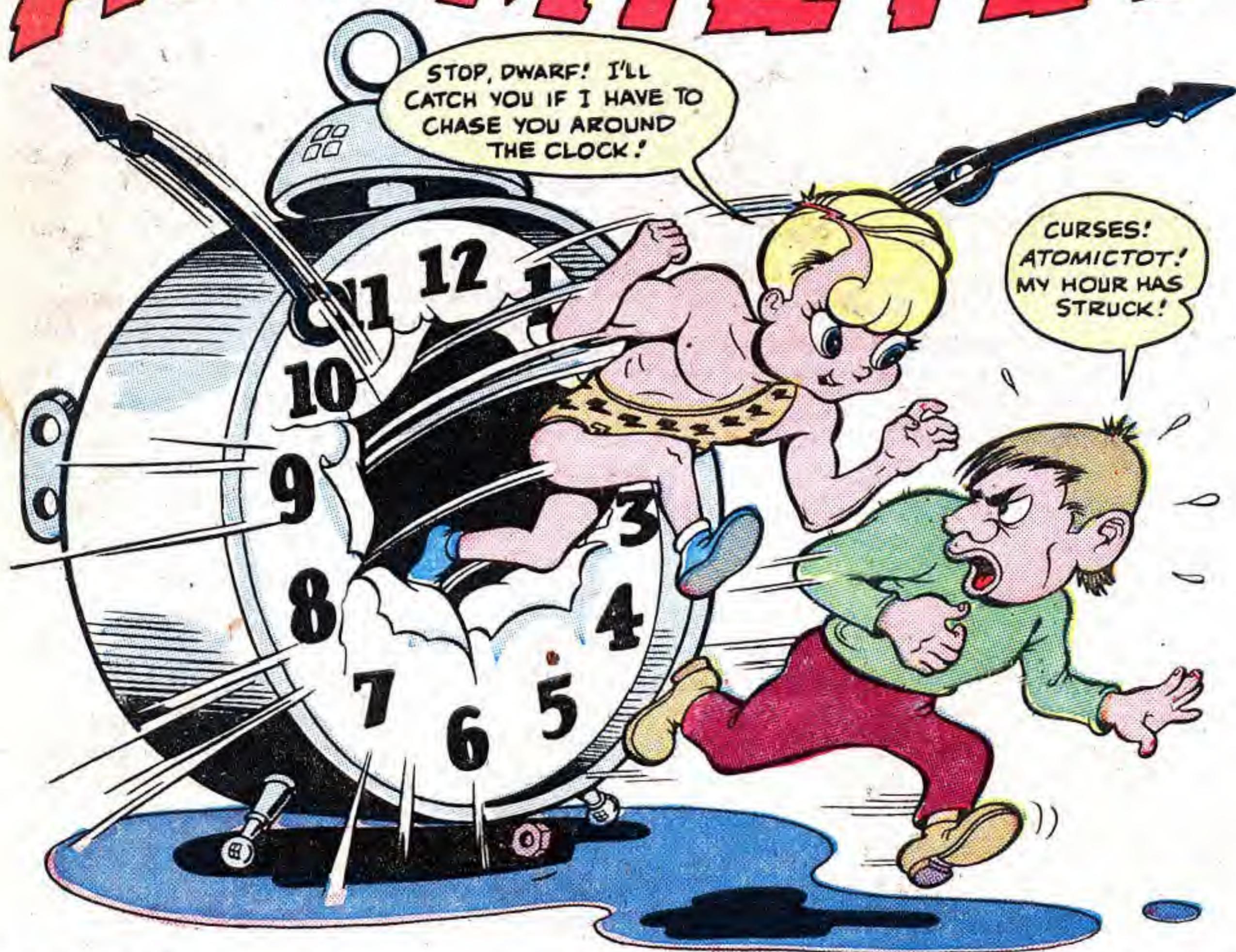
She got the wrapper off and lifted the lid. "Croak!" A great bull frog cut loose inside the box. Miss Himmel forced a little scream and dropped the box. The frog, dignity hurt, hopped away. Pinky roared with laughter.

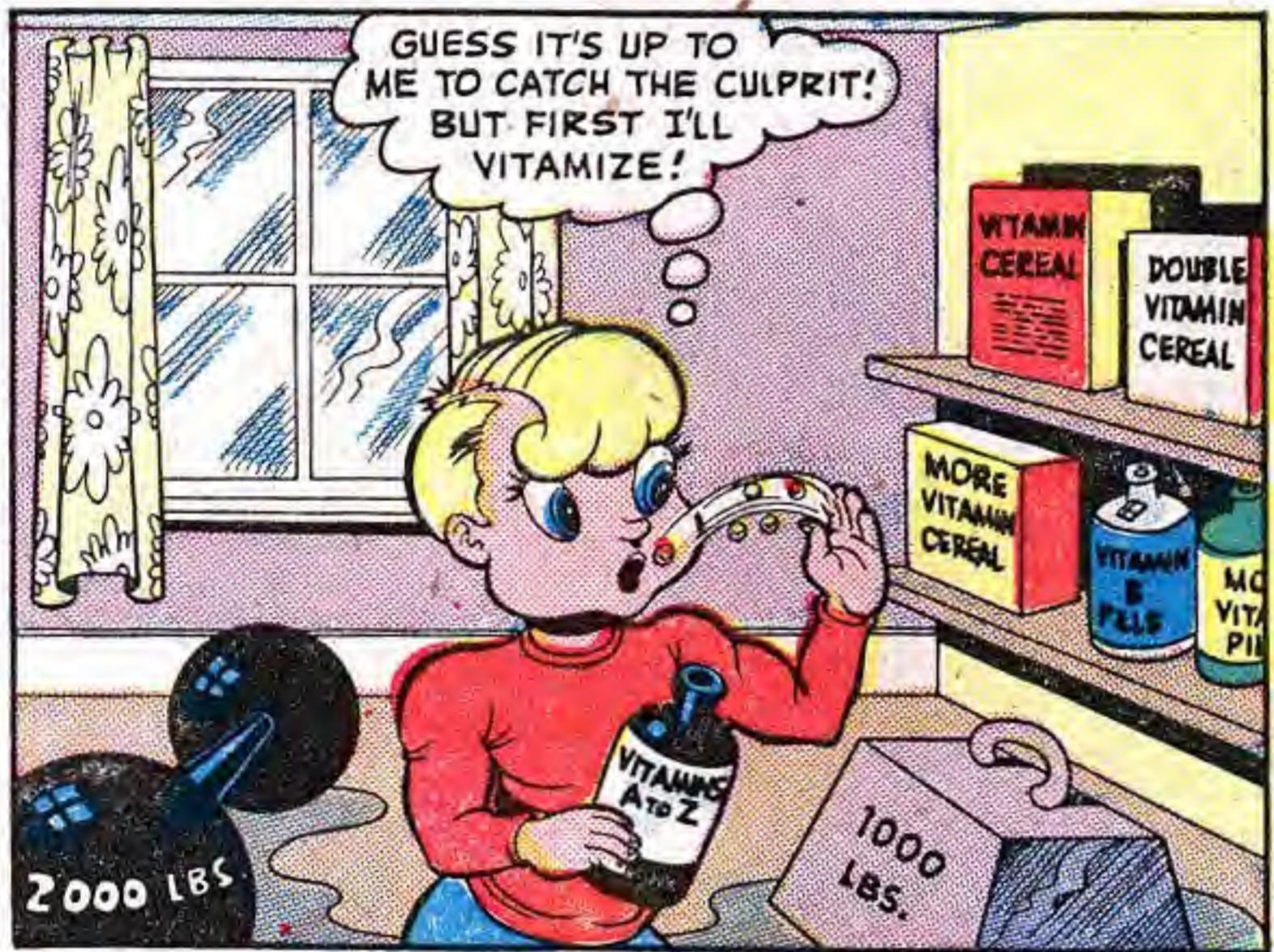
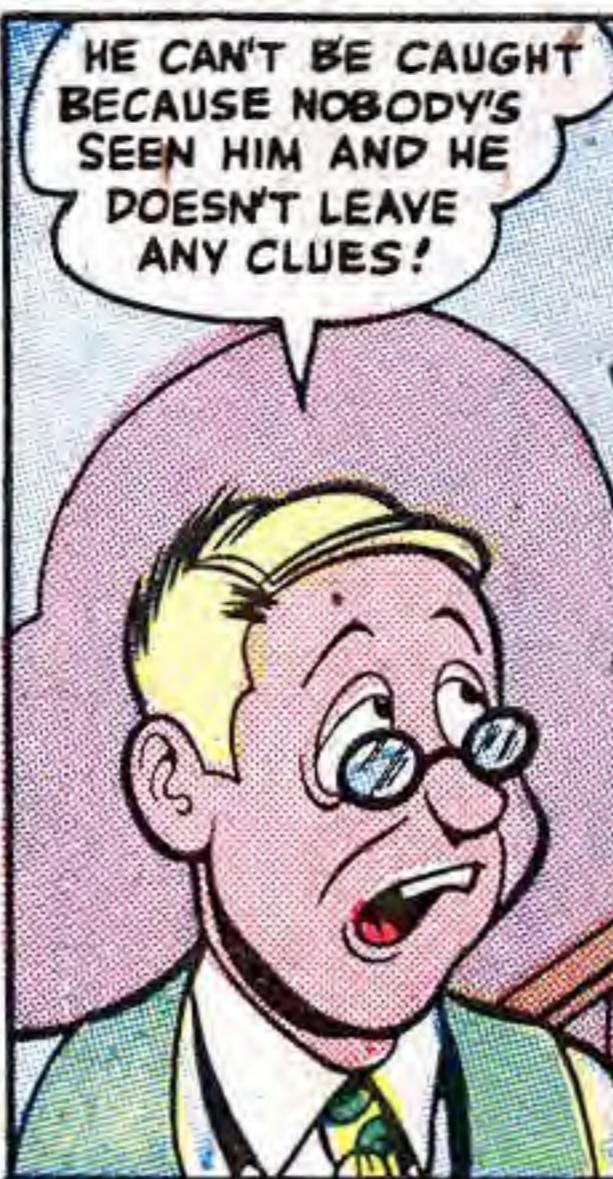
"Pinky!" cried Miss Himmel. "You haven't changed one bit. Shame! And me an old lady!"

Pinky grinned. "I'm an old man," he retorted.

ALL HUMOR COMICS

ATOMIC TOT





IT'LL DO YOU NO GOOD TO STRUGGLE AND SQUEAL! MY NET IS MADE OF STEEL!

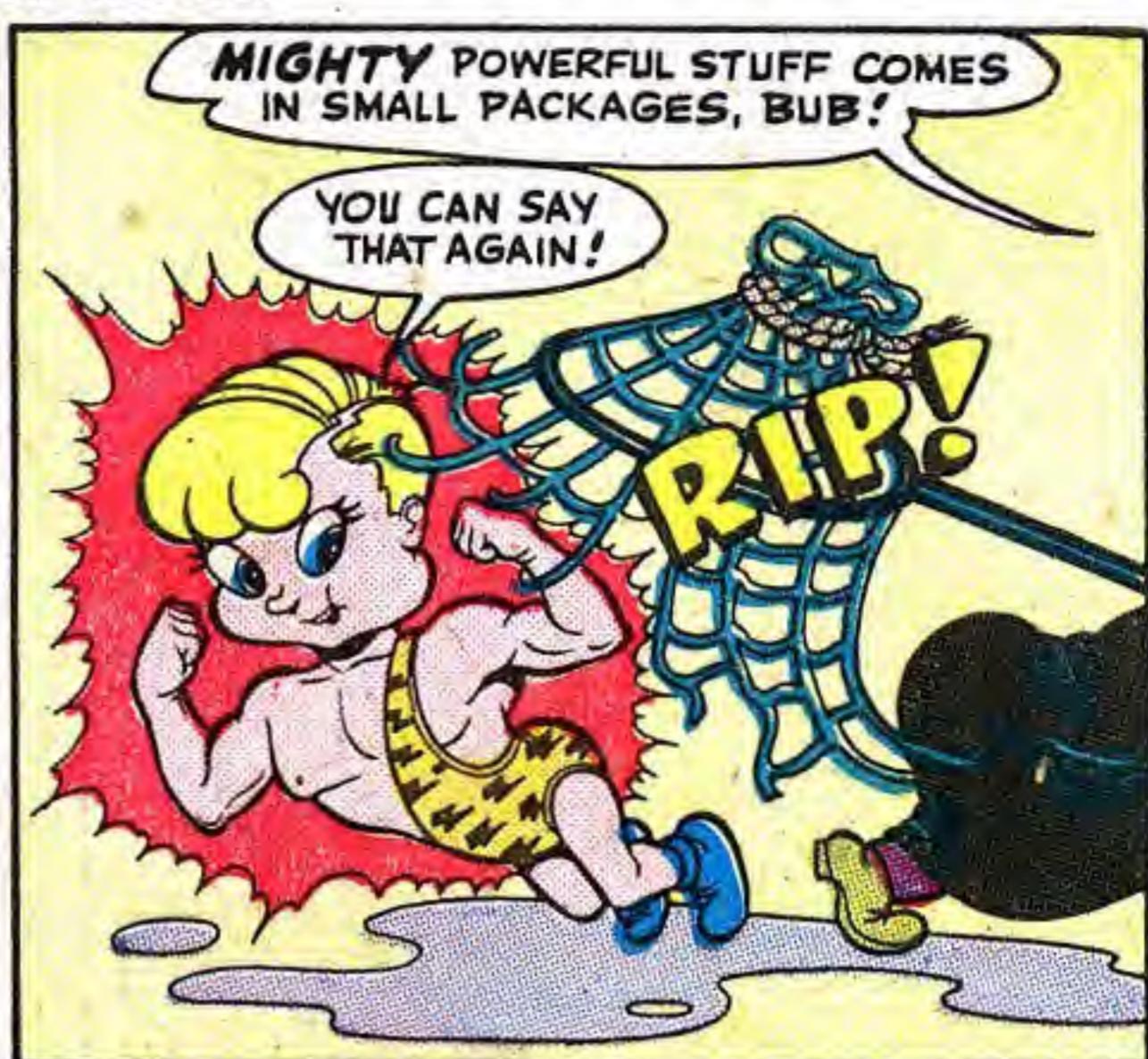
YOU'RE MIGHTY SMALL TO BE THE KIDNAPPER OF HALF THE FOLKS IN TOWN!



MIGHTY POWERFUL STUFF COMES IN SMALL PACKAGES, BUB!

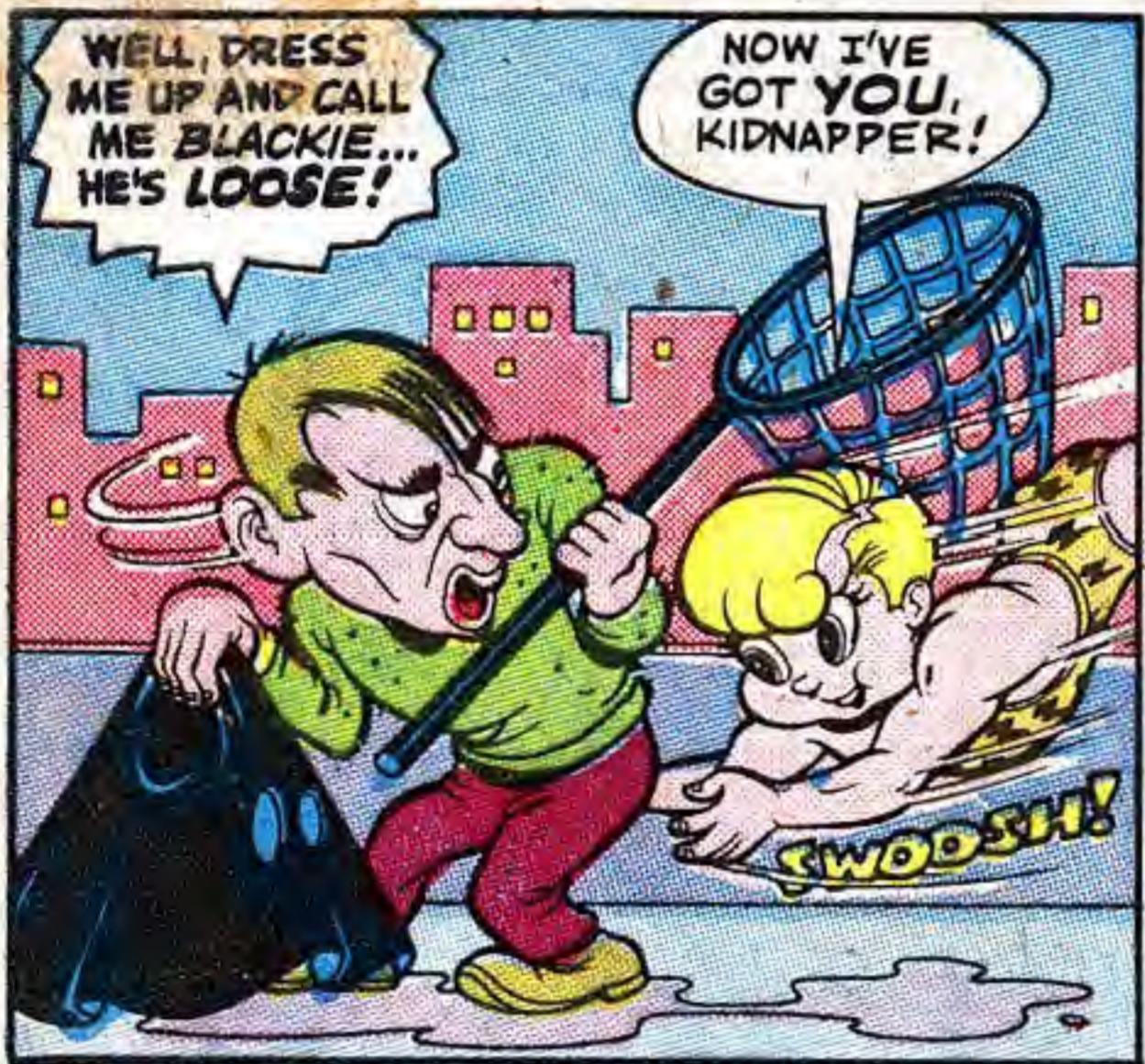
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

RIP!



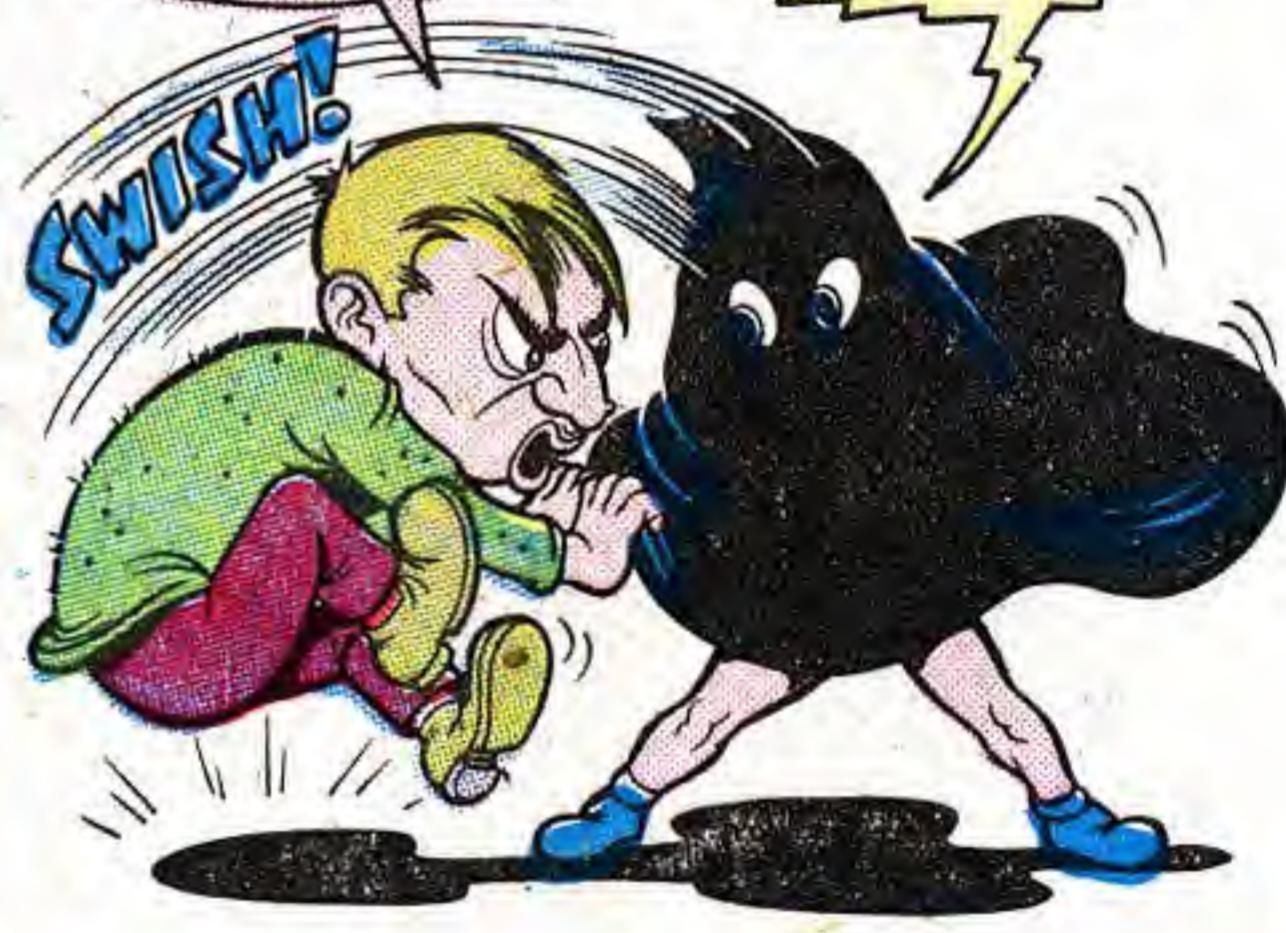
WELL, DRESS ME UP AND CALL ME BLACKIE... HE'S LOOSE!

NOW I'VE GOT YOU, KIDNAPPER!



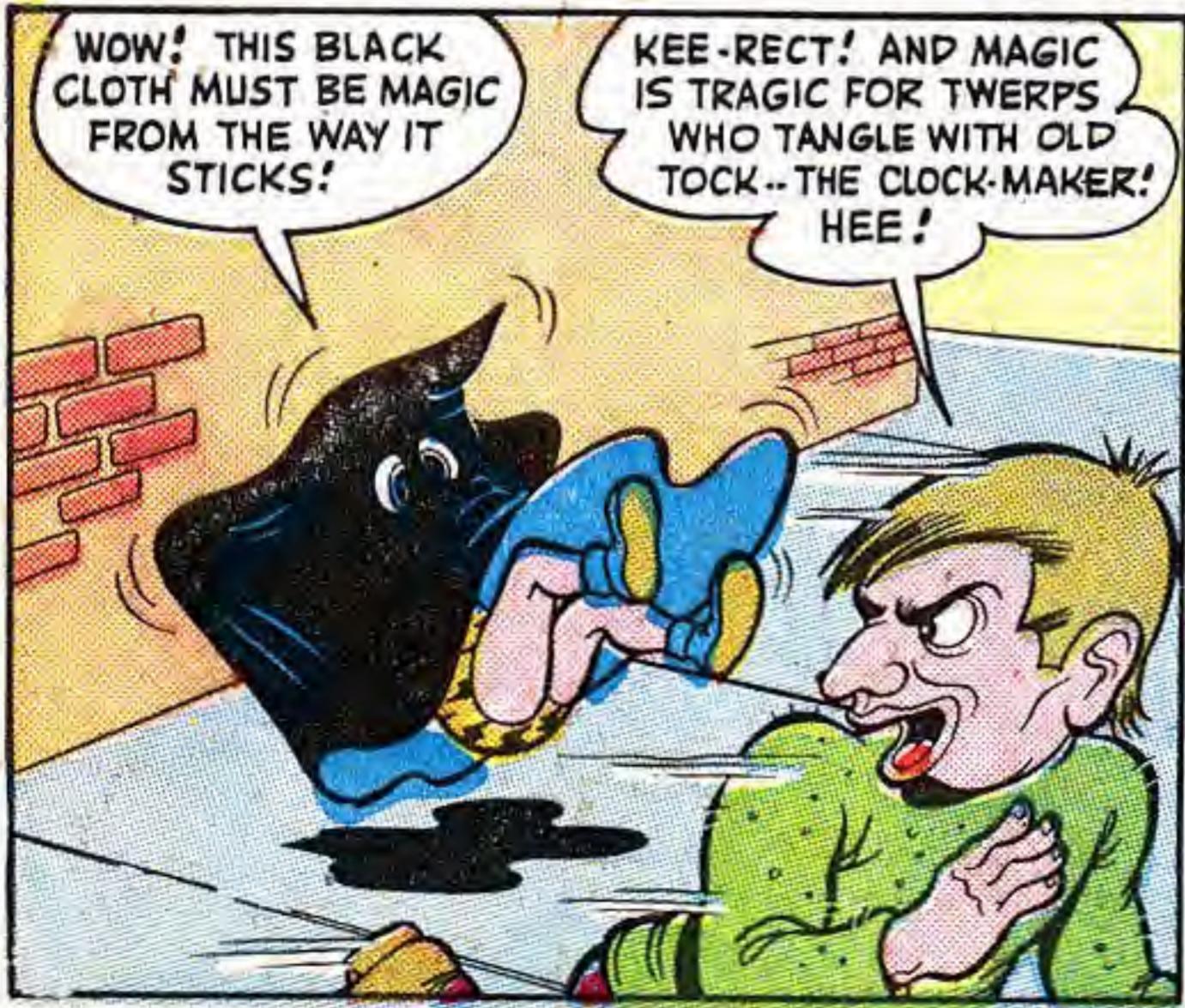
NOT YET! NOT YET! YOU'LL NOT CATCH ME, I BET!

OH, WON'T I... **AWK!**



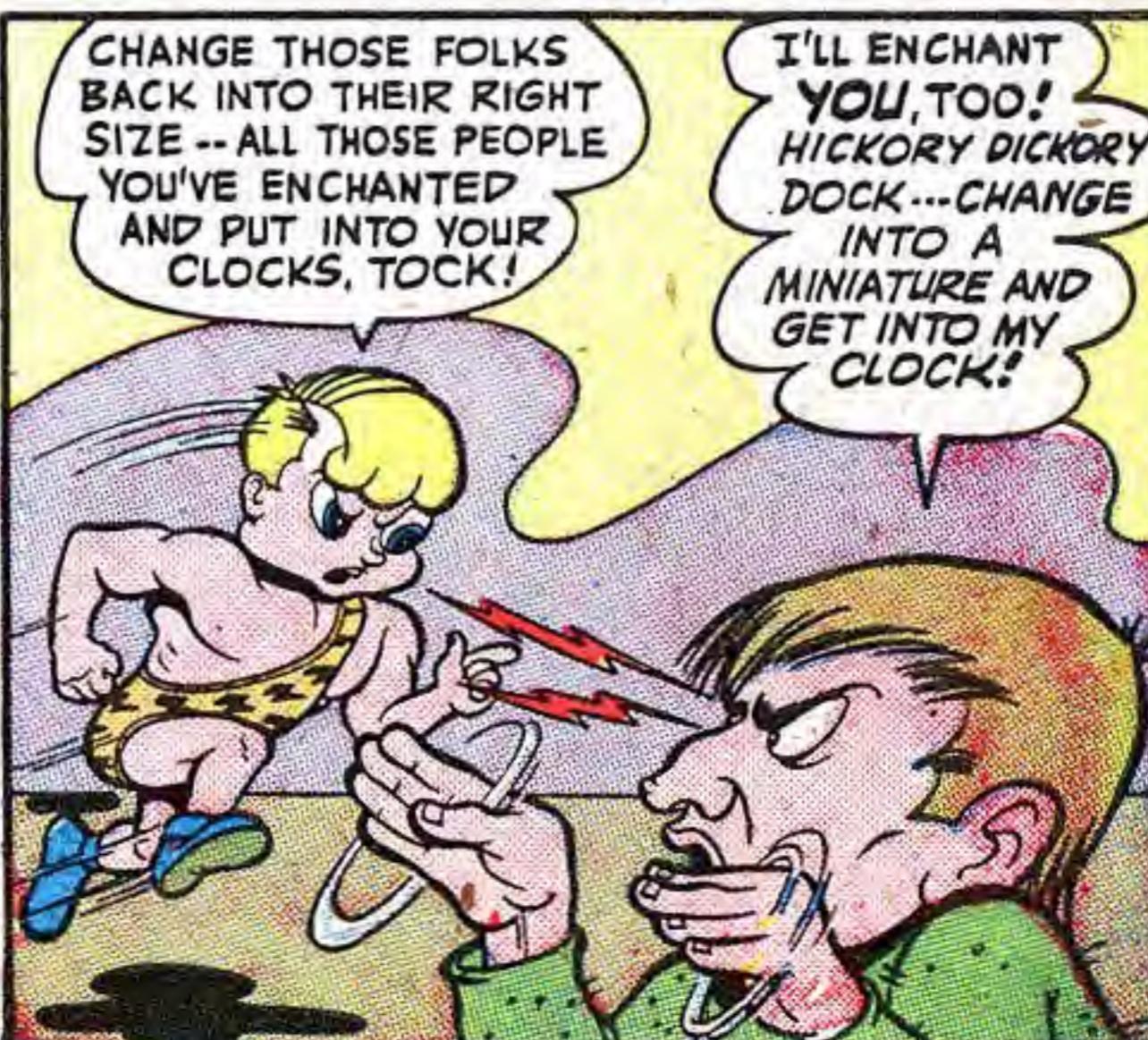
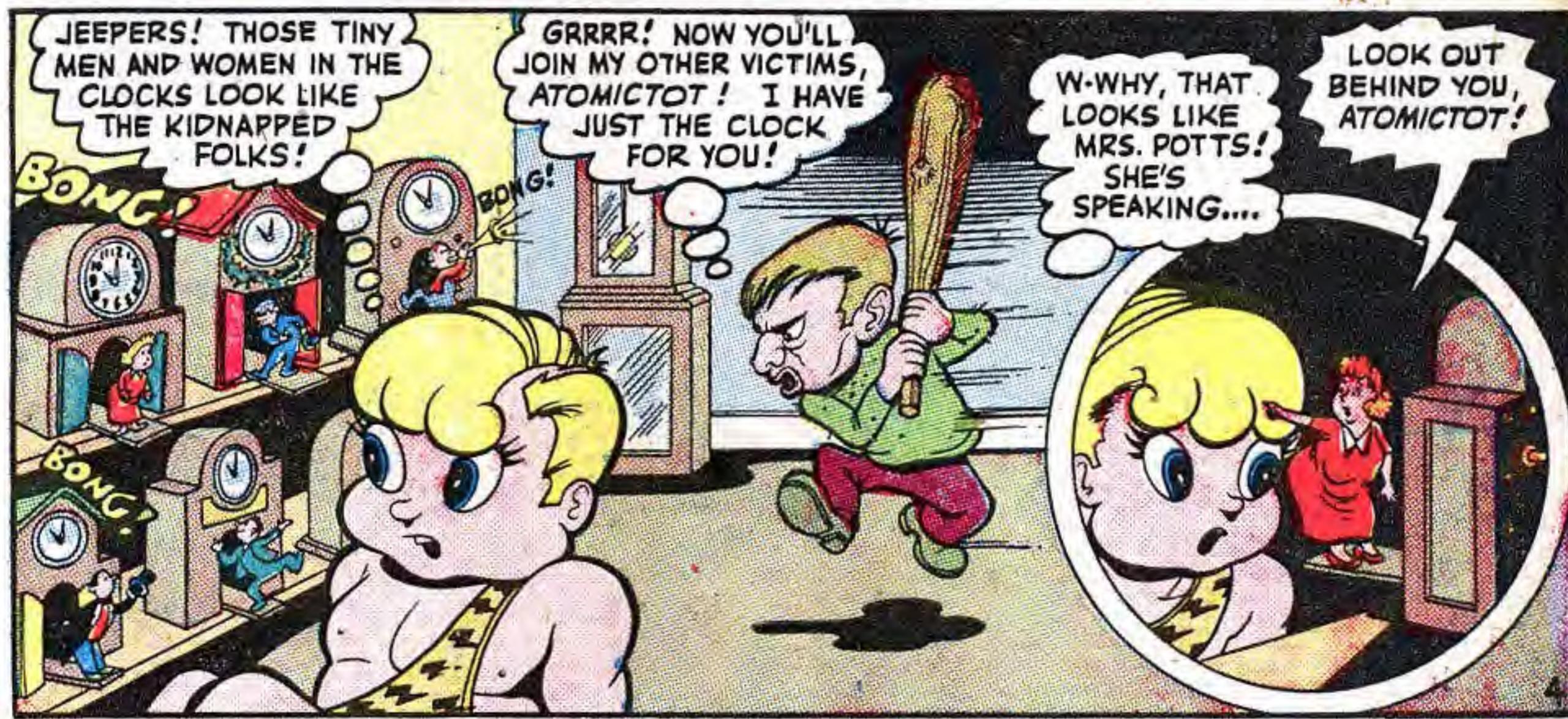
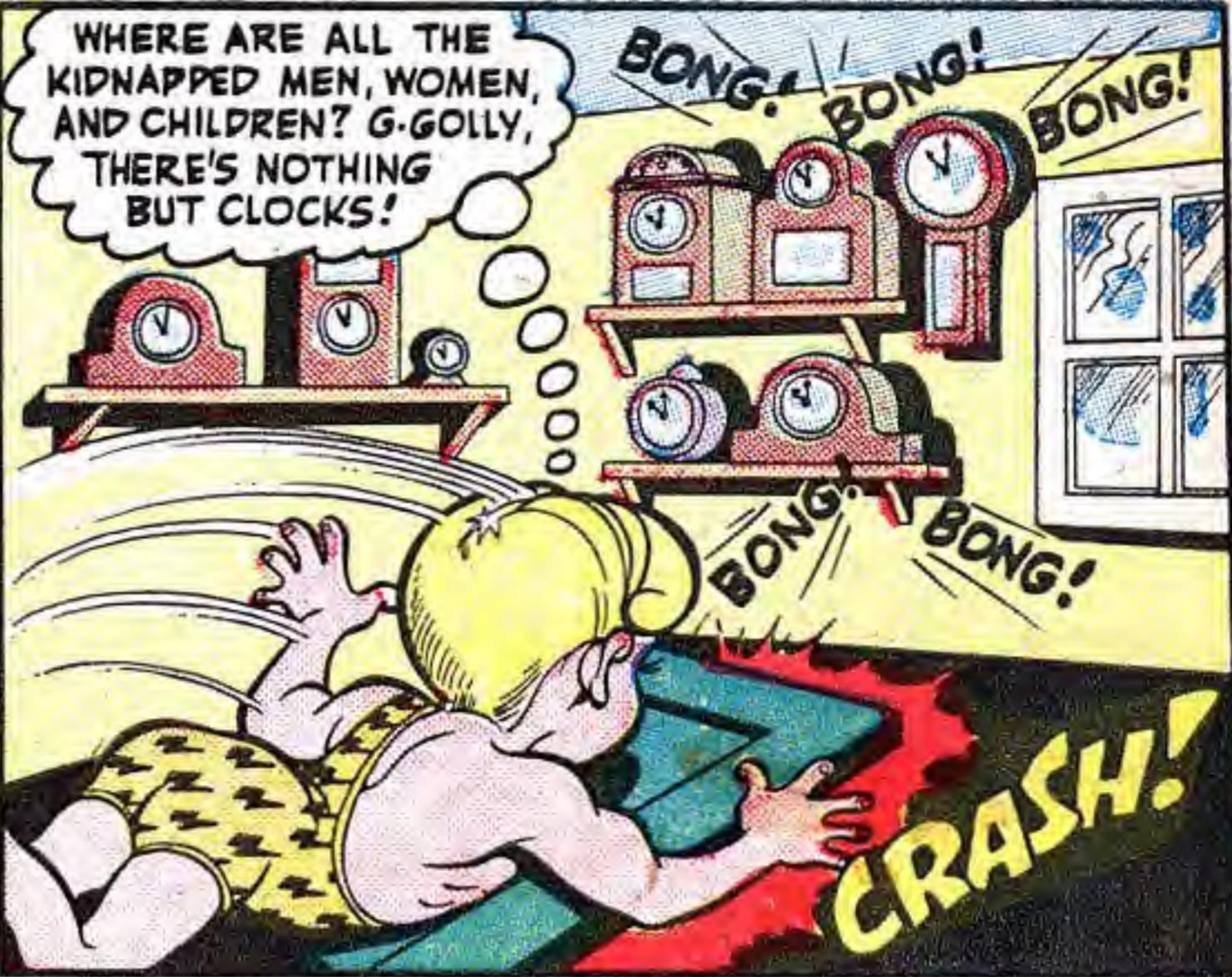
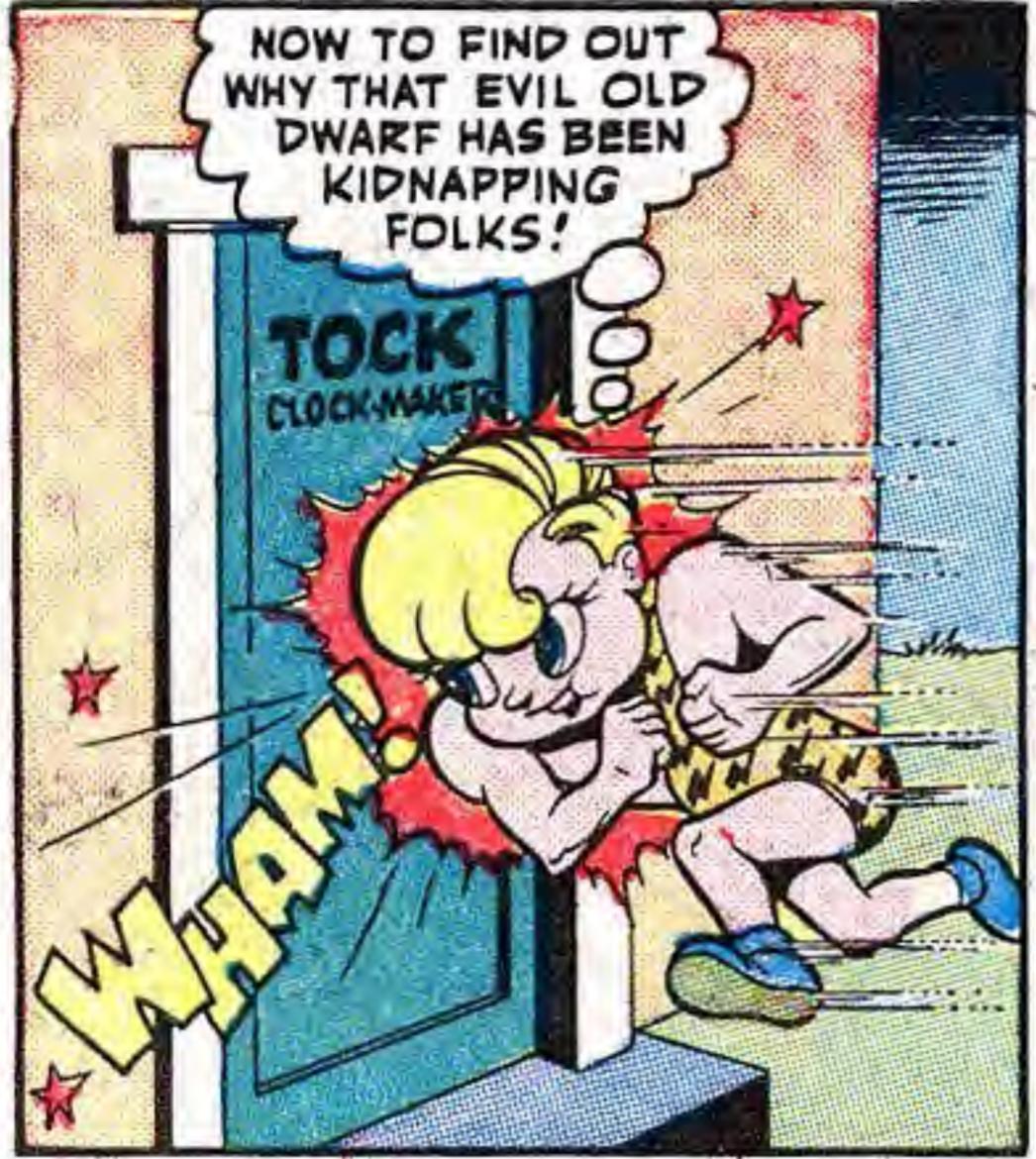
WOW! THIS BLACK CLOTH MUST BE MAGIC FROM THE WAY IT STICKS!

KEE-RECT! AND MAGIC IS TRAGIC FOR TWERPS WHO TANGLE WITH OLD TOCK--THE CLOCK-MAKER! HEE!

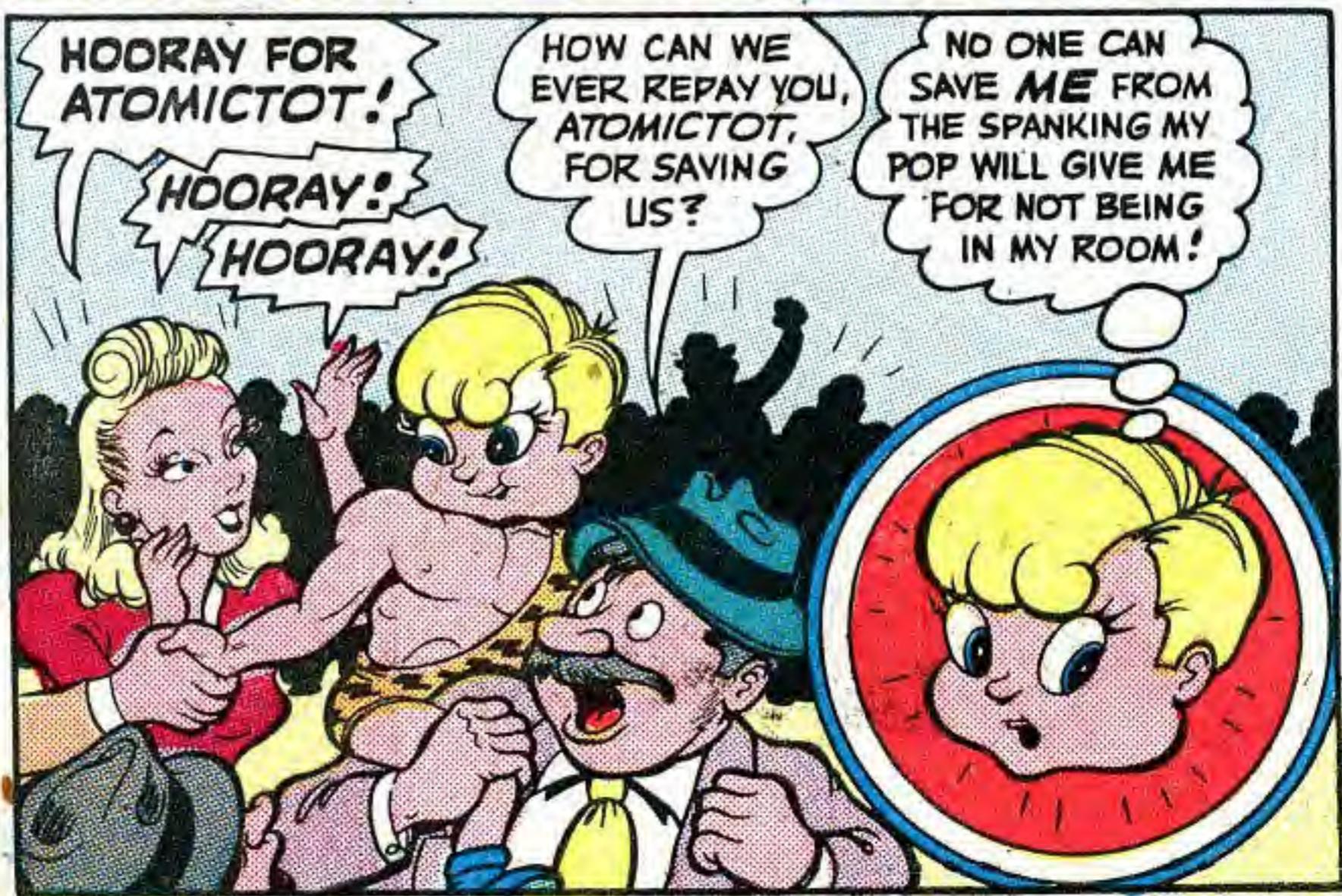
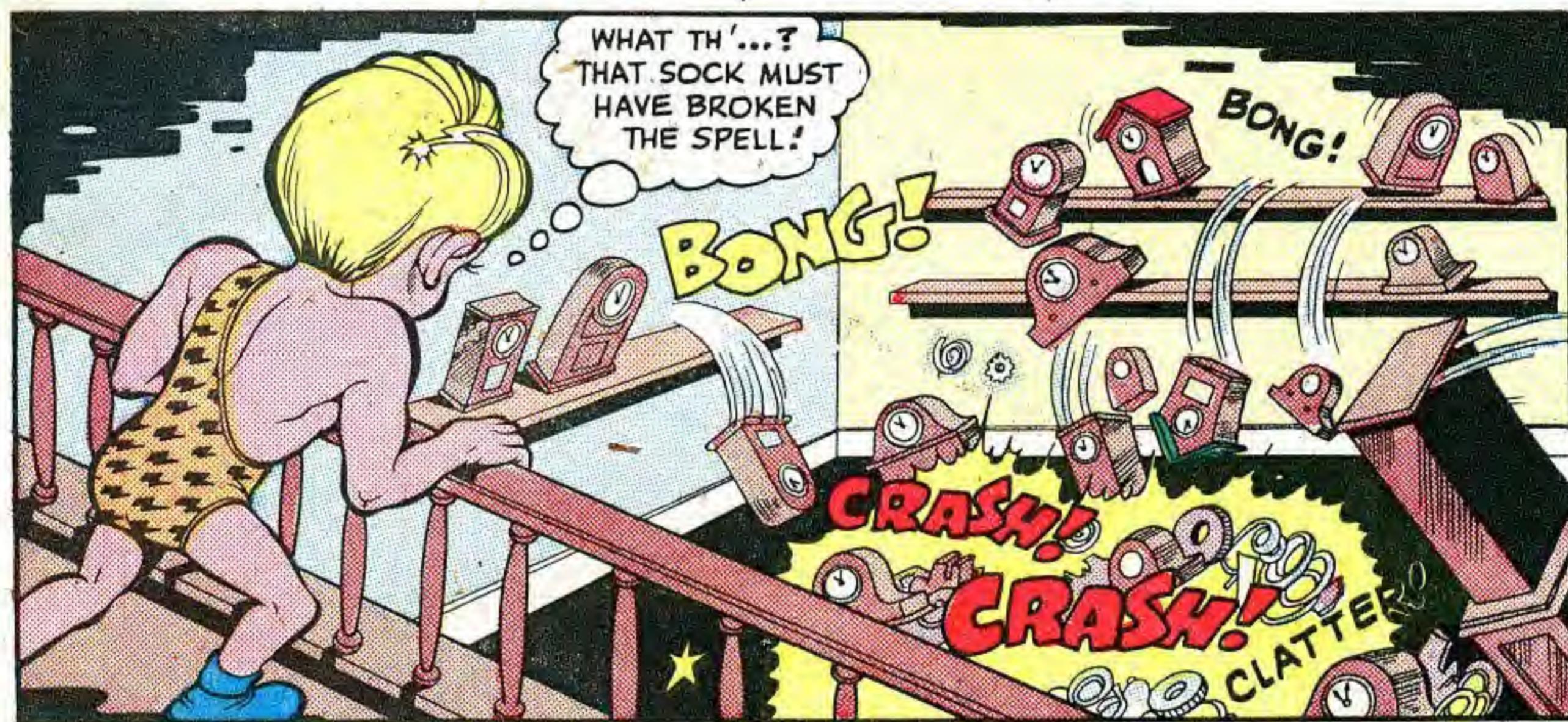
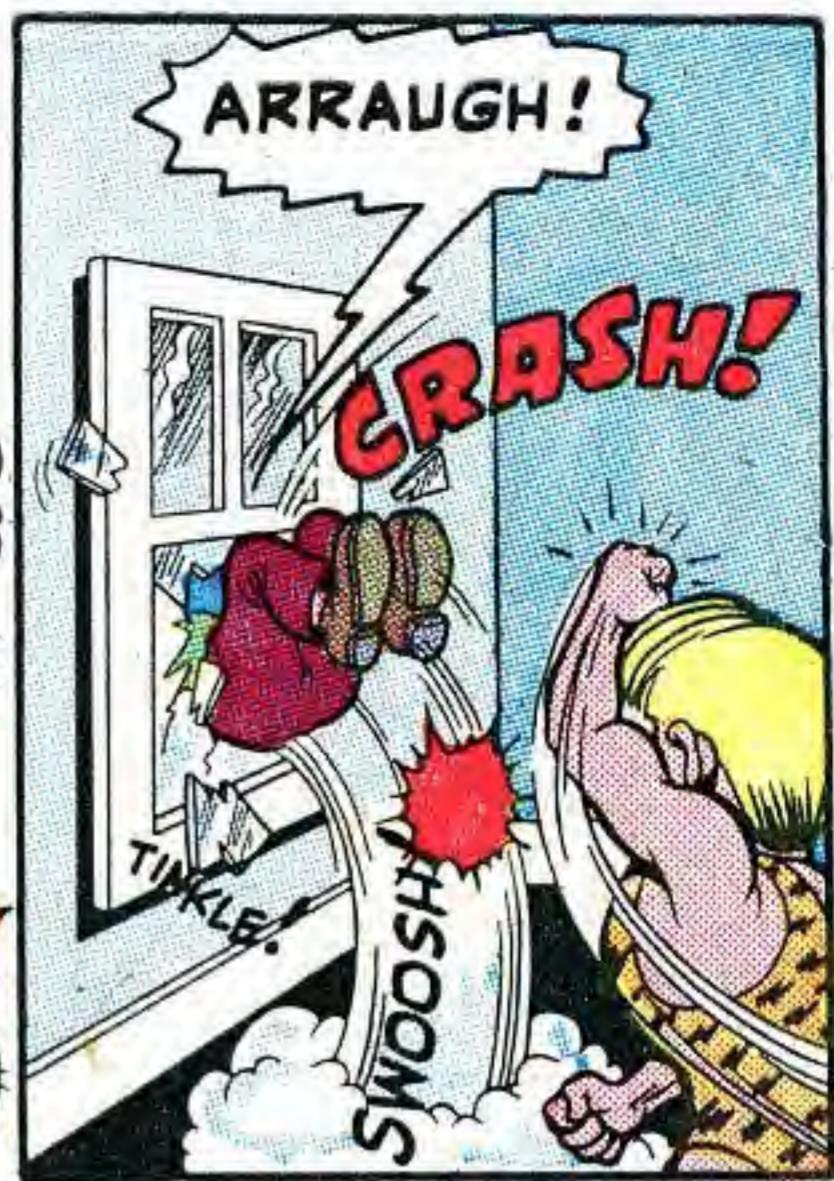


STOP TIC.... I MEAN, TOCK!

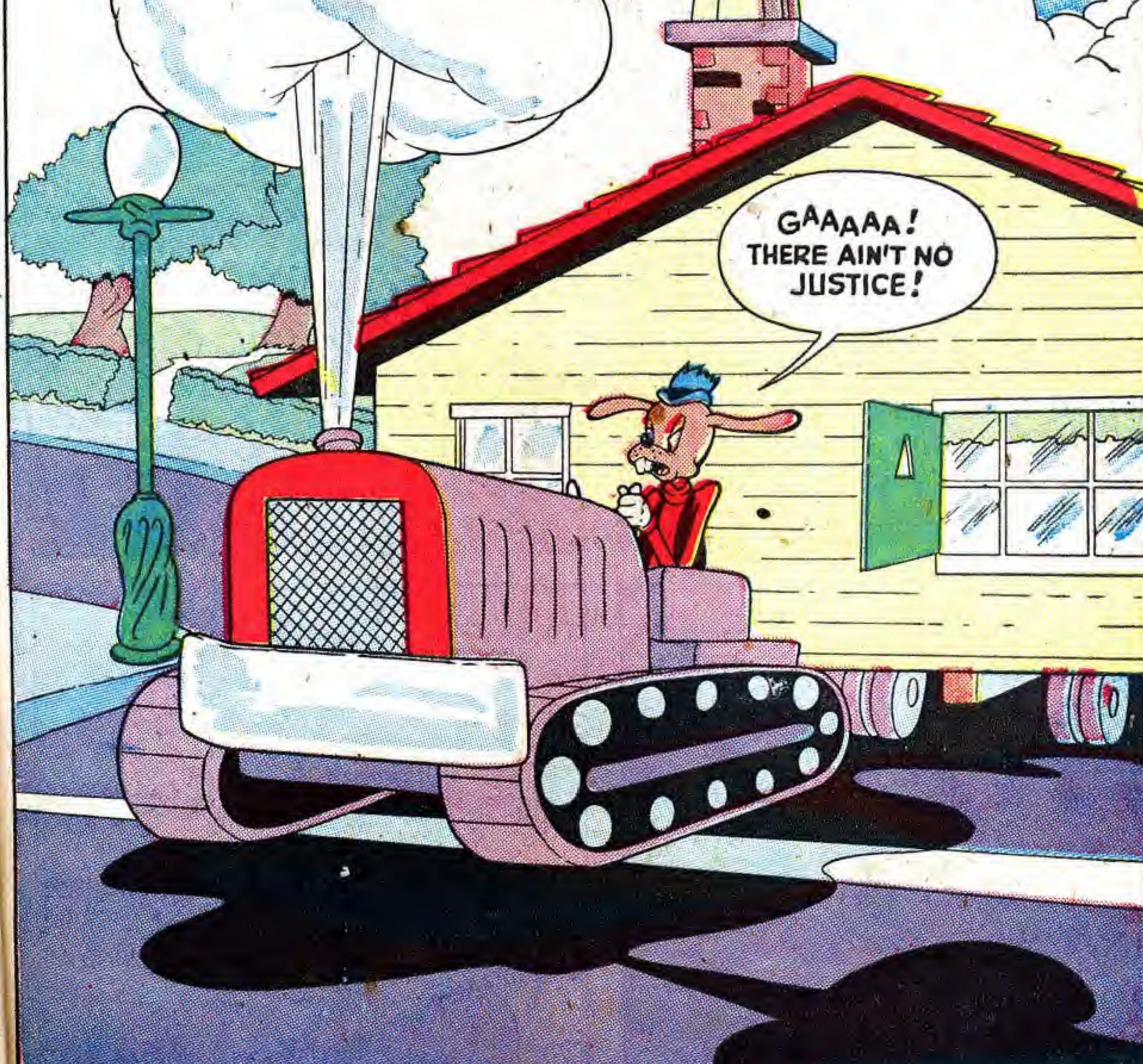




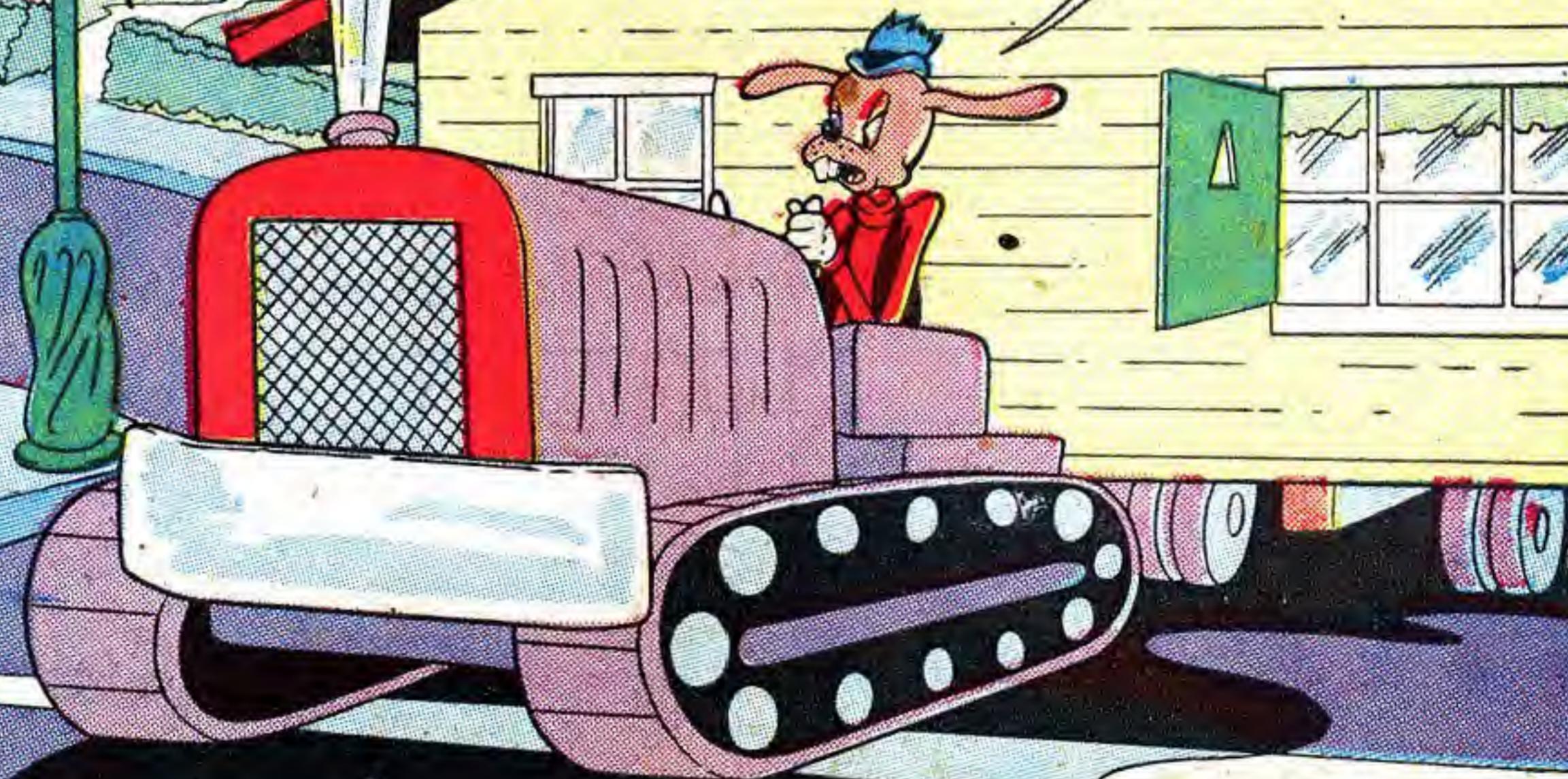
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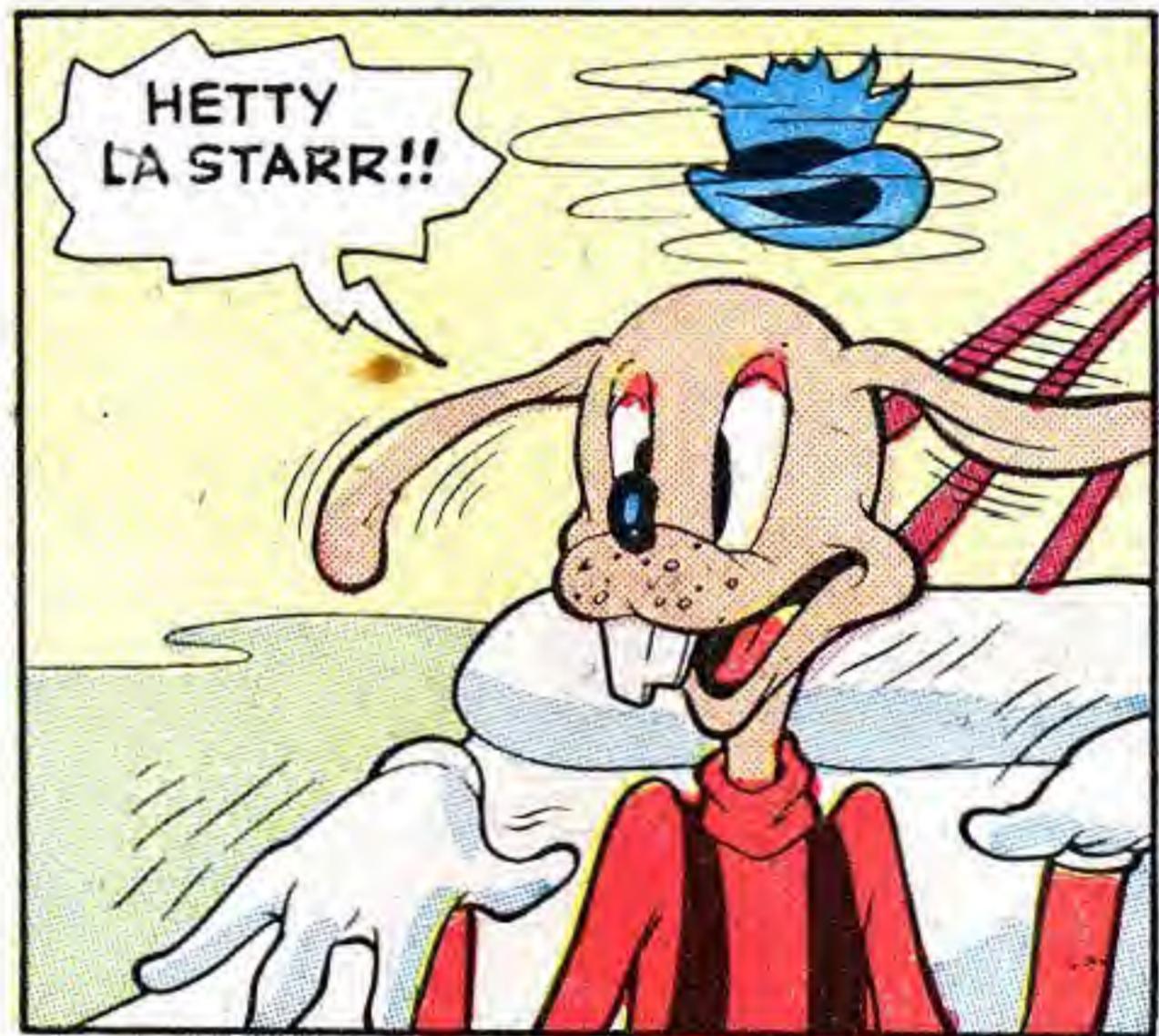
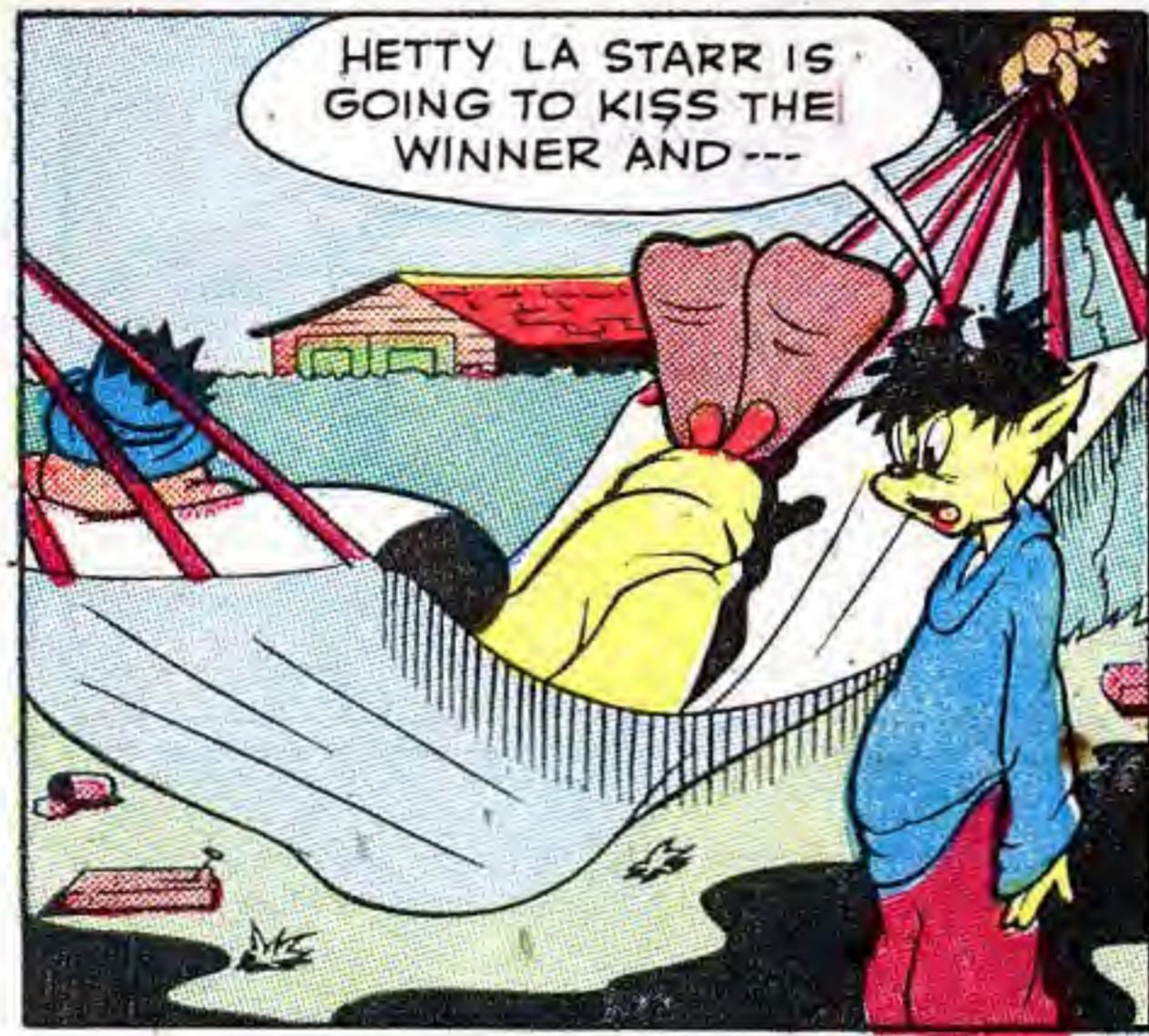
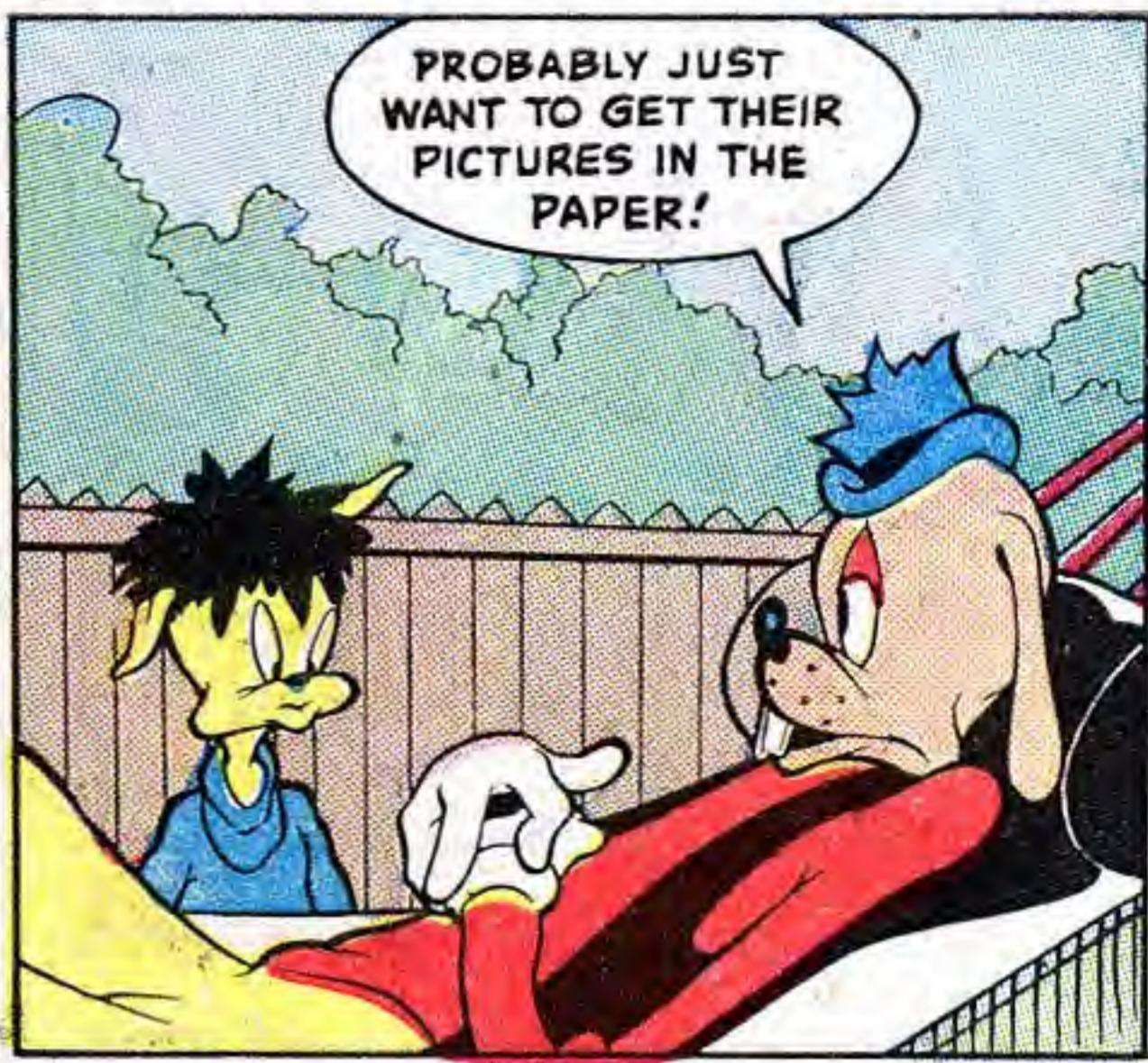
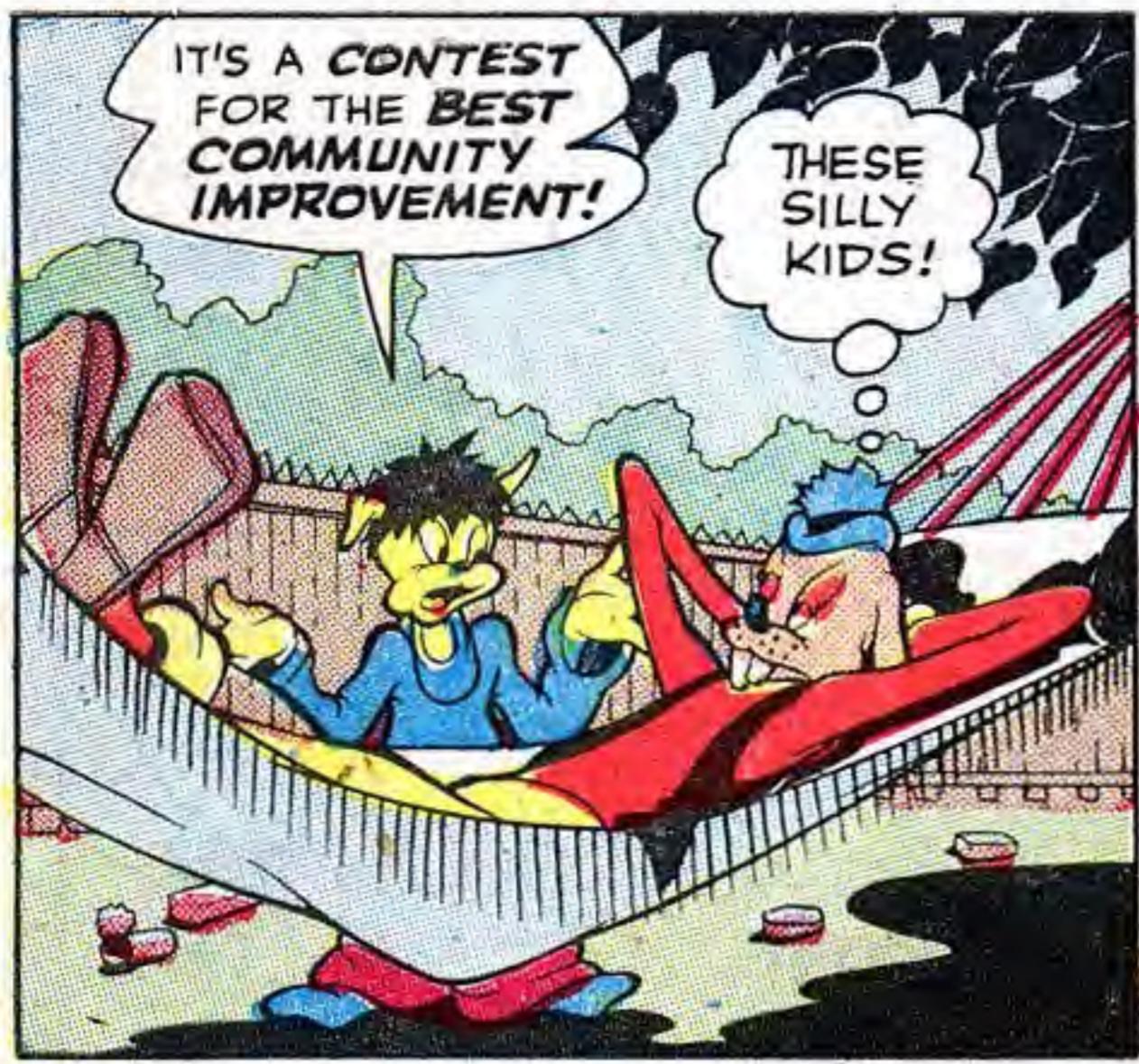


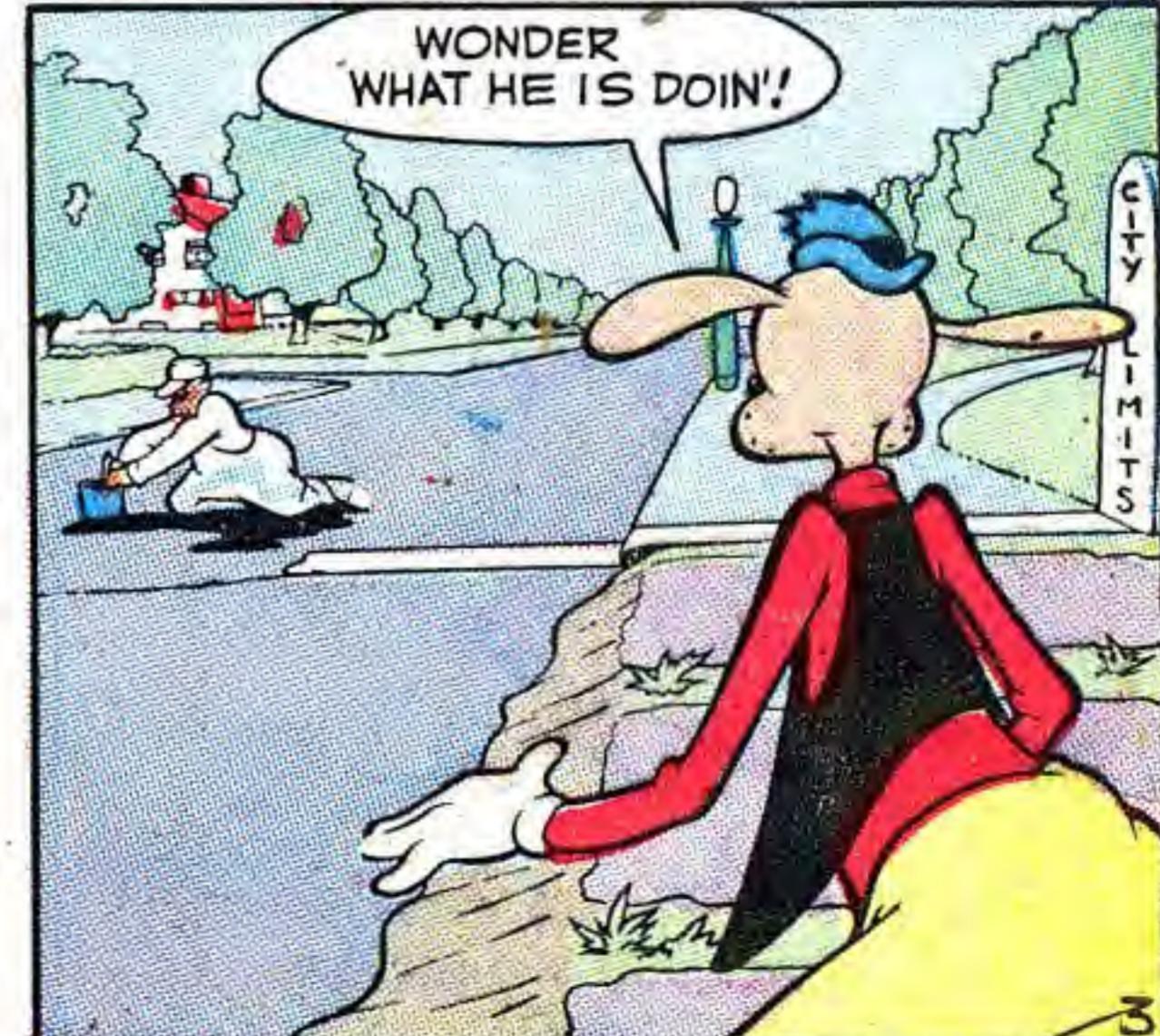
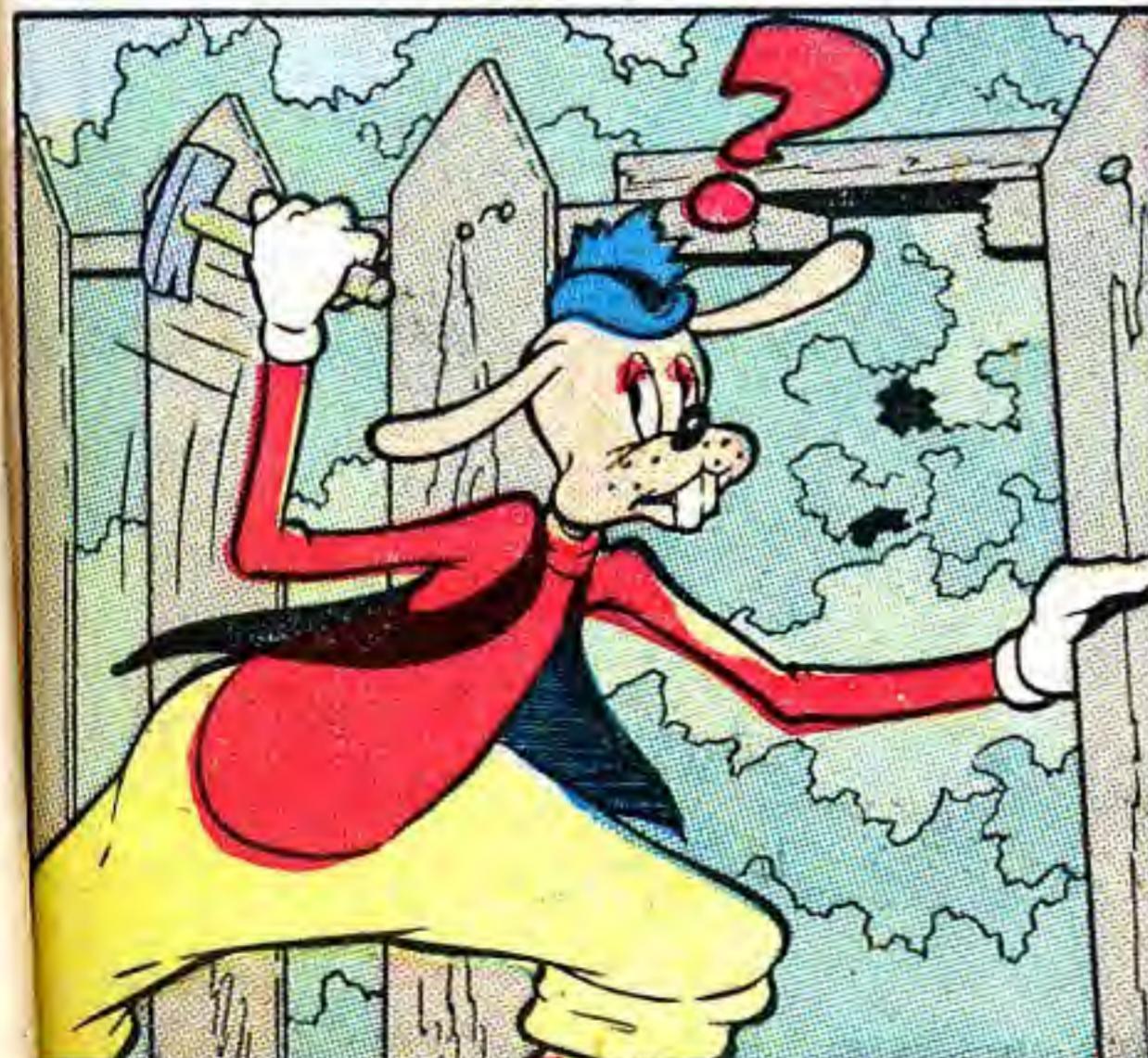
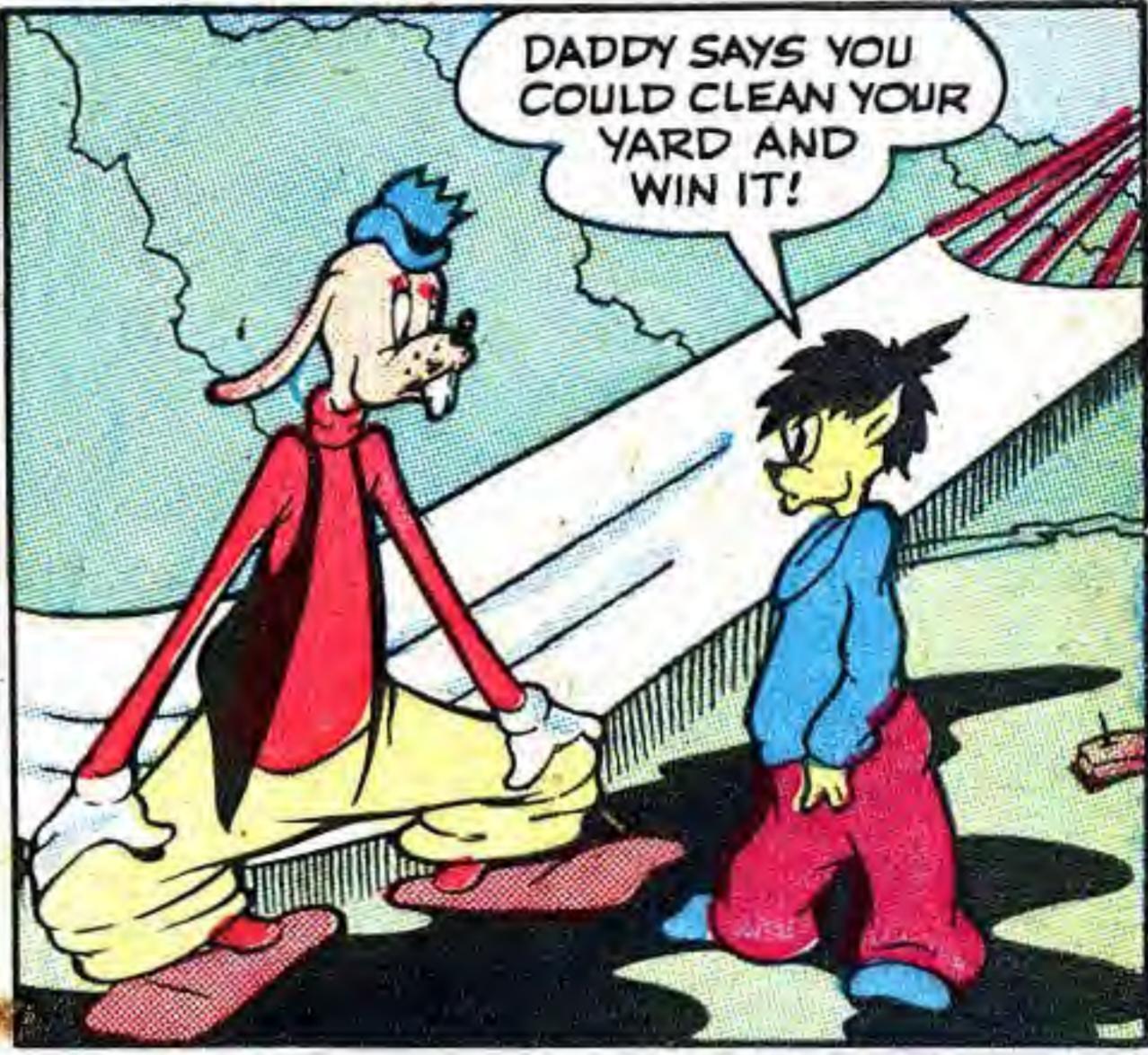
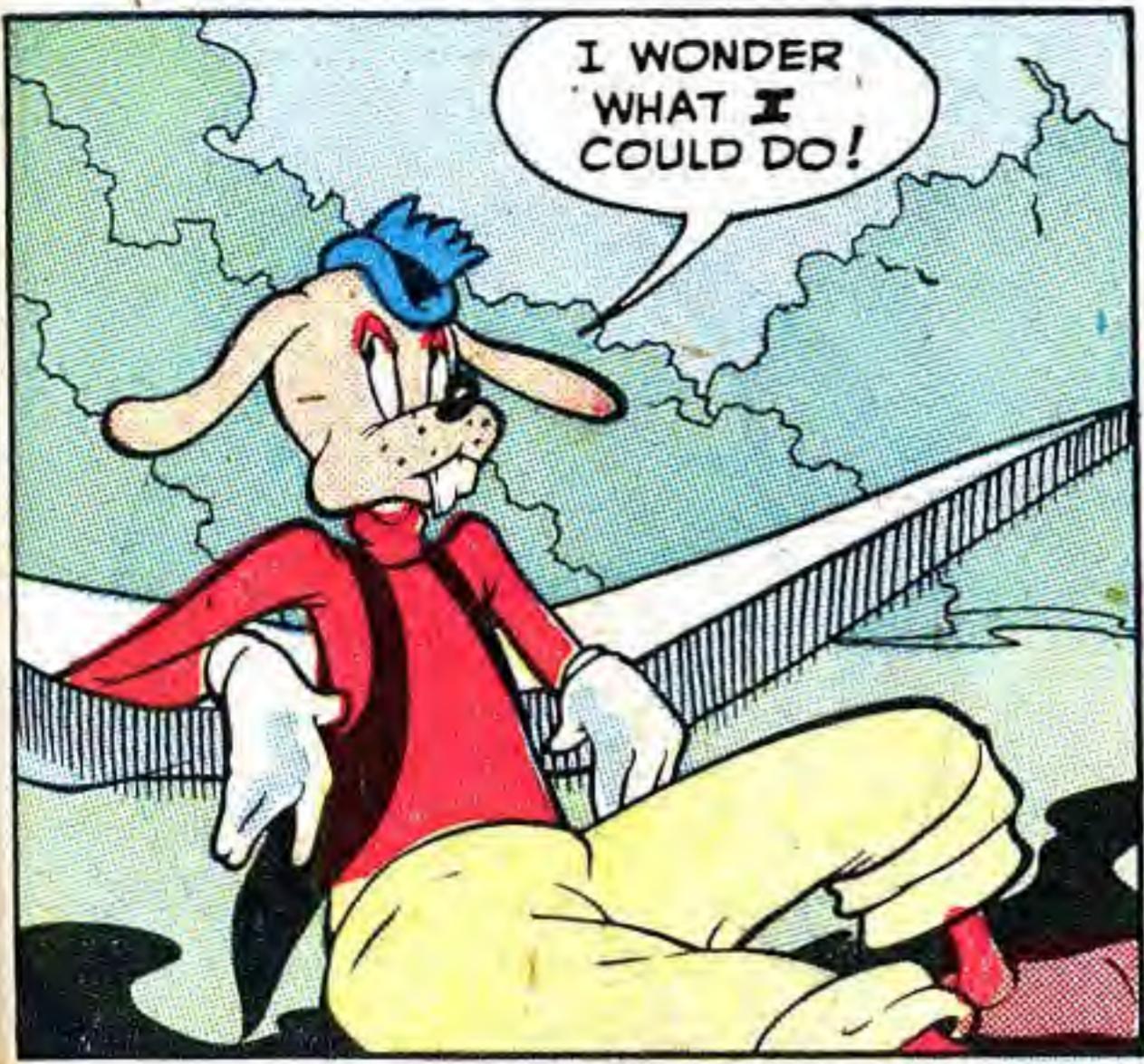
MICKEY the MOOCHER

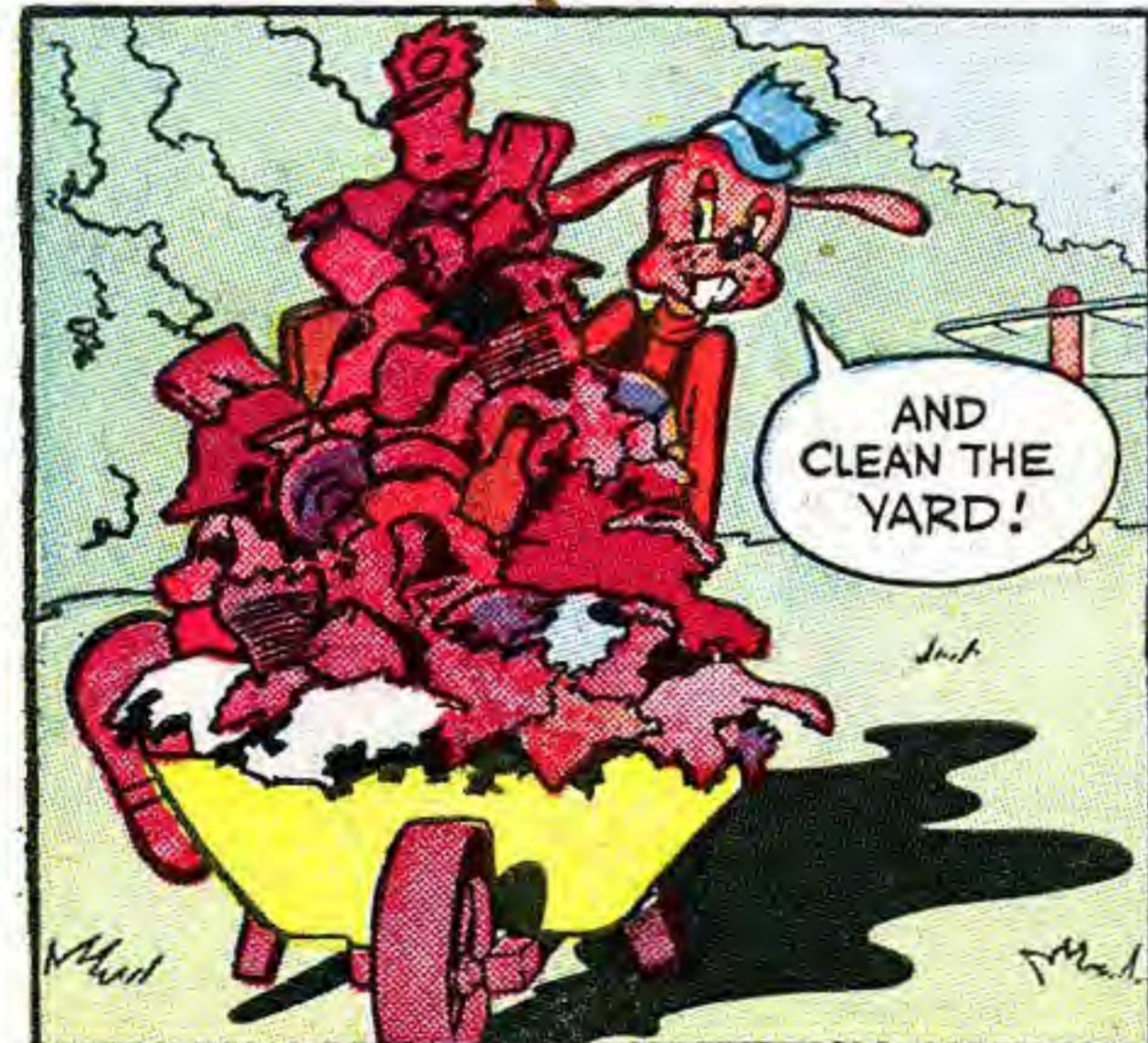


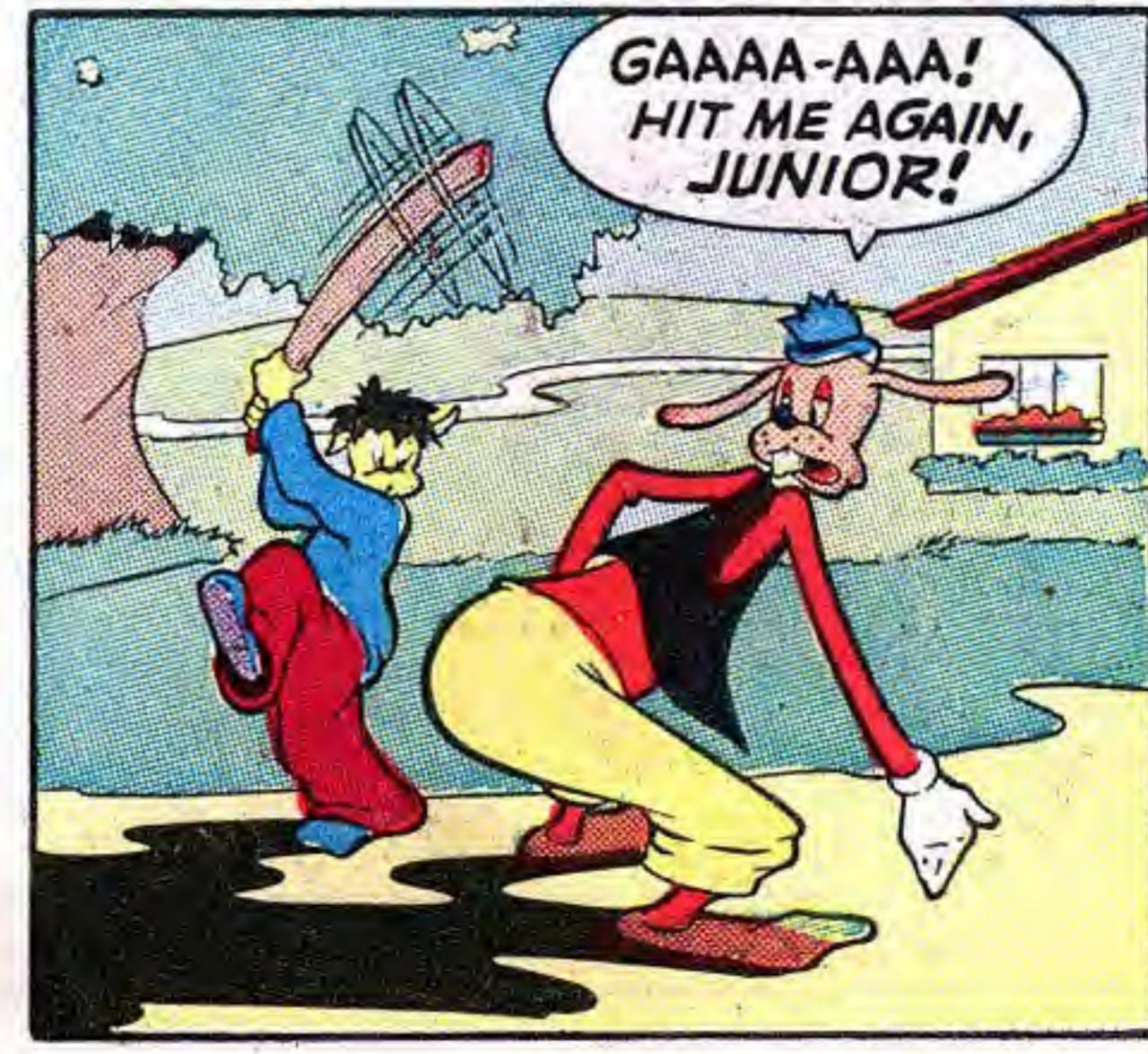
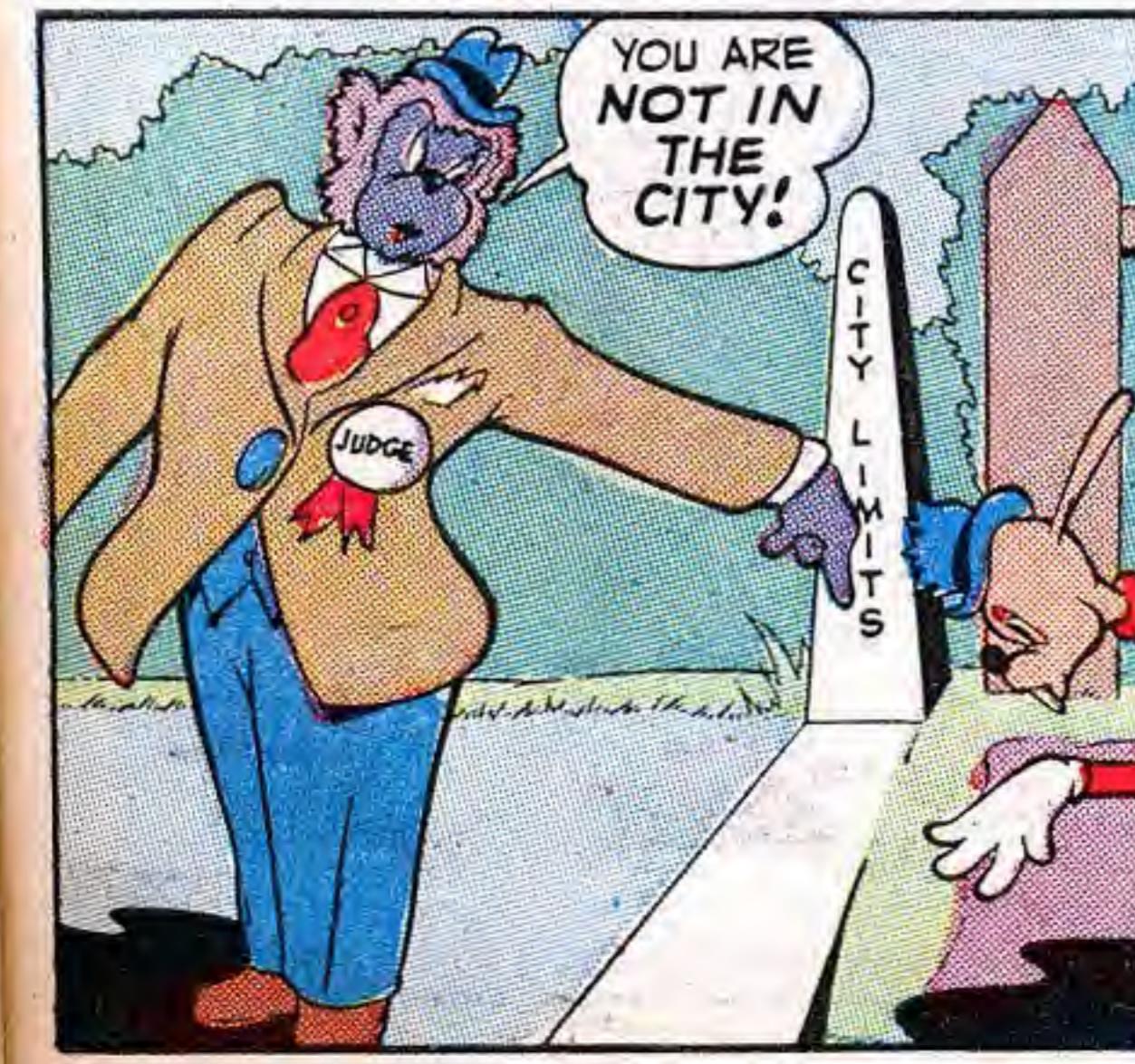
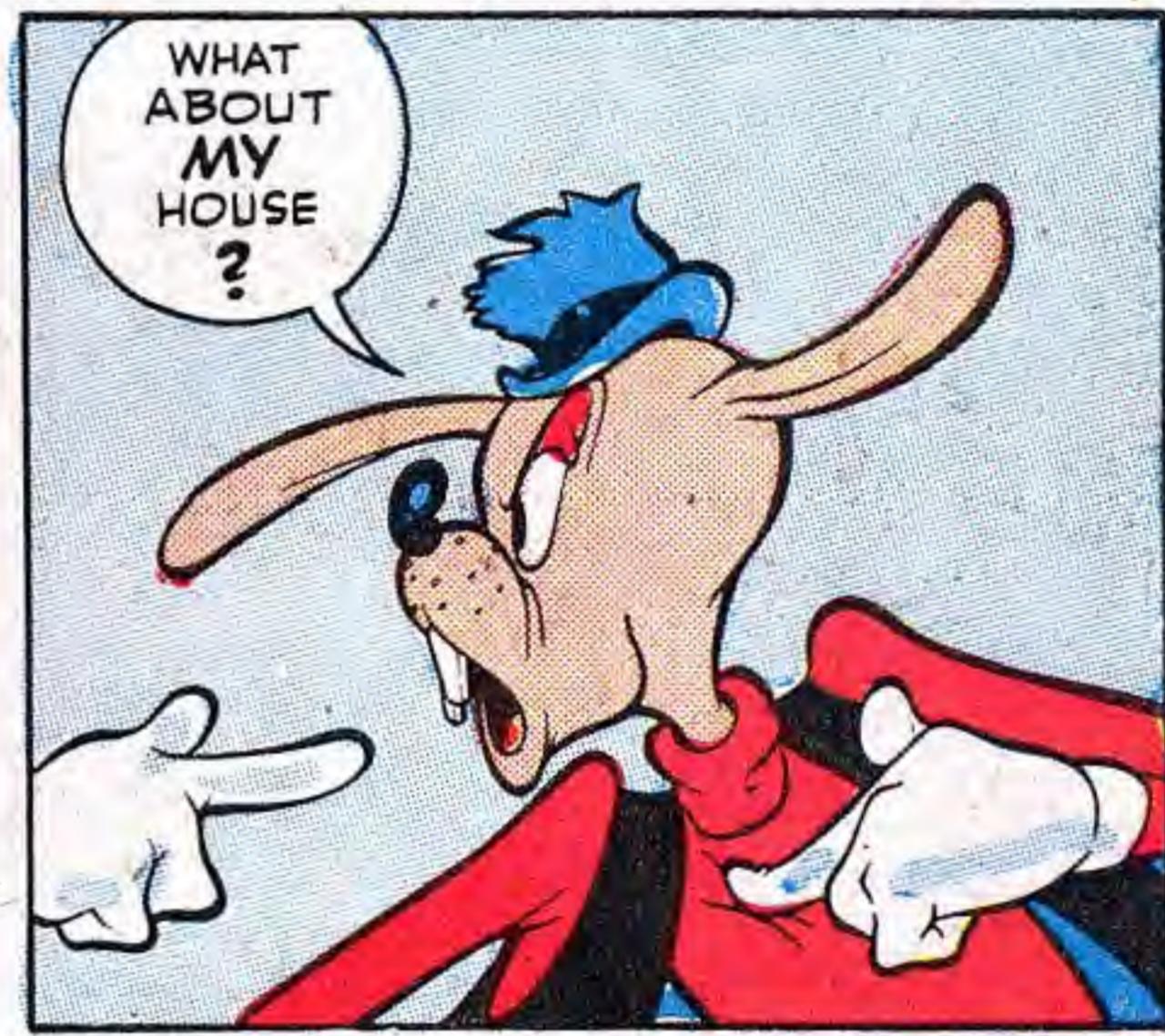
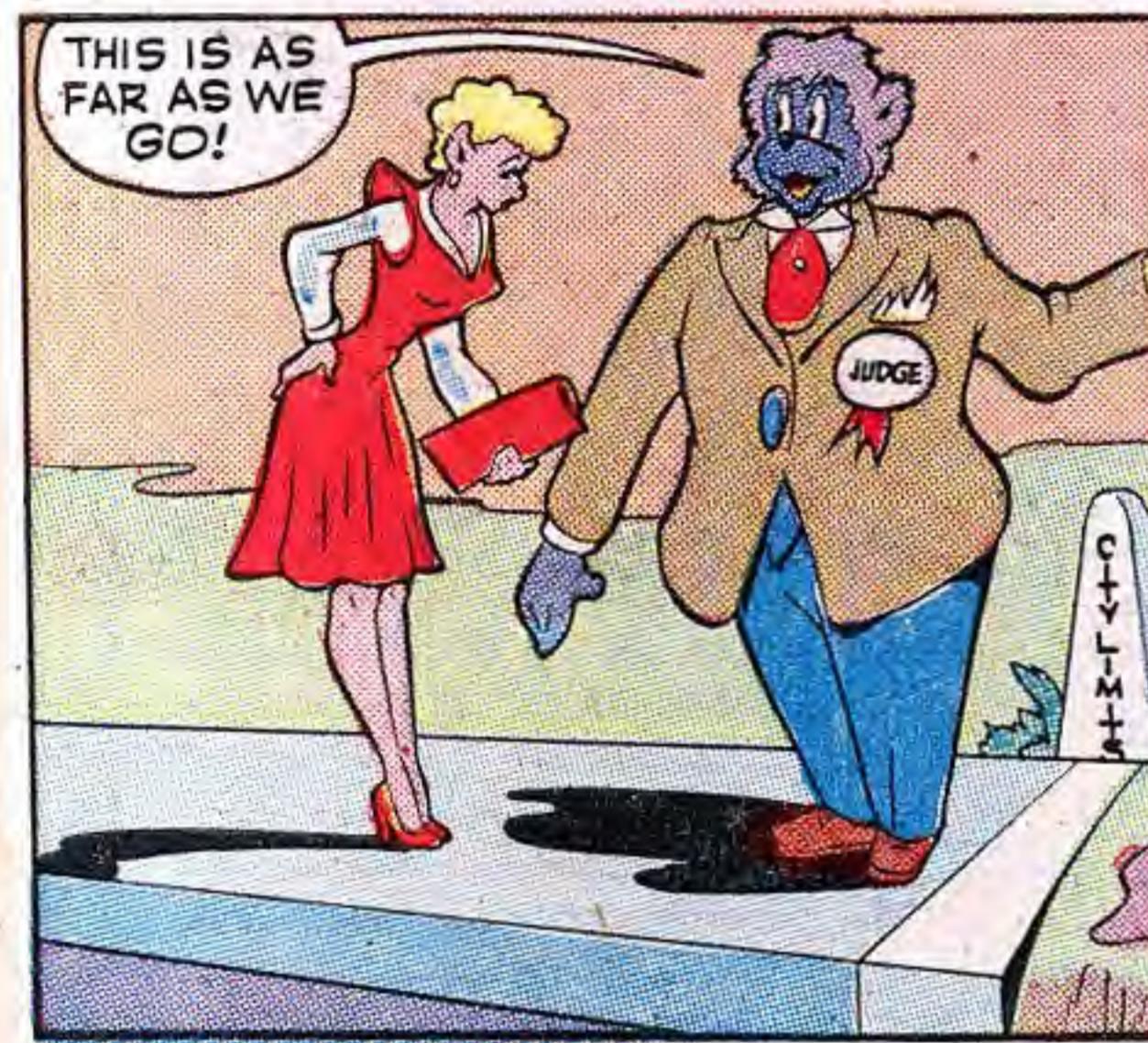
GAAAAA!
THERE AIN'T NO
JUSTICE!











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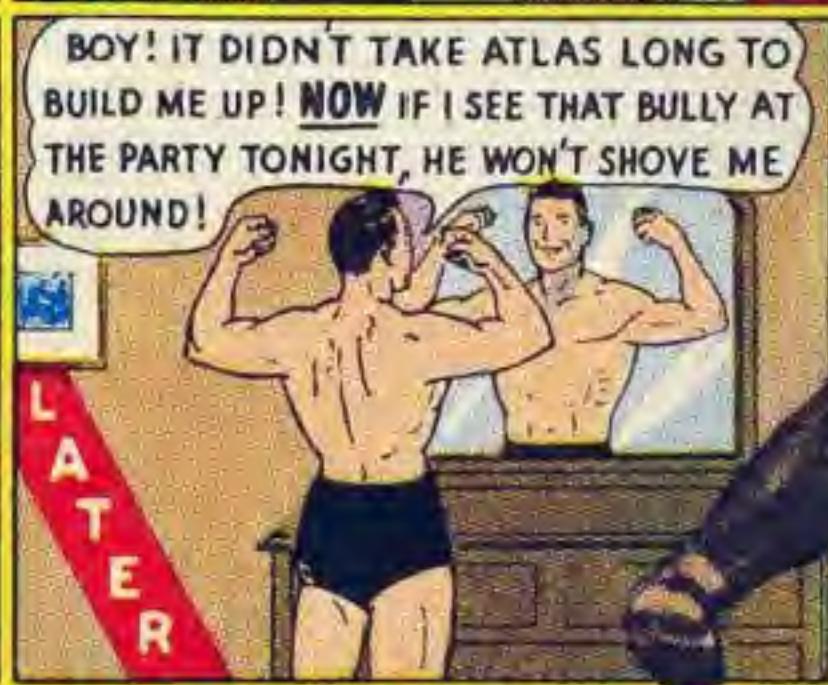
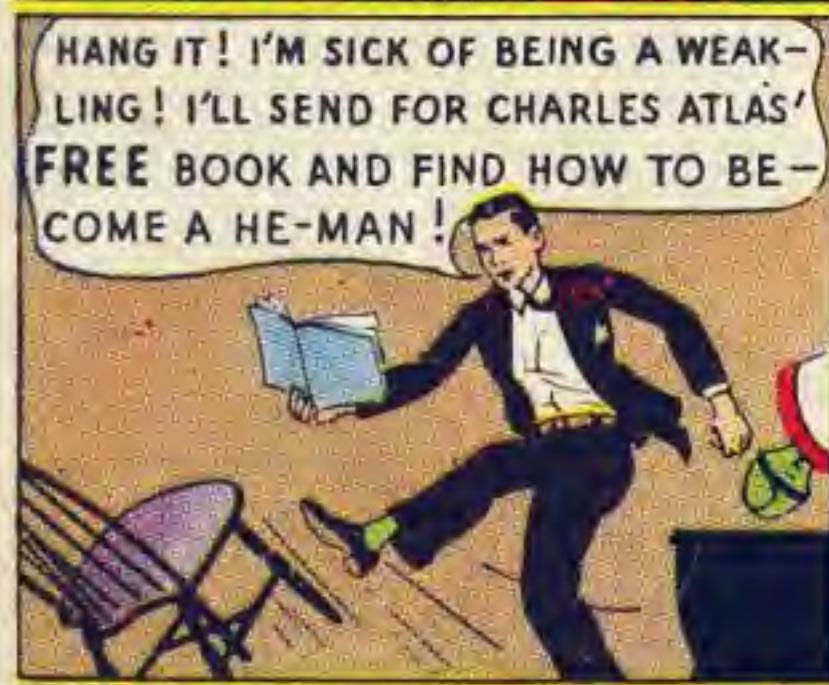
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I Can Make **YOU** a New Man, Too — in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

Dynamic Tension. That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "*Dynamic Tension*" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will

notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer tests, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "*Dynamic Tension*," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 3303
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3303

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*."

Name _____ (Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

